THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A? D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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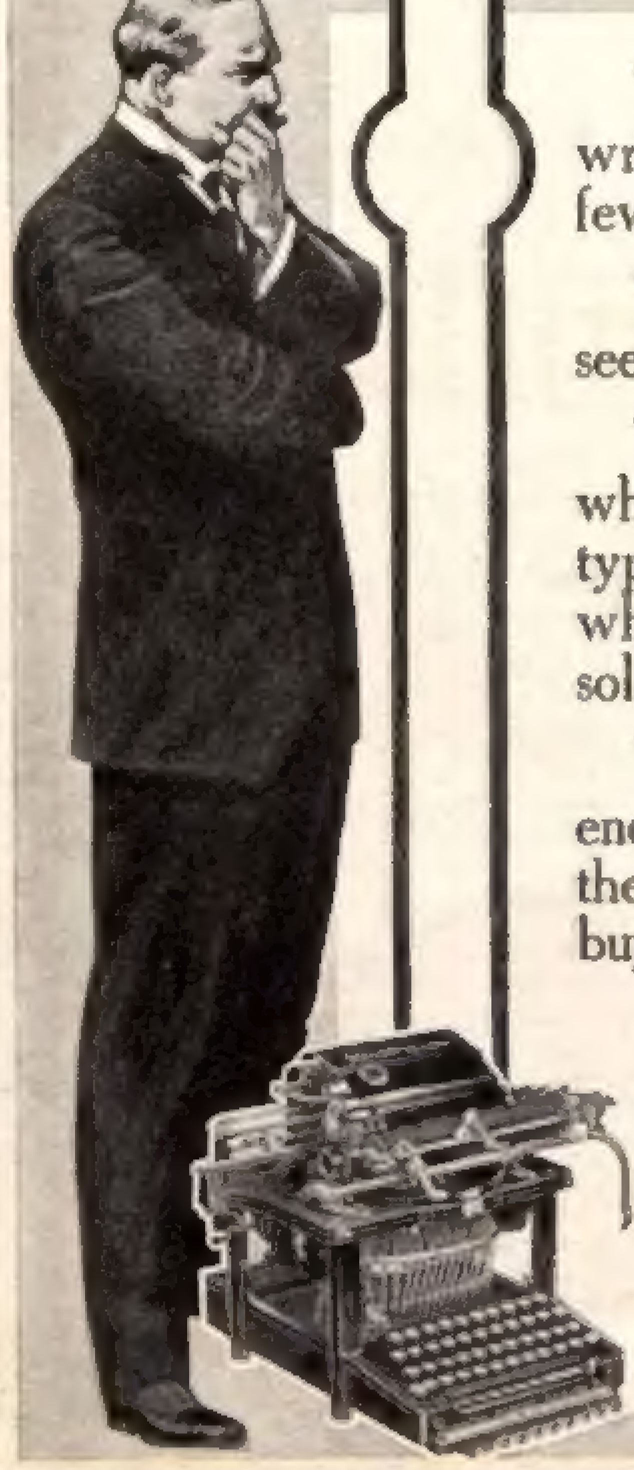

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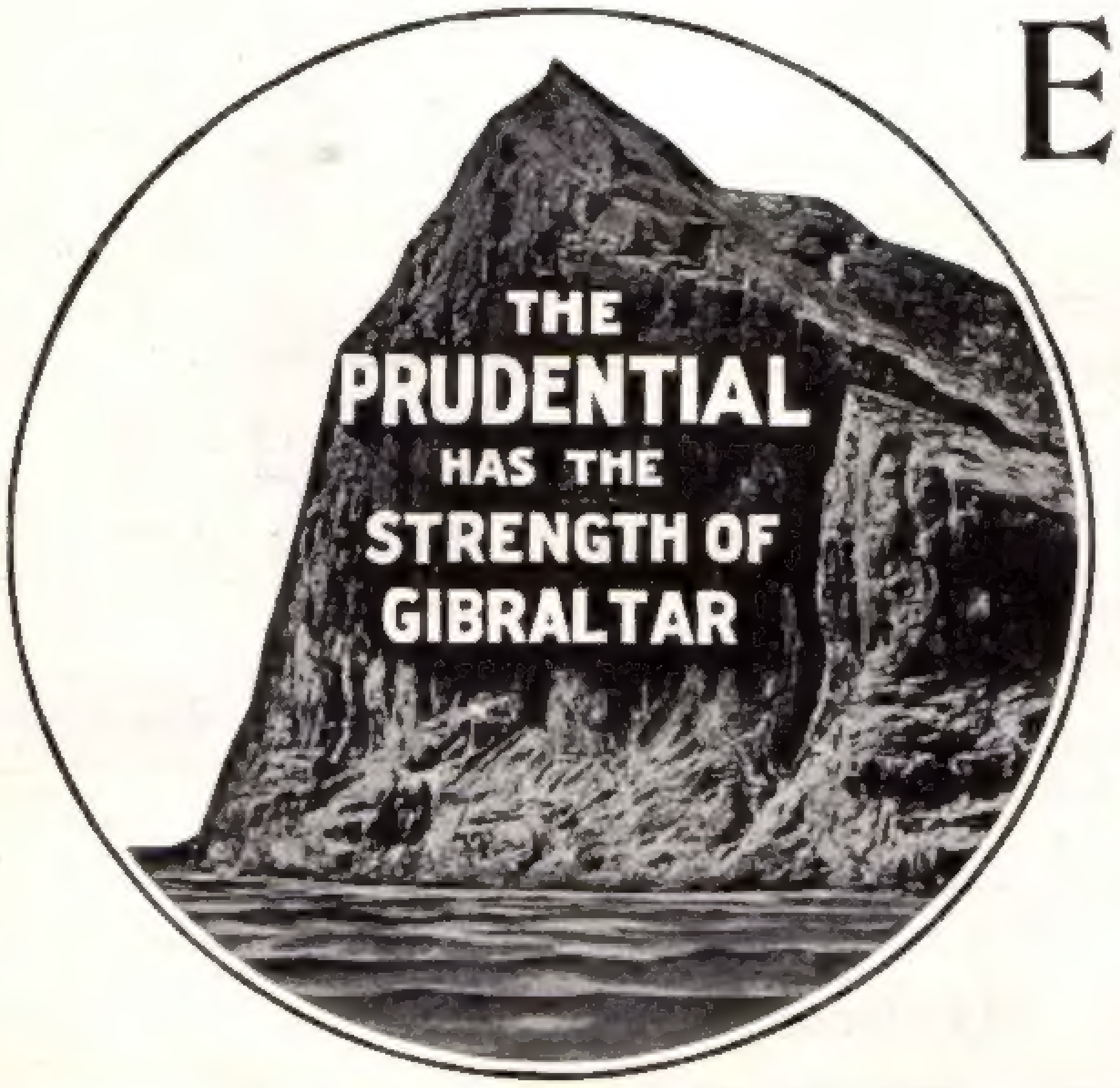

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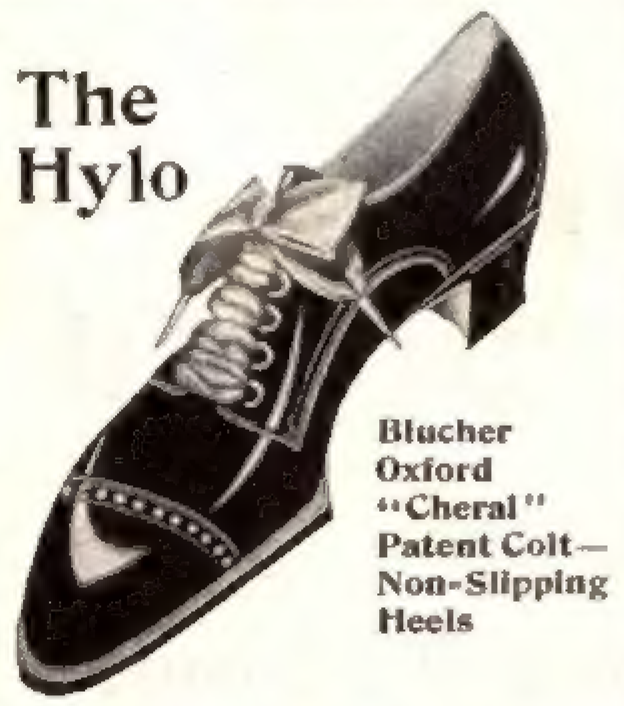

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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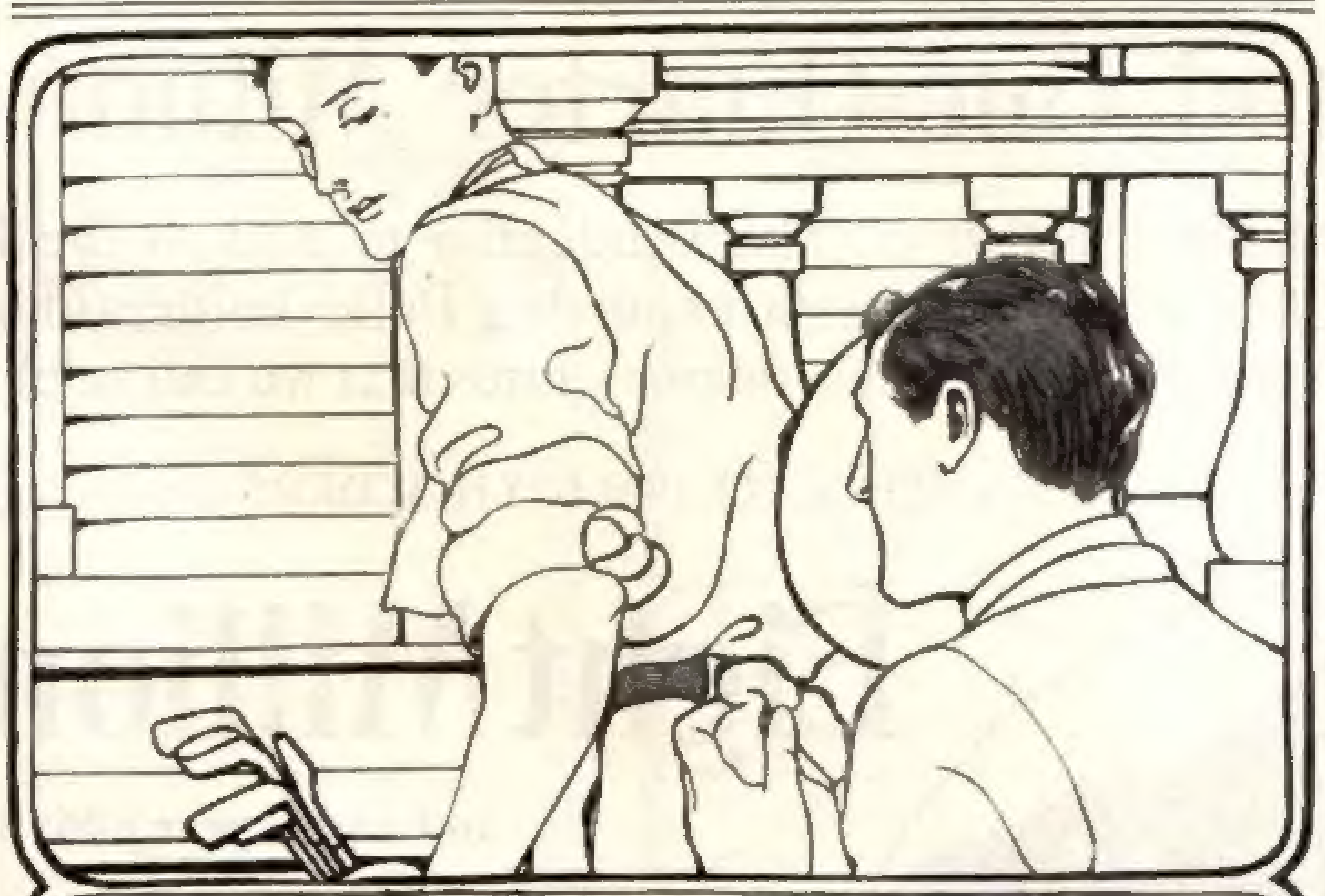

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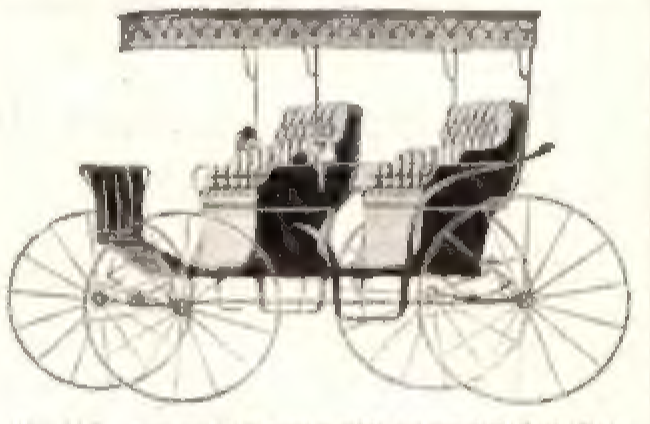

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THE MAN HUNT

A Story of Broadway*

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

I

RALSTON strode briskly up Fifth Avenue, conscious all about him of the electric pressure of War. It was six o'clock — the hour when the hard outlines of the tops of office buildings and the prosaic steeples of contemporary religion, flushed with rose and "fretted with golden fire," melt with a glow of unreality into the darkening blue. Here and there in the eastern sky tiny points trembled elusively, and a molten crescent followed him along the housetops, its pale disk growing each instant brighter.

Wheel traffic on the Avenue, between the hours of nine and seven, had been suspended and many pedestrians preferred the icy inequality of the street to the crowds upon the pavements. For the most part the movement was northward, meeting at the corners transverse streams of clerks and salesgirls jostling one another, arm in arm, down the side streets. Here and there could be seen an officer in service coat, with sword dangling beneath, and occasional knots of soldier boys in the uniform of the National Guard.

A little lad with an air of vast importance ran just ahead of Ralston, unlocking the bases of the electric lights and, in some mysterious way, turning them on. To his intense gratification he had succeeded in distancing his fellow across the way by half a block. Above the shuffle of feet could be heard the cries of the newsmen, "Extra! Extra! President calls for twenty new regiments! Latest Extra! Twelfth to the front!" These, clutching huge bundles of papers under their arms, hurled themselves against the tide of humanity, appearing from all directions, and sweeping down like vultures upon any individual wayfarer so unfortunate as to have his hand momentarily in his pocket. Their bundles quickly disappeared. Then they would run panting to the corners where the paper-wagons were in waiting. It was a scene full of inspiration to Ralston, but it impressed him that, after all, the crowd seemed primarily interested in its own affairs — its business, its cold ears, its suppers.

For the newspapers the war had created a fierce, insatiable public maw. Circulations sprang by leaps into the millions. Extras followed one another by minutes. For the people in the shops it meant night-work and longer hours; for society, something new to talk about; for the theatres, packed houses which roared at new topical songs in which "war" rhymed with "bore," "rations" with "nations," "company" with "bump any," "foes" with "toes," "sword" with "board," and gloried in Eddie Joy and Jo Spider dressed as Major-Generals. Light Cavalry and Dixie had superseded all other selections upon the musical programs, and special rows of seats were reserved for "officers in uniform." The bars were jammed, traveling men sat in more thickly-serried ranks than usual in the hotel windows, and Glosson's Billiard Parlors were lined with standing spectators. The commercial life of the city boiled over. Only the brokers came home early.

As Ralston entered Madison Square he found himself entangled in a dense throng wedged around an improvised scaffolding, upon which was displayed the electric-lighted bulletin of one of the big dailies. A man in a yellow and black striped sweater was rapidly painting with a brush upon a blackboard in some white liquid the latest marching orders:

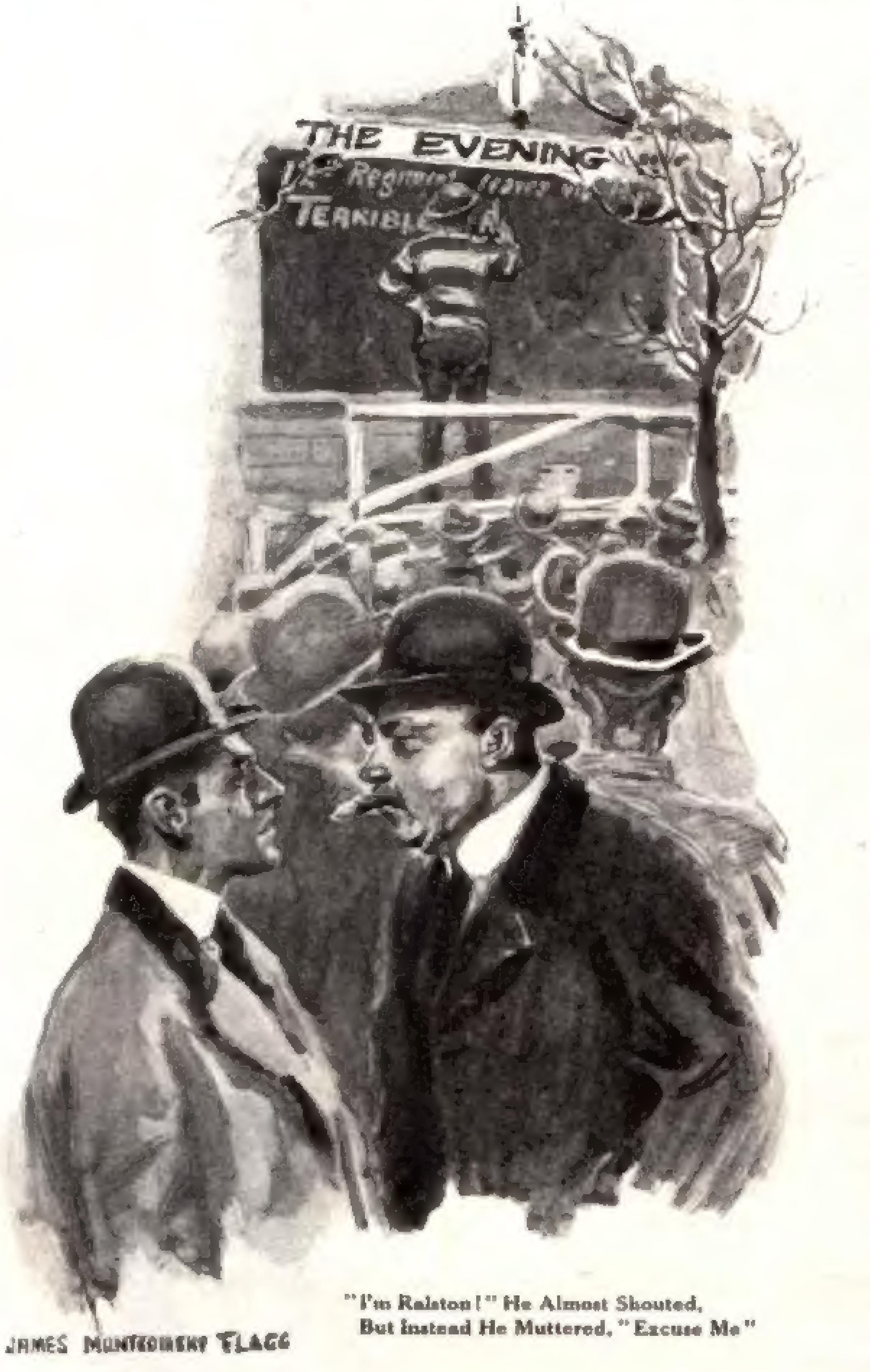
"Twelfth Regiment leaves via Penn. R. R. to-morrow, 7 A. M."

"Terrible Riots in Tokio."

"R. W. Ralston appointed Second Assistant Secretary of the Navy."

As he fought his way through the crush he heard his name repeated on all sides, and a strange exaltation took possession of him. He had a curious desire to call out: "Yes. I'm Ralston! The Ralston up there! I'm he! That one! I'm Ralston!"

He felt like a prince suddenly called from seclusion to rule his people. He was going to do things which these garlic-breathing folk would spell out and marvel at. How often his name would flash across the Square or play duskily upon the curtains at the theatres, linked with Generals and "Fighting" Admirals. He laughed with the joy of it, that he, the settled-down man of the world, the hunter, the manager of estates, the student of literature, the lover of poetry, was going to play the popular hero.



"I'm Ralston!" He Almost Shouted, But Instead He Muttered, "Excuse Me"

"Where the —— are you goin'?" snarled a bystander, smoking a large cigar burned half down on one side, as Ralston ran against him. "Who —— do yer think you are?"

"I'm Ralston!" he almost shouted, but instead he muttered, "Excuse me," and the man turned away with a sneer of contempt.

He broke through the outer ring of the crowd and made for the park. A huge flag draped the porch of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The flush in the west had faded to a streaky white and the stars had sprung from behind their curtains. A white beam of light played steadily from the tower of the Garden into the north. When it should swing to the south actual hostilities would have commenced. All the windows in the office buildings gleamed with activity. As he looked back he could see the man in the sweater erasing his name with a sponge, and his heart sank with momentary disappointment. Some new thing was coming over the wires hot with the fire of war. At the same moment he heard up the Avenue the faint tapping of drums and the shriek of the fifes.

A line of mounted police burst into the Square. The throng in front of the bulletin board surged over to the park. Then with a clash of cymbals and a prolonged rattle from the drums a full band burst into "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." The regimental flags came into view. In the light of the stars, in the dying of the day, in the moment of his exaltation Ralston recognized the colors of his old regiment. Had he chosen he might have been marching at the head of his company even then. The crowd, cheering, forced him to the curb and into the street. With brimming eyes he doffed his hat and saluted the colors.

As he did so a sudden wild yell went up from the assembled multitude. From one side of the Square to the other reigned pandemonium. The very sound of the band was drowned in the uproar. From the top of the Flatiron Building a stream of rockets broke into the sky, and with a single movement the throng turned and gazed tensely at the Garden Tower, as the white shaft of light slowly swung into the south.

II

THE little white house on East Twenty-fifth Street was ablaze with light as Ralston eagerly mounted the low stoop and pressed the bell. The visitor knocked the slush from his overshoes, slapped the left pocket of his coat as if to make certain that something was still safely there, stepped quickly across the threshold when the butler opened the door, handed the man his hat, threw off his fur coat upon an ebony chair, and only paused, and that but for a moment, at the entrance of the drawing-room. He was a tall, clean-built, "businesslike" young man, thoroughly American in type, with an alert face, which, if not handsome, was nevertheless agreeable and attractive — a man, in a word, whom one would not hesitate to address upon the street, provided the question was pertinent and the information essential.

It was clear from his manner that he was no stranger, but to-day there were more women than usual at Miss Evarts' Monday afternoon, and the lights and chatter seemed a bit confusing to one whose mind was charged with the importance of a newly-acquired responsibility. Miss Evarts was an old friend of his mother's, who, somewhat to his amused annoyance, took it upon herself to assume toward him a sort of sisterly attitude, which allowed her the privileges of relationship without prejudice to a certain degree of elderly sentiment.

Attendance upon her selectly Bohemian gatherings was a duty which he performed, when in town, with a regularity attributable less to a regard for Miss Evarts herself than to the fact that Ellen Ferguson was usually to be found there, presiding over the tea-table and ready for a brisk walk uptown afterward. Always diffident in the company of women, he felt to-day that his presence did not require the customary excuses.

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*Action takes place about the year 1915.

"Ha! There he is now!" exclaimed a middle-aged man, with iron-gray hair and pointed mustaches, as the newcomer parted the portières.

The group about the warrior turned with one accord and stared, at present teacups, in his direction.

"Good-afternoon, ladies and soldier," said Ralston. "I am the torch-bearer of war. Firing has begun. The searchlight on the Garden is leveled south—like the lance of the horseman on the tower in Irving's Legend of the Arabian Astrologer."

The Colonel set down his cup and pulled his mustaches with a heavy frown. He took pains to let it be seen that he was overcome with conflicting emotions—that stern duty summoned him from home and dear ones, but that his heart was throbbing to avenge his country's honor. They all looked toward him as if expecting a few appropriate remarks. The Colonel's hands trembled, the veins upon his forehead swelled and he seemed about to speak. Then he did.

"You don't say!" he remarked.

There was a sigh of disappointment from the ladies, and in the hiatus which followed Miss Evarts shook hands with Ralston and introduced him to the others as "the newly-appointed secretary, you know." Which, or what of, she did not disclose.

"I always thought Mr. Ralston was cast for a top-liner," continued the hostess, as he modestly evaded their congratulations.

"It's about time I left the chorus," answered her guest, adapting his language to Miss Evarts' open predilection for the footlights.

"Kicked your way up?" inquired, in a hoarse voice, a stout lady of stage traditions, who was clad in a wall-paper effect of gay brocade.

"My dear Mrs. Vokes, don't judge everybody by your own professional experience," remarked a young lady in brown, whose aquiline features were accounted "perfectly lovely" by a large suburban, theatre-going public.

"Come! Come!" interrupted Miss Evarts loudly "Miss Warren, order yourself more humbly before your betters."

The two popular favorites glared at one another defiantly.

"Well, in any event, Colonel Duer, he'll soon be giving you your sealed orders," said Miss Evarts, thus disposing of a situation which might have become awkward.

"Not unless the Colonel gets a transfer I'm steering the Navy, not the Army," laughed Ralston

"The man behind!" murmured Mrs. Vokes.

Ralston bowed. "Very good, Mrs Vokes" said he. "Yes, too far behind!"

"The Navy, of course," Miss Evarts corrected herself, letting fall a lump of sugar and following it with an attenuated rivulet of cream. "Just a drop, as usual?"

"Did you read the President's proclamation?" asked a young girl in a gray picture-hat. "Wasn't it splendid?"

"Mr. Ralston will probably write the next one." interjected another.

"No, only correct the proof," amended the hostess.

"And point it with 'Maxims'?" ventured the Vokes, now restored to complete good humor.

"Very sweet of you, Mrs. Vokes," said Ralston, recognizing the artificial dove of theatrical peace.

"You leave very soon, don't you, Colonel?" asked Miss Evarts. "Is your kit-bag ready?"

"Yes, we leave by the Pennsylvania, at seven o'clock. The Armory's a perfect bedlam. It looks as if every man in New York had collected all his worldly goods and chattels and dumped them on the tan bark," replied the Colonel.

"The confusion must be something delightful. I suppose you have plenty of canned peaches?" inquired the brown girl innocently. "I understand that they are the staple food of heroes."

"They're certainly an indispensable stage property," admitted the Colonel with something of an effort, recalling various evaporated valiants of the Cuban campaign.

During this profound discussion Ralston's eyes had been wandering from group to group, and at this moment the object of their search herself joined the party upon the other side of the table.

"Have another cup of tea, Ellen," urged Miss Evarts.

"I can't, positively, Aunt Bess," responded the girl; "I must go presently."

"How are things?" said the girl in brown, looking significantly at the Colonel. "Have all your officers turned up?"

"Ye-s," he replied. "Constructively."

"Constructively?" persisted his inquisitor. "What a queer way to be present! Rather bad for an officer in a swell regiment to be dilatory, isn't it?"

"Every man has shown up," replied the rather nettled veteran, "except one, and he'll be along, all right."

"Oh, of course!" murmured the girl. "By the way, have you seen John Steadman? My cousin Fred, you know, is an officer in the same company, and he said last night at dinner that he hadn't seen him at the Armory. Some one was mean enough to suggest that these ferocious military men aren't always 'warlike.'"

"There are no tin soldiers in my regiment," answered the Colonel severely, turning for reënforcement to Mrs. Vokes.

Ellen Ferguson bit her lip, flashed a glance at the brown girl, and pulling her chinchilla boa into place departed with her nose in the air toward the next room. She paused for a moment to read the faded inscription, framed and hanging beneath an old cavalry sabre on the opposite wall; then, turning toward Ralston, raised her eyebrows inquiringly as if to ask how long he was going to occupy himself with fat old ladies and cheap actresses, and vanished. But the girl in brown turned her guns on Ralston again before he could get away.

"I didn't know you had any drag at Washington," she remarked. "Whom have you on your staff—a Senator or just a common garden M. C.?"

"Neither," he answered politely. "I don't know either of our Senators, and I couldn't name a single Congressman from the State."

"And then you have been away so long," added Miss Evarts. "Why, it's eight months, isn't it? If you ever had any pull I should think it would have faded away long ago."

"I was certainly the most surprised of any one," said Ralston. "I haven't a blessed qualification for the job. I suppose the fact that I've just come from the Philippines and have seen something of the Asiatic Squadron may have had a little to do with it."

"For the Navy as against the Army, perhaps," said the brown girl. "But it doesn't explain your getting an appointment in the first place. You must be a politician in sheep's clothing."

"Well, to be perfectly frank," answered Ralston, seeing that he was in for it, "a year ago last September, when I was shooting out at Jackson's Hole, I ran across the President and saw something of him for a week or so. I was able to help him in a matter of no importance, and you know he isn't the kind that forgets anything. He's a good fellow!"

"Just like him," commented the young lady. "Now, why didn't he give it to my brother George, who got nervous prostration making stump speeches for him at the last election!"

"Oh, I admit it's entirely undeserved, but I must plead guilty to being glad of a branch office in the White House and of a chance to be one of the boys in the conning-tower," answered Ralston.

"Well, you're only an assistant secretary, anyway," said the girl. "I'm green with jealousy as it is. But aren't you sorry not to be going with your old company?"

"Don't!" he exclaimed. "You make me feel as if I belonged to the Home Guard. Honestly, I'd rather be back with the regiment, but, you see, I had served my five years ages before you were born. I ought to give the younger fellows a chance."

"I see," said the girl. "When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning at ten. I reach Washington in time to dine at the White House."

Several of the women arose and the group about the table gradually drifted away. The crowd was thinning out. Ralston, knowing very well that Ellen would be waiting for him, mumbled something to Miss Evarts and escaped.

"Well!" he exclaimed, entering the other room, and seizing her hands as she stood with her back to the fire. "Pretty good, isn't it?"

"I should say it was!" she cried delightedly. "Why, Dick, it's the chance of your life. If you make good only a little bit you may get anywhere. It's perfectly splendid! I'm so glad!"

Genuine pleasure shone in her eyes. Ralston's heart leaped. Of course, she cared for him. She must care for him. There was a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood—— He stepped closer and bent his head toward hers.

"Nell ——" he began.

But she apparently was not listening, and the glad look had quickly given place to another. He paused, wondering at the change. Her dark eyes with their Oriental, upturned corners were half veiled and her high-arched brows were contracted in a frown. He drew back and pulled out his cigarette-case.

"Dick," she cried suddenly. "I want to tell you something. I'm sorry to bother you when you're so happy and I'm so proud of you, but I'm terribly worried about something."

"Dear! Dear!" laughed Ralston, striking a match and seeing that his opportunity had somehow vanished. "What's up? Been losing at bridge?"

She smiled faintly.

"Don't make fun of me," she replied. "No, I'm really bothered." She put her hand to her forehead and pushed back her hair. "I'm afraid one of my friends isn't —— Oh, I don't know how to explain it!"

A momentary suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Do you think I ought to go to the front?" he asked relieved

She gave a little laugh.

"You? What a goose! Of course, not!"

Ralston experienced a shock of disappointment

"What is it, then?"

"Dick," said she in quick, subdued tones, "I can't help speaking about it, and you're the best friend I've got. It's about John."

Ralston moved uneasily.

"John Steadman?"

"We're old friends, you know."

"Yes, I remember."

"I don't suppose you've seen him?"

"Not since I came back. Before that, often."

Ellen again passed her hand wearily across her forehead and turned abruptly away from the fire. The action was unconscious, involuntary. He had never associated Ellen with Steadman.

"What is it?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh, nothing definite. Only he's been a little irregular of late. I haven't seen him for over a week. I don't think anybody has."

"He's a captain in the Twelfth, isn't he?"

"Yes. Oh, Dick! You heard what that spiteful Warren girl said about tin soldiers?"

"Of course. Nonsense!"

"I can't help it. It's *honor*, you know!"

"You mean you think he mayn't turn up?"

"I can't—I won't think that."

"But he hasn't?—and they're beginning to talk?"

"You heard for yourself."

"Oh, *that!*"

"Some people never live down less."

"But if he does turn up, why there's an end to it," he said.

"But why isn't he here?" she cried.

"How do I know? He may be on a business trip."

"Of course, I thought of that," she replied.

"Oh, he'll be there, all right, when the time comes."

She began arranging her furs. One thing Ralston always admired about her was her care in dress. He did not know how few clothes she really had. She seemed always elegantly, if not luxuriously, clad.

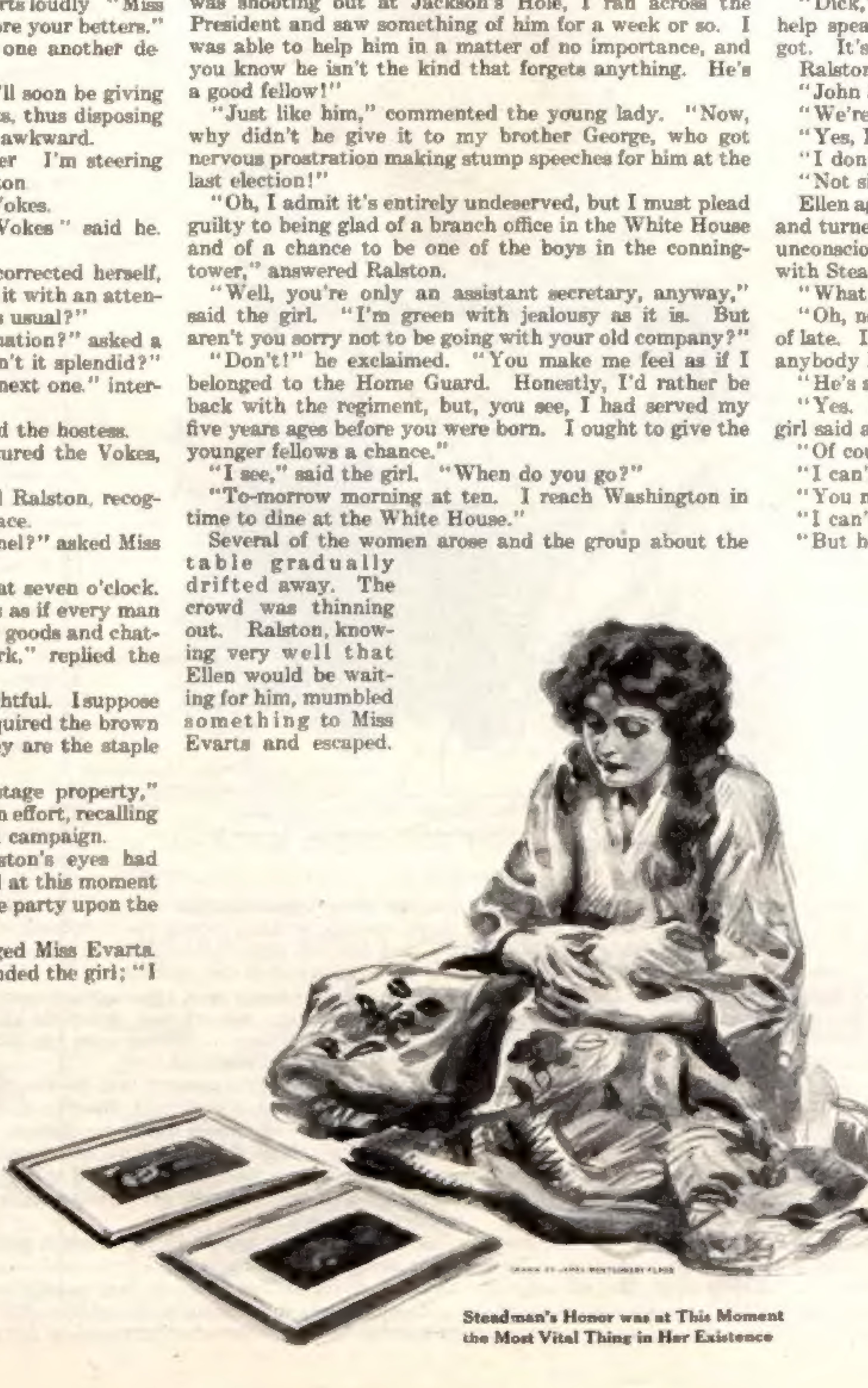
They strolled slowly toward the door

"Well," he said, "I'm awfully sorry you're upset. I'm sure he'll turn up all right. A man couldn't afford not to. Don't worry If there was anything that I could do, no matter what, you know I'd be glad to do it, for your sake, Ellen."

"Thank you, Dick. I know that," she answered.

"Well, good-by," said he. "Say good-night to Miss Evarts for me, will you? I've got to run. I'm late for dinner as it is."

She gave him her hand and he held it for a moment. As he did so he looked her full in the face.



Steadman's Honor was at This Moment the Most Vital Thing in Her Existence

"Ellen," said he, "tell me something. Do you care about—Steadman?"

She turned her head slightly from him before replying. Then she looked back again and answered hesitatingly:

"I think—I care."

As she spoke the words she withdrew her hand. Then she flushed and her eyes brightened.

"Dick," she said slowly, in a voice that trembled a little, "I *know* I care."

The portières fell behind him. Mechanically he put on his overcoat and left the house, pausing for a moment at the top of the steps. A little smile hovered on his lips, but his eyes were very sad.

III

RALSTON walked as far as the Twenty-eighth Street subway station, where he caught a local for Forty-second Street. Thence he hurried to Delmonico's. It was now seven o'clock, and already the restaurant was nearly full.

"Philip, have you seen Mr. Scott?" he asked of the doorman.

"In the palm-room, Mr. Ralston," answered the servant at once. "The head waiter told me to say that your dinner was ready."

Ralston checked his coat, and soon caught sight of his newly-engaged private secretary at a small table in a corner.

They shook hands, and Scott pointed to a pile of letters and papers beside him.

"This stuff came while you were out. I thought I'd better bring it along to save time."

"Good," commented Ralston. "What is most of it?"

"Eight letters of congratulation, which I listed. A long letter from some old lady friend of yours when you were in Exeter ——"

"I know—Mrs. Gorringe."

"Then that power of attorney from Bee, Single & Quick, that you expected. Oh, I don't know—a lot of circulars: 'Red Cross,' 'Special Relief,' 'Society for Assisting Wives and Children of Enlisted Men.'"

"Send 'em twenty-five apiece."

Mr. Scott took out his notebook and made an entry.

"How about that power of attorney?"

"It seemed all right. I don't know. We never had anything just like it in the law school."

Relston burst out laughing.

"How old are you, Jim?"

"Twenty-five."

"Well, just wait ten years, and if you ever see a legal paper that looks like anything but a page out of Doomsday call my attention to it, will you?"

"Well, it's got a seal, anyway."

"How about those antelope heads from Livingston that were getting stuffed?"

"Wilcox telephoned they'd be shipped to-morrow."

By this time the soup had arrived, and both fell to with appetites born of a hard day's labor. The waiters were apparently serving "extras" with every course, and more than half the men at the tables were in uniform. Flags hung everywhere, and at each plate a papier-mâché cannon held the customary bonbons. In the extreme eastern corner the Hungarians were playing Dixie, Old Kentucky Home, Maryland, Star-Spangled Banner, Suwannee River, A Hot Time, and other national airs, one after the other, the conclusion of each being marked by loud applause from all sides.

"Isn't it great!" exclaimed Scott. "You know my governor thinks my going down with you is out of sight. He'd hate to have me enlist. Of course, I'd rather, really, but in the long run I fancy there'll be more doin' right in Washington."

"You'll be busy, all right," said Ralston. "Has Thompson packed all the trunks?"

"Sure; ages ago."

"And did you buy the tickets?"

Scott produced the tickets with obvious pride.

"Well, you're satisfactory so far. By the way, what are you going to do to-night?"

"Mrs. Patterson's theatre party—The Martial Maid."

"And you skipped the dinner?"

"To dine with my chief. Orders you know. Duty before pleasure."

"Good boy," said Ralston. "How did you fix it?"

"Why, I spoke to Ellen and she managed it for me. Of course, if it was for you anything would go with her. Isn't she a corker?"

"You spoke to Ellen, did you? Well, you have a confidence born of your newly-acquired elevation. I saw her at Miss Evarts' this afternoon. She didn't mention you, however."

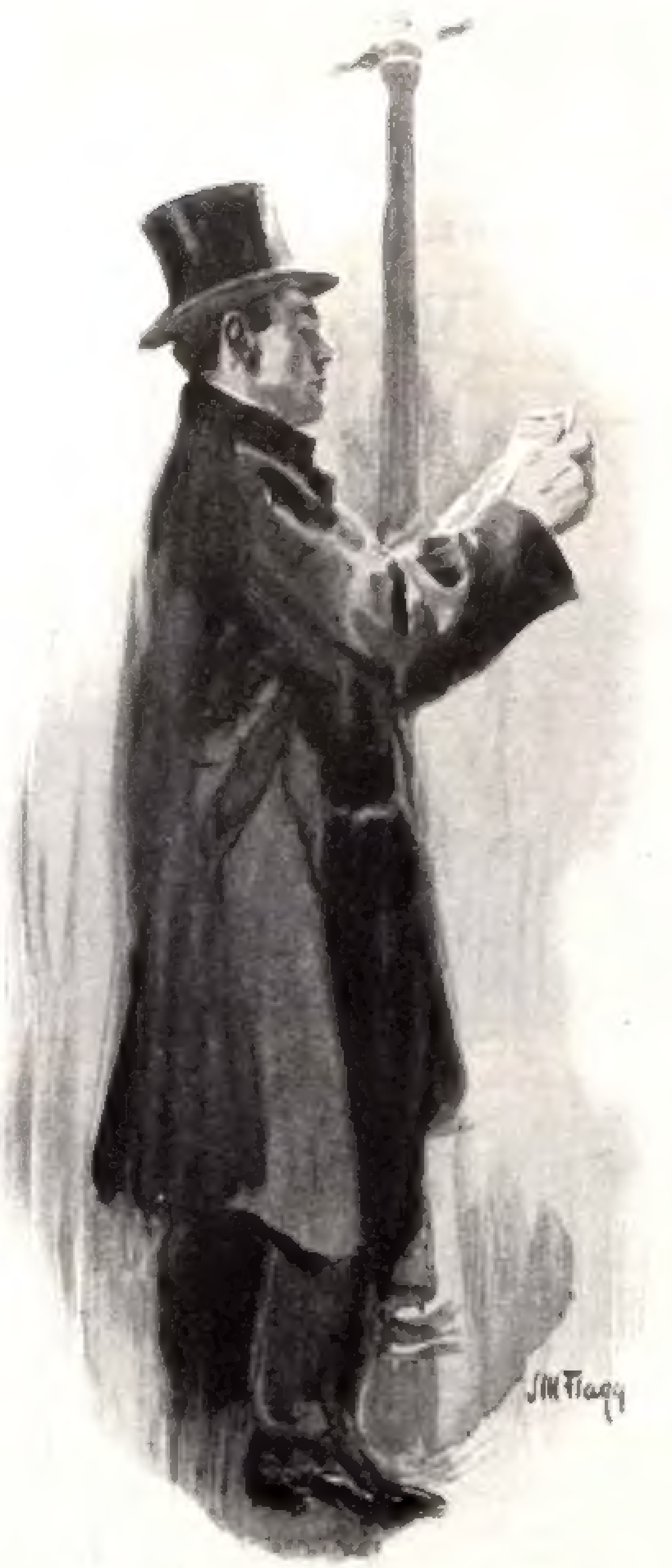
"Do you know a fellow named Steadman?" continued Scott. "Good-looking chap, but a 'weak sister,' I think."

"Yes, I know him. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. He's around with her a good deal."

"Well?"

"Well, I hate to see a fine girl like that throw herself away, that's all," burst out the secretary with energy.



"Find Steadman!" Where? Find Him! How? Why?

"Why, Steadman used to be a decent fellow enough," said Ralston, thinking rapidly. "Anything the matter with him that you know of?"

"He bats an awful lot."

"Something new?"

"Yes; within six months. Uncle died and left him a lot of loose change. He's been blowing it in."

"How? Of course, it's on the quiet."

"Oh, yes. He's at church every Sunday."

"Yesterday?"

"No. I meant metaphorically."

By eight o'clock dinner had been entirely served, and Scott received all his instructions.

"Guess I'll step over to the Pattersons' now for a short cigar," he remarked, "and pick up the crowd. See you to-morrow at eight-thirty."

"Good-night. Have a good time," called Ralston after him, as the youthful figure passed out. He was very fond of Scott. He wondered if what the boy had said about Steadman was true. A fellow could go down a lot in six months, or in less. Steadman had always had a weakness. Ralston had never liked him, though forced to be in his company on many occasions.

"I'll smoke at the rooms," he thought, and paid his bill. "I'm going off to Washington, William, so I'd better settle," he remarked to the old waiter.

From Delmonico's he crossed the Avenue, walked north for two blocks, and turned into his rooms, which were situated in a small, new, bachelor apartment-house. He found everything in confusion and Thompson hard at work packing books.

He shed his frock coat for a smoking-jacket, and took his seat at a low desk with a drop light, having brought his letters with him from the restaurant. First he rapidly answered his notes of congratulation, following a set form, then hastily read the power of attorney from his lawyers, signed and sealed it, after which he O. K.'d a pile of bills, gave some instructions to Thompson about his library, wrote a long letter to his mother, who was spending the winter in Italy, and then took up the letter from the "old lady in Exeter," and threw himself back into a chair.

It was eighteen years since he had seen her, the woman who kept the boarding-house in which he lived at school—who had mended his clothes, lent him small sums of money, brought him his meals when sick, served him for a temporary mother, lied for him when necessary, and been rewarded with the real affection of her young lodger. This was the first letter she had ever written to him. In the left-hand corner of the white, blue-lined paper was an embossed reproduction of the State House in Boston, and the shaking penmanship filled every inch of space and ran back to the front page again.

EXETER, March 5, 19—.

Dear Richard:

You must forgive an old woman calling you Richard, who worked so hard for you when you was a boy. You must be quite a man by this time to be made Secretary of the Navy as I was told by Deacon Stillwater. I am proud of you, Richard, and so is everybody here, that one of my boys should rise so high, whom I never thought of except throwing apples at Mrs. Abbott's goat and playing baseball in the middle of the street. I was hoping to hear from you that you had married some lovely young lady in New York. Don't put it off too long. If you are not going to fight you would not even have to wait until after the war. I am glad you are not going to fight and yet will serve the country. Think how long it is since I lost my dear husband at Antietam—more than fifty years. I am an old woman, Richard, and shall not live long. I am going to leave you my chest of drawers with brass handles you used to like—you remember you used to keep chestnuts in the bottom. Be a good boy. If you can spare the time from your duties I shall be pleased to hear from you.

Your old friend,
SARAH GORRINGE.

"Dear old soul!" he sighed, staring into the fire. "What a brute I am never to have written to her after all she did for me. The good woman's reward!"

For nearly a half-hour he sat thinking of his life at Exeter and of the changes time had wrought in his existence. Then he arose, carefully selected some writing materials, and wrote for some time without finishing his letter. Once he got up, crossed to the fire and studied a photograph which stood on the mantel for several minutes, after which he took a few strides around the room and returned to his task.

Twenty minutes later he laid down his pen, and taking the pile of manuscript in his lap read it over carefully. The last paragraph he reread several times. Then he placed the whole thing in an envelope and addressed it—to Exeter, New Hampshire. The little clock on the mantel pointed to half-past nine as he took off his smoking-jacket and called for his coat and hat. He was tired—very tired—but something made him restless.

"I'm going to the club for a while," he said to his valet. "I'll be back in half an hour. Call a hansom."

He waited with his back to the fire, still smoking.

"Second Assistant Secretary to the Navy!" he muttered. "Not bad for thirty-four! . . . But what does it amount to? . . . What does anything amount to? . . . Who really cares? . . . It's like making the 'Varsity or your Senior Society . . . You always think there's some one—or that there may be some one . . . ."

"Cab's here, sir," said his man.

Ralston gathered up the mail and started down the stairs. At the curb stood a hansom, the driver cloaked in a heavy waterproof. A fine rain had begun to fall, making the light from a near-by street lamp seem dim and uncertain. As Ralston stepped toward the lamp-post to mail his letters he observed a diminutive messenger-boy vainly trying to decipher the address upon a telegram, which he was holding to the light. Ralston pushed the letters into the box and closed it with a slam.

"Does Mr. Ralston live here?" asked the boy.

"Right here!" answered Ralston, holding out his hand.

"Please sign."

He scrawled an apology for a signature upon the damp page of the book and tore the end off the envelope. Then, like the boy, he held the yellow paper to the light. It bore but nine words:

Please try to find John for my sake. E.

He read the words several times and repeated them aloud, as if in doubt as to their meaning. "Find Steadman!" Where? Find him! How? Why? . . .

The messenger-boy had started away, whistling shrilly Marching Through Georgia. Ralston wrinkled his forehead. Here was irony of Fate for you! She called upon him to save the honor of this man, whom he hardly knew, for whom he cared not a whit, whom by this time he had begun to hate, to save him—for her. He stood motionless in the rain, the telegram hanging limply from his fingers. He had not seen Steadman for nine months. Knew practically nothing of him except from clubroom gossip. And Ellen asked him to find the man for her, in the seething life of the city—find him in such a way that, wherever found, his honor would be safe, find him secretly, surely, and place him upon his feet at the head of his company before the next morning at seven o'clock. He crumpled the paper into his pocket and turned to the waiting driver.

"Just drive down the Avenue slowly."

"Yes, sir."

(Continued on Page [illegible])

Succulent Dinners that Swim the Sea

How the Salmon Runs the Gauntlet of the Enemies that Threaten Him with Extinction

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Indians Drying Salmon at Lac la Hache, British Columbia

THE Pacific salmon-pack year by year adds to the world's wealth a sum greater than the combined output of all the gold mines in the Yukon. The canneries of the Columbia alone paid out sixty million dollars in workers' wages during the last quarter of a century and sent a hundred million dollars' worth of canned salmon to the waiting breakfast-tables of the world. Last year Alaska put up over two and a quarter millions of cases of canned salmon.

For three long summer months, in clustering millions, flashing in the moonlight, scintillating in the sun, from unknown depths and haunts uncharted right up to the cannery doors the salmon swim, and all but deliver themselves into the expectant tins of the fish-packer.

On the west coast of America swim five species of anadromous or sea-going salmon: Quinnat, Sockeye, Cohoe, Humpback and Dog. The Quinnat, the largest and individually the most important salmon, is rich in names; he is known as the Chinook on the Columbia, the Spring on the Fraser and the King salmon in Alaska, the Indians call him the Tyee (Big Chief), and the Russians the Schaviche.

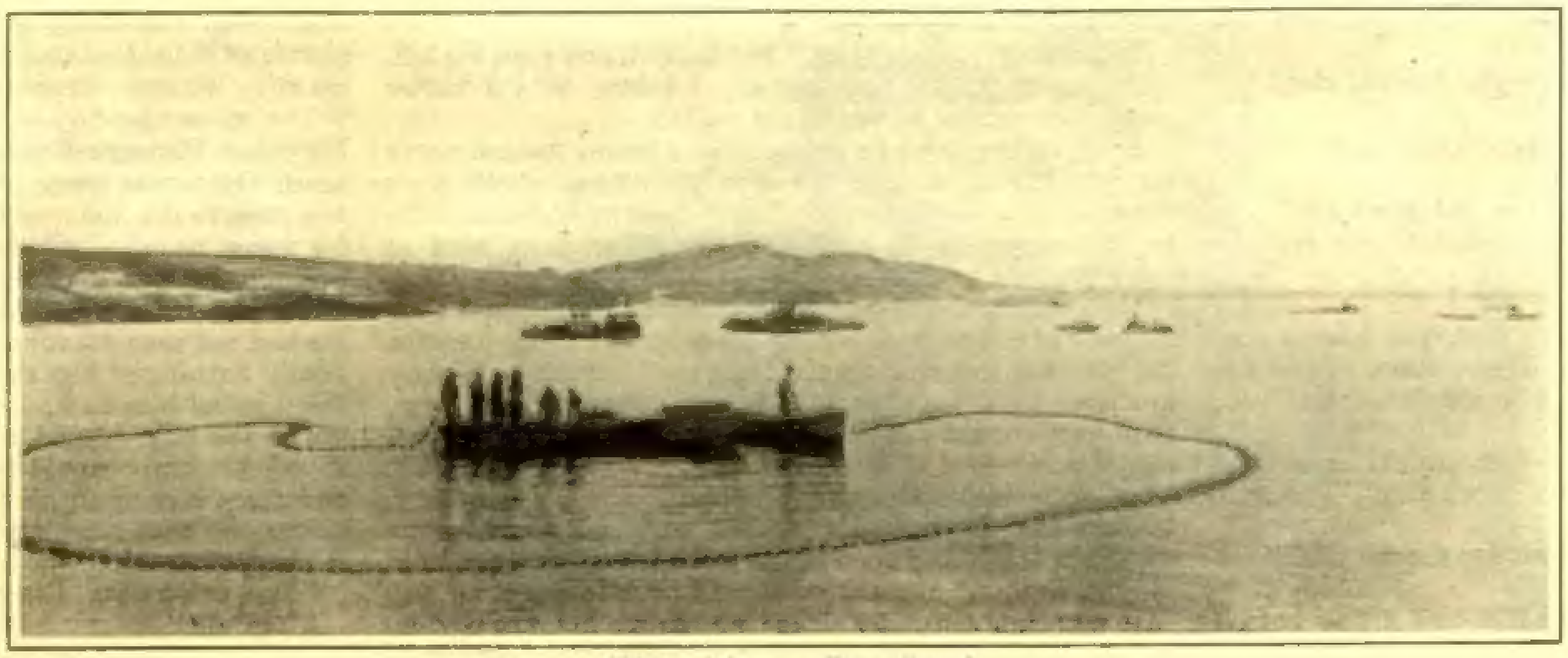
The Quinnat runs to fifty and eighty and even ninety pounds, and its rich red and tender flesh gives it the sterling mark in that conservative English market which long ago declared that all salmon should be served red whether Nature agreed or not. The Quinnat has a wide range; it runs from the Sacramento mouth north to Bering Sea, and turning south on the Asiatic side moves downward to Northern China, affecting by preference the large rivers with snow-fed or glacial tributaries.

It is a beautiful fish of clear, bright, silver hue, and a most determined traveler. It has been proved without shadow of cavil that in the Yukon at spawning season the Quinnat ascends to Caribou Crossing on Lake Bennet, full twenty-two hundred miles.

The Quinnat is the largest, but if gross value and quantity be considered the Sockeye salmon easily takes first place. He is in the sea what the Douglas fir is on the land to all this great Northwest country. He, too, has a multiplicity of names; on the Columbia he is the Blueback, in Alaska the Red salmon, while the Fraser fishermen have dubbed him the Sockeye, a familiar corruption of the Siwash *saw-qui*. The Sockeye is easily the neatest and most symmetrical of the salmon, and it is a little difficult for the landsman to appreciate how plentiful it is in season.

In Alaska the seines for taking the Sockeye are paid out and drawn in by steam power. Five thousand fish is the minimum haul—it wouldn't pay to operate the machinery for a less number; twenty thousand fish at a draft is a daily occurrence; and, by actual count, in the year 1896, sixty thousand fish were used from one haul and forty thousand were released because the canneries were glutted, making one hundred thousand fish at one taking of the net.

One hundred thousand fish at an average usable weight of five pounds each cans into five hundred thousand pounds. This one take would put a half-pound tin of prime Sockeye salmon into the full dinner-pail of every man, woman and child in a city of a million population.



Seining Salmon on Puget Sound

The Sockeye is a gayly-colored fish, the youthful bright blue of its back and side with a touch of silver on the belly changing at the time of its river-ascent into a vivid crimson body-coloring, with a head of olive-green.

The Cohoe—or Silver—salmon is a big fish second in size only to the Quinnat, but its pale flesh discounts it somewhat in the regular market; when canned it describes itself as "medium red salmon."

The Humpback and the Dog salmon are the humble brothers of the race. The Humpback, almost unknown in the Sacramento, Columbia and Fraser, is most abundant in Alaska. Extremely fecund, it swims in millions, breeding near the sea in brooks, swamps and brackish estuaries. Although the cheaper fish are making their way more and more into the world's market, while the Sockeye, the Cohoe and the Quinnat swim, we do not like to consider the Humpback as a white man's fish. It is sent to the negroes of the South, and the Chinese and Japanese buy it; during the season fresh Humpbacks sell in the open market at a cent apiece with no takers.

Fifty-Pound Salmon Caught with a Rod on Campbell River, Vancouver Island, the Best Salmon Stream on the Continent

The Dog salmon also is almost without honor in his own country, where he is known as the Chum and the Calico salmon—the Russians call him Hayko, and he is Saké to the Japs. But canned by any name, candor sees in him a mushy individual with a strong taste of mud; salted he is accepted by Japan and, frozen, by Germany, but the Dog salmon is not good enough for America.

In respect to their food-values the five Pacific salmon may be represented by the first five digits: Quinnat, 5; Sockeye, 4; Cohoe, 3; Humpback, 2; and Dog salmon, 1.

The summer-swarming salmon in masses choking the river-estuaries of the Pacific are muscular, rigid, fat, firm of flesh, in the very pink of condition, each fish a little craft of itself, just so many pounds of succulent food furnished with propulsive machinery.

As the revolving seasons roll, out of the ocean in uncounted myriads they come, each salmon urged forward by a creation-old instinct to seek the upper reaches of its native river, there to deposit the spawn and milt of the new generations. The time and the place of its coming are known; man merely spreads his net receptacles and the salmon catches itself.

At the river-mouths devices ingenious and many are spread out to gather in these swimming dinners: weirs and fish-traps, fish-wheels, miles and miles of gill-nets, thousands of pound-nets and bottom-trawling seines. The yearly levy of the canneries exceeds three hundred million pounds; wonder is it that any one salmon runs this grim gauntlet and escapes the cordon.

A packer canning one hundred thousand cases of salmon uses over a million fish. Forty million fish are packed every year on the Fraser and Puget Sound and in Alaska, and half of these are females intent on depositing their spawn. A conservative estimate gives thirty-five hundred eggs to each female, so we find man with his glistening, rapid, noisy machinery in the Pacific canneries destroying the unthinkable number of seventy billion eggs that female salmon came up from ocean-depths to deposit on the far inland river-bars.

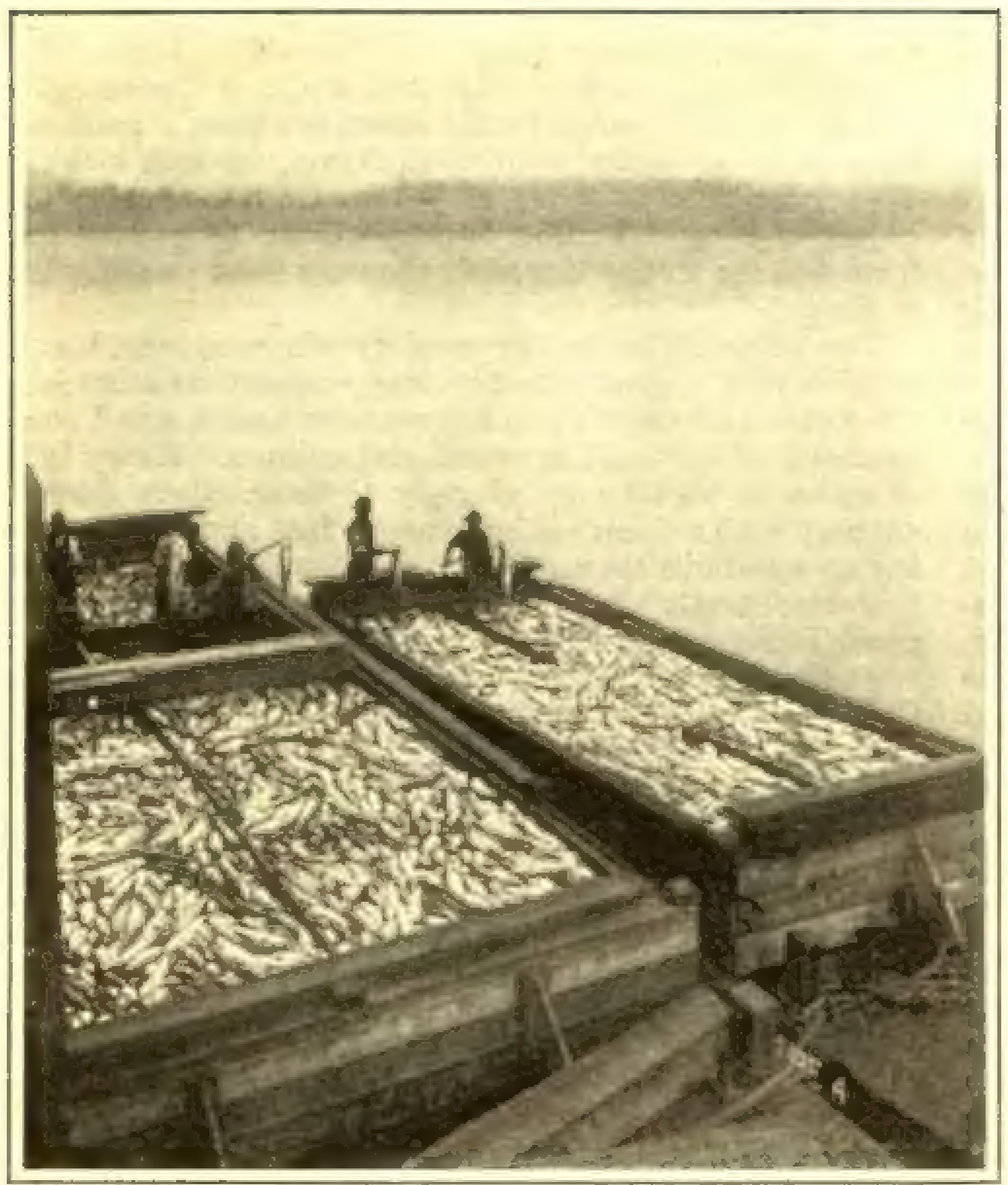
Nature is a stern old mother; if she is to continue to supply so richly the luxurious tables and the humble lunch-baskets with these incomparable dinners, then man must supplement her losses; the yearly tale of seventy billion wasted eggs must be offset by just so many artificially-hatched baby-salmon, thus the great uncompromising pendulum of cause and effect will swing even.

Destiny rather than man's wisdom has declared that some fish shall pass through the river-mouth unscathed on their spawning journey toward head-waters. The danger for these is not yet over. The thrifty settler on the river-bank tosses out of the stream his year's supply of fish; he uses a pitchfork and throws the shining salmon out like so many forkfuls of hay or grain.

The Indian, too, takes his tale. All up the length of the river, at vantage-points where rock-ledge juts over swirl, you see the half-clad Siwash with scoop-net and spear toiling hour by hour (for this with him is the day's work, not sport). The fish are thrown to waiting squaw and children. Improvised smoke-houses kipper the fish, sun and pine-bark smoke combining to give just the desired flavor.

This long line of drying fish in the boiling gorges of Columbia and Fraser is a vermilion dab on the landscape to the train-tourist rushing down the cañons to the sea; to the Siwashes it is Heaven-sent manna. In the long winter nights over the watch-fires they will eat the salmon by the struggling light of a fishy brother, the oolakan or candle-fish, which, dried and stuck in a lump of clay, burns like any taper. The grizzly and the black bear, too, scoop up juicy salmon from the silver river-beaches.

Urged onward by Heaven-implanted instinct, past danger of pitchfork and paw of bear and scoop-net, some salmon safely swim. These take no interest in things by the wayside. On and on they go, breasting currents and jumping rapids, the miles count up to hundreds, the hundreds become thousands, and still the salmon swim on, their ultimate goal



Tons of Crisp and Shiny Salmon in Scows at the Cannery Doors — Just Two Hours After They were Swimming in the Ocean

the gravelly bottoms of the shallow reaches of head-water kept ever in view.

As they come from the sea the sexes of the salmon are practically indistinguishable. Entering fresh water a great structural change takes place. Over those weirs and seines and gill-nets at the river-mouth might well have been written: "Who enters here leaves hope behind." No individual of either sex of any Pacific salmon ever returns to the ocean after spawning.

Up to this time the salmon has lived to eat; from this on to the time of his death no food is taken into his body; he feeds upon his tissues, his whole organism changes.

Approaching the spawning-beds the gastric mucosa is in a more or less desquamated condition, the digestive organs shrunk to one-tenth their normal size, the stomach is no bigger than a walnut, all fat disappears, the jaws of the male salmon become hooked and prolonged, and ungainly canine teeth appear; even if there were a desire for food those developed beaks of the male would effectually preclude feeding.

One Hundred Thousand Salmon on the Floor of the Cannery

Slab-sided, sorry-looking fish they are; the female becomes a dusky olive, the skin of the male turns red; immediately before spawning the roe of the female amounts to one-quarter of the whole body-weight. Spawning completed, both male and female die. The salmon affords the world's most striking example of the sacrifice of the individual to the general good, the only good that Nature seems to recognize—the perpetuation of the species.

The Blueback or Sockeye ascends the Columbia even to the Redfish Lakes in the heart of the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, more than a thousand miles from salt water; we have seen that in Alaska they go twice this distance, and in the Fraser the very head-waters are reached.

At the "redds" or spawning-beds there is a definite pairing off; gorgeously brilliant are the colors the salmon have assumed in honor of the nuptial season. By tail and anal and ventral fins a shallow nest is scooped out of the gravel, both fish assisting in the work, and on this bed the eggs are laid.

After the female has extruded a few eggs she swims away, and the male, taking her exact position, extrudes over these a small quantity of milt. Every five minutes, day and night, for a fortnight this process is repeated. The fight for a salmon's life begins before its birth. The deposited eggs are non-adhesive and separate, and thousands of them become luscious tidbits for fish and birds and reptiles. Here the swan leads her cygnets, one mother bird devouring a gallon of ova a day; soft-footed otters steal out by night and eat their fill; loons, hungry hordes of ducks and stilt-legged herons feed on the eggs.

To beat off the marauders is the work of the male salmon. Enemies of his own kind also assail him, and here, exactly as in seal life, the mating male must fight with the supernumerary males. "*Dare, never grudge the throe,*" is his motto: do not those little red globules hold potential salmon?

The running water rolls away the eggs, but the shabby-looking parents are grim fighters; they scrape up sand and retaining pebbles; neither day nor night does their guarding vigilance slacken. In an ecstasy of militant devotion fins are slit and torn, the lashing tail is worn to a mere stub.

But with the dawn of a new life the end of the old is near. Fungus grows on those tired bodies, eyes become blinded and gills destroyed, parasites attack the filaments and "worms destroy this flesh." Great is the grip of heredity; succeeding generations of immolation and self-devotion have eradicated all desire on the part of the salmon to return to salt water. He spawns once and in the consummation of this act dies.

His poor, emaciated body floats off, and none so poor to do it reverence. We hate to tell it, but ghoulish pigs devour the spent salmon by thousands, and tons of them are yearly used to enrich the soil. Thus with repeated regularity does the sea pay its lordly toll to the land. Small wonder the Northwest farmer becomes rich when from the wilderness of the sea for two thousand miles lumps of phosphorescent fertilizer swim up and literally jump on his fields to die!

Eight days after being spawned the embryo fish begins to get his little backbone—in the strenuous life that stretches before him he will need it. Next day his eyes bud off from his brain; it isn't till the twelfth day that he gets his alimentary canal—eating is neither the first nor the last aim of a salmon's existence. At two weeks, from the alimentary canal, the liver buds off, and the first indications are given that this Sockeye of ours is to have a heart. In another week, on the under side of the head the mouth begins to show up as a V-shaped slot. From this on till the end of the seventh week no noticeable change takes place.

About the fiftieth day a little tail pops out of the ovum and the baby attains to the name of an alevin, a fishlike body attached to a yolk. The little chap is altogether transparent; for six weeks he grows without hunger, and is entirely self-sustaining, Judaslike carrying the bag. Our little alevin, like a young Chinaman, takes on a new name with every gradation of his growth. His teeth and fins are now well developed, he is a couple of inches long, and with the entire absorption of the yolk-sac he turns into a fry and seriously takes up the white man's burden of earning his own living.

Out from his sheltered cradle he swims, snapping at minute crustaceans, nibbling a caddis-fly and valiantly attempting a mosquito; it is the graduation from the kindergarten, and here begins the lifelong fight bequeathed by his parents. Every salmon is born an orphan, each is a self-made fish. Not one has the benefit of the sage advice of a mother, but some prenatal instinct when he is yet but two inches long reads for him the Law of the Road: "Gobble the Little Ones and Run from the Big Ones."

So, snapping at food, he drops down stream with the current foot by foot toward the sea. Experience teaches him that keeping his head up stream will expedite matters; breathing in that position lets the water in at the mouth and out again at the gills; it brings, too, food to that insatiable little stomach.

So he early learns one life-lesson. Years from now, whether gill-net catches him or spoon of the trawler, whether his last gasp is in a landing-net betrayed by Joch Scott or Silver Doctor, one thing is sure: he will die with his head up. In the daytime the game little fellow hugs the pools, migrating chiefly by night; the water-ousel dives after him and the kingfisher teaches him to swim deep and lie low. The true Ishmaelite of the Ishmaelites, everything bigger than he which moves is an enemy; true, he did have a thousand blood-brothers of the same vintage, but in salmondom brotherhood counts little and cousinship nothing.

How fast does he travel? And how long does it take him to reach salt water? Perhaps he covers ten miles in each twenty-four hours; if he was hatched at the head-waters of one of the long rivers his seaward journey may take him six months, maybe a year.

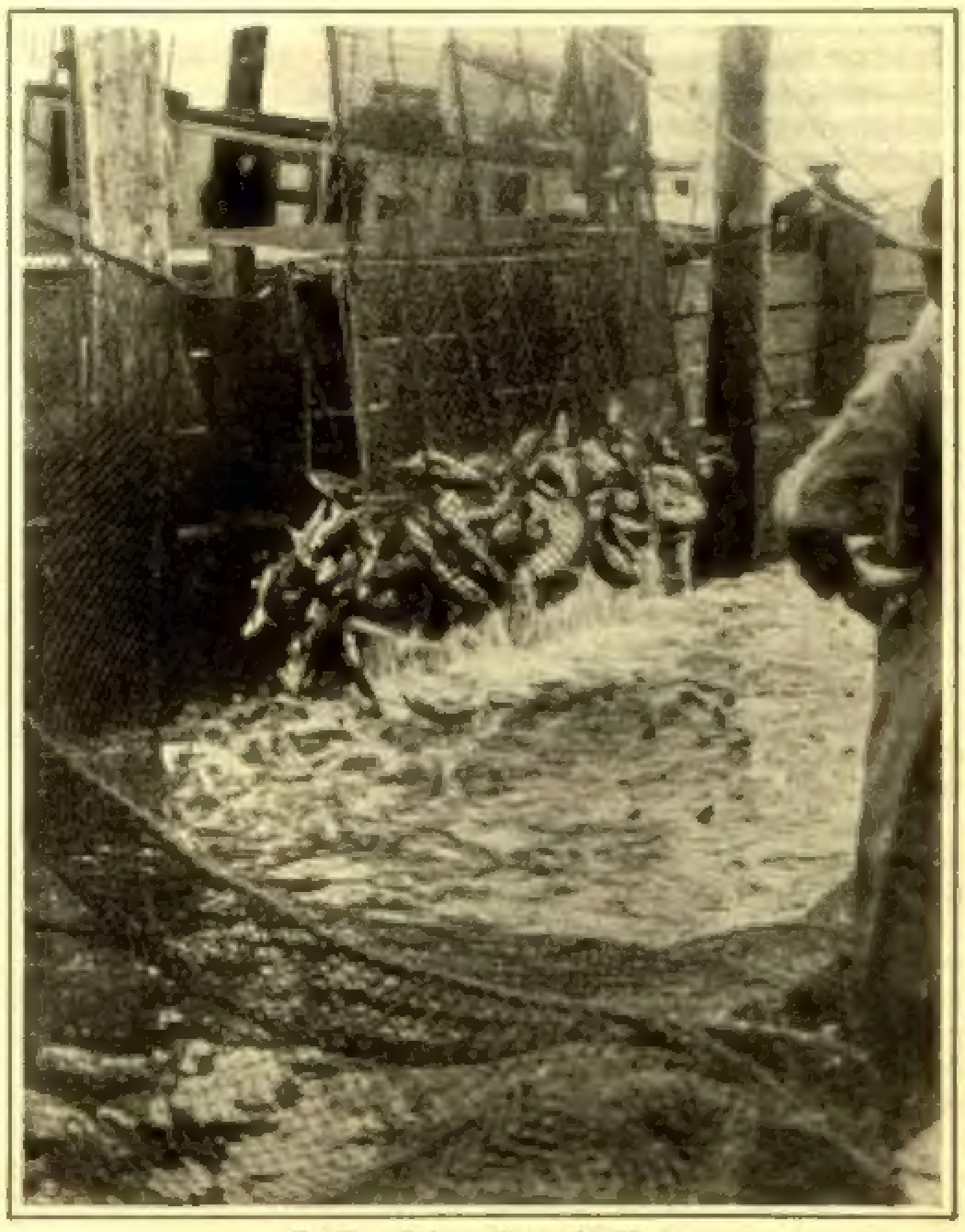
His first contact with salt water is exhilarating, the brackish waters of the estuary makes his gills tingle—with joy he comes to his own. He is now three or four inches long, and with his advent into the sea is known as a parr.

In the sea a new set of enemies has to be studied and taken account of. Here are fish-ducks and cruel-eyed cormorants, and a whole host of salt-water fish the very color of the kelp they hide among. A wound is fatal, for no deformed fish is allowed to swim; every bigger fish is to such the kind surgeon that ends his misery—as there are no floating orphan asylums so there are no fish hospitals.

Little is known of the ocean life of salmon or seal or whale. The fish culturists at the hatcheries, by attaching silver disks to liberated salmon and by identification fin marks, have arrived at the conclusion that four years is the average sea life of a salmon; that at the end of that period he seeks his native stream to breed.

In those four years he does nothing but dodge enemies and eat, eat, eat, getting silvery and plump and strong for the long lasting of the river ascent or for the slicing knives and labeled tins of the canner. In the sea, sickness and sharks, sea-lions and seals, all levy their toll of mortality, but on the whole the salmon's chances of life are greater in the open sea than elsewhere. He is strongest here and, moreover, Heaven has gifted him with great speed—he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.

But when it comes to pitting himself against the cunning and commercial cupidity of man our salmon has a sorry chance. Some pass the barriers safely, skitter their tails and exclaim with Job, "I have escaped with the skin of my teeth." But where one lays his tired bones by the



Brailing Salmon from the Trap

side of his forefathers and mothers on the breeding-beds, thousands and tens of thousands of his blood-brothers, fat and fit, are cut down in their prime, find a tinny sepulchre in the Golgotha of the canning sheds, occupy for a period reserved seats on the top shelves of corner groceries, to finally lay their bones by the side of restaurant plates.

Many are the methods of capture. It was the gill-netters we saw setting out from the mouth of the Fraser. Two men and three hundred yards of gill-netting go to each boat. A gill-net is simply an immense sheet of web twenty or thirty feet deep and a quarter of a mile long, kept upright in the water by weights below and corks above.

The river-seeking salmon swimming against the tide thrust their heads through the meshes and obligingly catch themselves by the gills. At the slack of the tide the fishermen draw in their nets, row or sail back to the cannery and are credited with the tally of their catch. The gill-netters were in the beginning the main suppliers of the cannery; the deadly fish traps and swift gasoline launches are rapidly relegating them to second place.

Seining, the most picturesque of all the ways of salmon-taking, can be practiced only where there are shelving shores. Great seines are thrown across likely bays and river-reaches in the road of the ascending salmon; when the harvest has collected, horses attached to the net ropes plunge into the stream and draw out the seines of struggling fish. A cordon of weather-beaten fishermen, each with one bare foot on the lead-line, stands waist deep in the running water and lifts high the edge of the brimming nets, while others grab the squirming fish and toss them into boats which with all speed hurry the catch to the canneries. It is cold, wet work. The seine fishermen earn every dollar the season brings them.

The fish-wheels of the Columbia look like the ordinary water-wheels of the Rhone; turned by the current they are most effective, scooping up the fish on the revolving paddles, lifting them aloft and sliding them down slanting troughs to boat or bank at the rate of four to six tons of salmon per wheel per day.

Of all methods of taking the salmon the trap is the most deadly. In the British Columbia waters traps were, until two seasons ago, prohibited, and their general use is not now permitted by the Dominion Government, in whose hands the supreme jurisdiction rests over all Canadian waters. Only in a restricted stretch of coast from Victoria west along the shore of Vancouver Island are Canadian staked trap-nets licensed; sixteen of these were in operation in 1905, and twenty-six locations were licensed last year. The Columbia mouth is where one sees them in unrestricted numbers. In a single locality, Baker's Bay, near historic Astoria, can be counted over fifteen hundred of these traps. Enormous catches during big runs are made in these deadly contrivances. In 1905 the Pacific American Fisheries Company in one of its traps in Puget Sound is said to have taken at one haul three hundred and forty thousand salmon.

A salmon trap is an elaborate affair, costing all the way from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars to construct. A trap consists of a lead or wall of net fixed to massive piles running out from shore four or five hundred fathoms,and placed in the known route of the salmon. When the shining army of fish moving on, a solid mass imbued with singleness of purpose, finds itself confronted by this barrier it swerves aside, and here a narrow door or slit in the wall invites an entry. Once through this opening a cleverly-constructed maze leads on the crowding salmon toward the terminal inclosure or heart. A cone-shaped tunnel leads from the heart into the pot or final trap, so that the fish passing through this horizontal funnel have no means of returning.

Alongside the pot is a further quadrilateral inclosure, the spiller, into which the fish are admitted when the pot becomes crowded. In a big run the pot has been known to become so packed with living salmon that the sheer weight of the uppermost fish crushed and killed those in the bottom of the net.

Some catches in Puget Sound have been so enormous that the bottom could not be raised, the brailer net usually lifted by a winch could not be moved, and the pot with its weight of captive salmon had to be cut out and towed to the cannery.

Professor David Starr Jordan, the eminent fish authority of California, under date of February 15, 1907, says: "*I think the trap in all its forms ought to be swept out of Puget Sound, and for that matter from everywhere else.*"

Would you enjoy an experience stimulating and exciting? Then get up at daybreak some August morning and board a tug at Victoria Harbor for one of the Todd traps and see the early spill.

At the trap the captured fish are lifted from the chamber and spilled into scows in the steamer's tow, salmon by the thousand—saucy, shining Sockeyes, fat and kicking. The occasion calls "Haste!"—minutes are money; the object of every scientific cannery-man is to get the fish from the sea to the tins with the very least possible loss of time.

The scene shifts to the cannery wharves, long, black, wooden affairs, centipede-like, stepping out on stilts into the water and emitting in the summer heat a smell compounded of salt and seaweed and salmon. Every inch of space as we step up gingerly to the cannery door is slippery with salmon—salmon under foot and in the waiting scows above us, around us, and in the air—in the air more insistently than anywhere else. Until to-day we never knew the sea held so many fish.

At the cannery, amid a vociferous clangor of Japanese, Chinese, English and choicest Chinook, the big fish are tossed from the scows and slapped on the cannery floor, each one as it lands sliding off on its own account. The whole awakened hive is humming—a salmon-cannery in the height of the season is the busiest place on this earth. Every wheel in that network of most modern machinery is clicking, each man and woman stands at appointed station, and with the slippery thud of that first fish on the cannery floor the day's work begins.

The whole stretch of that cannery floor is soon piled deep with salmon—the workmen in rubber-boots stepping from wharf-edge to cleaning bench are thigh-deep in the struggling mass.

A modern cannery is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Time-saving devices are installed at every turn, and men and machinery work at lightning rapidity; the whole rapid process of canning is cleanliness itself, the human hand scarcely touching the fish from trap-net to tin.

The marvelously ingenious machinery and the human interest part of the drama both compel us. The romance of the human factor is giving way to the romance of ingenious and fascinating machinery. The Pacific canner is a man of means and ready initiative; no cost is spared if a new piece of machinery promises to save time for him.

(Continued on Page [illegible])

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

Continuing Letters to Unsuccessful Men—In Which the Prodigal and the Benevolent Old Gentleman Have a Surprising Adventure

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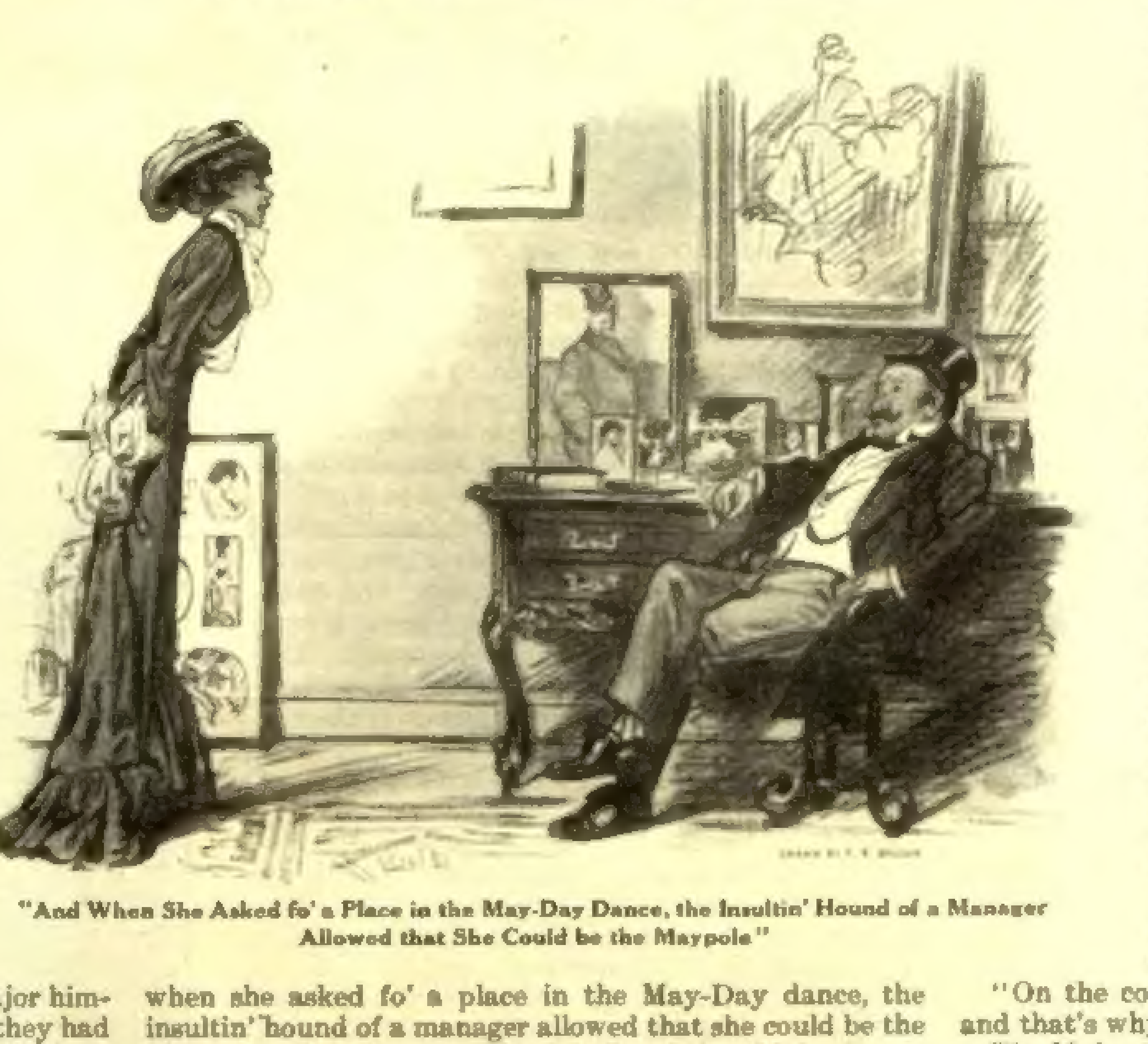


"And When She Asked fo' a Place in the May-Day Dance, the Insultin' Hound of a Manager Allowed that She Could be the Maypole"

Dear Uncle Bill:

After what has happened during the past few days I should feel like going straight to the devil, if I hadn't already gone and wasn't so busy trying to get back. Then, too, it takes money to make the trip properly, and having once traveled *de luxe* on the downward path, I don't fancy a Coney Island excursion over the same route.

Honest, unkie, my luck would make a courageous gambler hang himself. I am not superstitious, but I know a hoodoo when I see one, and it doesn't have to be cross-eyed and have 13 burned in the skin at that. And I have a hoodoo that is twins. You've heard of cat-fear, haven't you? When a woman who has it finds poor pussy straying about the house, she acts as if she'd discovered a burglar under the bed. Well, mine is bear-fear, and if a bear ever walks into a parlor where I'm sitting, I'll simply throw a fit on the Kermanshah rug and go through the nearest window with a back somersault. The first time a bear got me into trouble, I was willing to believe that it was an accident, but now I know that bears are worse luck for me than corns for Cinderella, with the courtly young salesman kneeling at her feet and saying, "Let me try on this number two, miss."

It was almost nine o'clock when I got down to breakfast the morning after my first meeting with the Major, and I found that a tall and very slim young woman and the Major himself were the only occupants of the room. After they had given me good-morning, the slim young woman withdrew almost immediately, looking, because of the extraordinarily tight skirt that she wore, like a single leg walking haughtily out of the room.

The Major followed her with a compassionate glance. "A most unfo'tunate case, suh," he explained. "Too tall fo' the Merry, Madcap Maids ballet; too narrow fo' the Happy, Healthy Hottentots Are We song. And when she asked fo' a place in the May-Day dance, the insultin' hound of a manager allowed that she could be the Maypole. It makes my blood boil, suh, to think of a refined and high-toned young lady like that being subjected to such dastardly insinuations. We must try to help her, Jack."

"Is she hard up?" I questioned, grinning as I thought of the dollar-seventy that constituted my own cash assets.

"Not fo' money, suh," the Major replied, glaring reprovingly at me; "but fo' sympathy, fo' encouragement, fo' some one who won't laugh at her foolish little hopes and ambitions; fo' some one, suh, to whose eye the tear of—er—compassion is not a stranger; who will, in sho't, appreciate the duties and—er—responsibilities of chivalrous manhood towa'd unprotected and—er—distressed womanhood," and the Major sputtered out his peroration in a fine spray.

"Quite right, Major," I answered, dexterously dodging his flowers of speech. "I really wasn't smiling at the young lady's troubles, but at my own."

"A very proper attitude toward them, suh," the Major commented, relaxing into good humor again, and talking with less hydraulic pressure behind his words. "A gentleman should always laugh at his own troubles; but nevah at another's. Would it seem indelicate, suh, if I inquired into the condition of yo' finances?"

"Not indelicate of you to inquire, Major, but most indelicate of me to refer to anything that has fallen so low. I'm down to one-seventy and these mementos," and I produced a bundle of pawntickets that would have choked a cow, though I have never heard of that rather mercenary animal being verbally choked on anything except a roll of greenbacks.

The Major's good humor expanded into a broad grin. "By Geo'ge, suh," he commented, "you have not been idle."

"On the contrary, Major," I answered, "I have been, and that's why I have this collection of souvenir postals."

The Major took the bundle and skinned it as if it were a hand at poker. "We must have this out, my dear boy," he said, pausing at a ticket marked "One D. suit." "The rest can wait until Fo'tune deals us something better than deuces; but evenin' clothes are capital in New York. In this town, Oppo'tunity doesn't go to bed with the chickens. She's as likely to knock at our do' after six as befo', and to request the pleasure of our company on Fifth Avenue as on Sixth. We must, like good soldiers, be ready fo' the call of duty, suh."

"But, Major," I stammered, not quite knowing how to refuse an offer made in so kindly a spirit, particularly as I'd never made a specialty of refusing things; "it's awfully bully of you to want to do this for me, but I'm starting out right now to hunt for a job; so I hope I won't need to take advantage of your generosity."

"A job, suh?" the Major questioned, swelling up into his majestic manner again. "A job, suh? And what kind of a job, might I venture to inquire?"

"Any kind of a job," I replied, feeling from something in my companion's tone that I was making a degrading and incriminating confession.

"You amaze me, Jack," was his comment. "I respect, I honah, I admiah yo' pluck, but I deprecate the suicidal resolution to which it has brought you. Why, suh, the first thing you know, you will find yo'self engaged in the lowest fo'ms of mercantile pursuits, pushin' a pen, poundin' a typewriter, hoppin' to do the bidding of some jackanapes who has no higher ambition than note shavin', or buyin' and sellin' fo' a picayune, hucksterin' profit. I repeat it in all sincerity—Jack, you amaze me."

I began to feel a little amazed myself that I had even contemplated taking one of these pitiful jobs.

"But what can a fellow do, Major?" I inquired apologetically. "Everybody says that a man must start in at the bottom in business, and work up. How else can he learn?"

"Everybody lies, then," the Major thundered. "Look at me, suh! Did I ever start in at the bottom of anything? Nevah, suh!"

It occurred to me that he'd never got to the top of anything, but I repelled the unworthy thought, and replied:

"That may be, but I tried starting in at the top, and I came down and through and out in China, much to the displeasure of the Chinks. I'm afraid my business head is a cabbage. And, after all, somebody has to be a clerk."

"Yes, suh, somebody has to be, but let it be somebody else," the Major retorted. "Can't you see, my dear boy, that, if you have no head fo' business, under no circumstances should you considah engagin' in trade, especially in a menial capacity? If you had capital, suh, yo' inaptitude fo' commerce would not be a mattah of any particular impo'tance, fo' then you could employ others to attend to all the triflin' details fo' you, and content yo'self with taking the profits. But it grieves me, Jack, to think of a young man of yo' ability and attainments throwing away his God-given talents and becoming the hireling of a Trust, slaving fo' a pittance, without hope and without ambition, and then being flung aside when he is wo'n out and wo'thless."

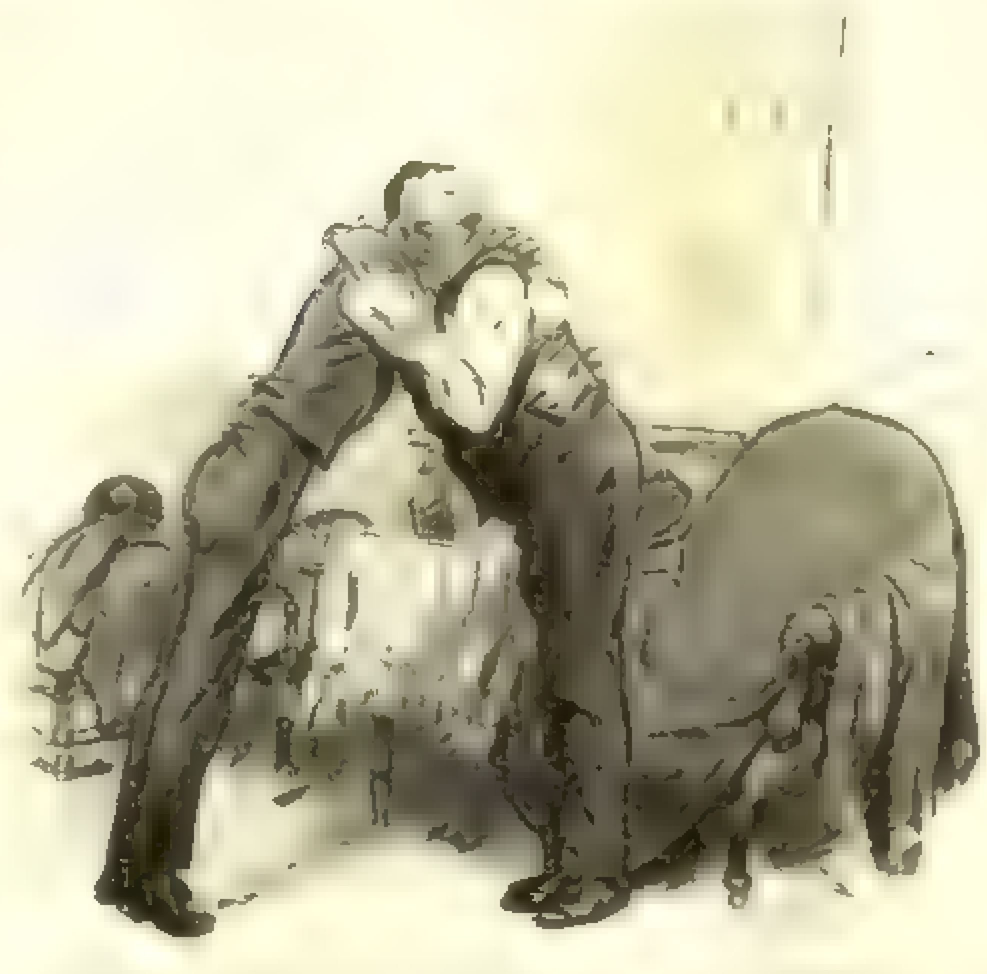
"Who said anything about slaving without hope or ambition?" I demanded, feeling a mixture of pleasure and irritation in the Major's comments.

"Who said it, suh?" the Major returned impressively. "I said it, suh. I affirm it, I reiterate it, suh. It is part and pa'cel of our monstrous system, suh, that is limitin' the oppo'tunities of our young men till there is no career open to them, except that of an underpaid servant of an overbearing monopoly. And the scoundrels in control, not content with absorbin' all the currency in circulation and making a gentleman's note of hand absolutely unnegotiable unless it is backed up with bonds—a piece of grim humor on their part, suh, fo' who would care to borrow if he owned bonds?—are stealthily and relentlessly inculcating ideals of parsimony and plodding among our youth, breeding a race of tinho'n spo'ts and pikers, suh, fo' whom one who has had the pleasure of playin' with their fathers can feel nothing but contempt. But the old days are gone, suh, when a gentleman left the so'did details of his estate to his overseer, and considered that his first duty was to serve his State with his talents, and his country with his swo'd; when courtesy was a creed and hospitality a religion, and a social evenin' at cards the relaxation of gentlemen. No'thern capital and Yankee methods have made the older generation, to which I have the honah of belonging, suh, feel that they are Ishmaelites in their own country."

I felt mighty sorry for the Major, but I was something of an Ishmaelite myself, so I repressed my tears, and gently led the conversation back to the point with:

"Well, what *do* you advise, then?"

"That you shun offices like the plague; that you refuse to stultify yo' intellect by addin' two and two; that you be man enough not to soil yo' hands counting the dirty money that another is wringin' from barter in the necessities of life; in sho't, that you abjure all these triflin', trashy

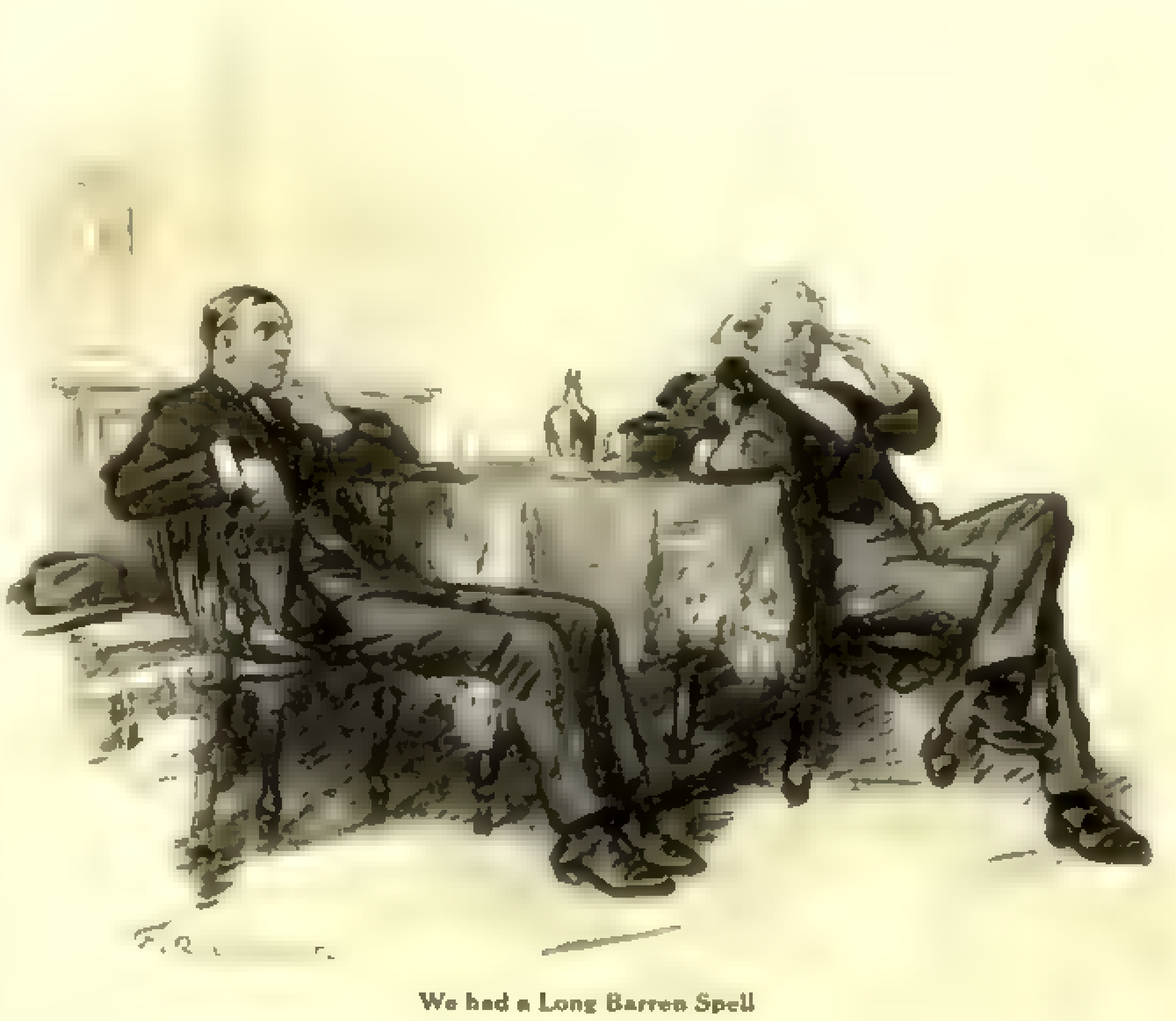


"My Boy, My Boy; My Dear, Dear Boy!"

ways of keepin' body and soul together, and use the wits that the Lo'd has given you to live like a Caucasian and a gentleman. A fair idea is a living; a good one is a competence; and the Big Idea is a fo'tune. Fair ideas are plenty: I can get them any evenin' over a quiet glass; but together, suh, yo' wits and mine, we'll find the Big Idea."

I'm afraid that I wasn't born to row up stream when there's a good strong current setting down. I adjourned to the Major's room with him and let him convince me there, though I'd made up my mind downstairs to take a hand in his game. He explained that he wanted the companionship and the help of a bright young man, and that he'd identified me as a pippin as soon as he'd seen me. He was awfully nice about the money end of things, and made me feel that I was doing him a favor in consenting to have my evening clothes taken out of hock and in accepting the loan of twenty for carfare. These details settled, and the Major having wrung my hand and congratulated me on having been saved from myself, we went into executive session to see if we couldn't dig up the Big Idea without further delay. But when I peered into my mind I was simply appalled by the glimpse that I got of the emptiness there, and while the Major drew out a hundred or more ideas from his, they were all blanks. Evidently it was Generals Beauregard and Early's day off, the Major observed; so we gave it up for the afternoon and went to a "Continuous."

That evening we settled down to serious business in the Major's room. My host produced cob pipes and his bottle of Old Bourbon, explaining that it was not his intention to use it as a beverage, for he was unalterably opposed to drinking while business matters were under consideration, but that he would take a few snifters purely as a throat-emollient and brain-laxative. Having advanced and accepted the theory that the wearing of coats hampered the free play of one's fancy, we settled down in our shirt-sleeves, cozy and comfortable, to lay hold of a full-grown idea, with side-whiskers and a white waistcoat, that would be a kind and indulgent parent to us and save us from having to work.



We had a Long Barren Spell

Say, unkie, have you ever tried to think up the Big Idea—not some fool scheme for saving the Nation, or improving the yield of sugar-beets, or making people subscribe to your tiresome old paper—but have you ever reached up into the blue empyrean and grabbed at a star in its course, and tried to pull it down to earth by the tail? I used to think that the astronomers guessed or lied about the distance to the nearest star, but now I'm rather inclined to think that they've understated their case.

I'd been groping around on the edges of space till my brain was fairly stupefied by the vastness of the void, when the Major's voice called me back.

"Jack," he was saying reflectively, "has it ever occurred to you that there might be a fo'tune in a reversible rail?"

I admitted that it never had, and asked what sort of a rail and how you reversed it.

"A railroad rail, of cou'se," the Major returned, sitting up. "A rail that, when it has served its purpose on one side, can simply be turned over and made to enter into a new career of usefulness on the other. By Geo'ge, suh, I wondah that no one has ever thought of that before!"

"It certainly does sound pretty good," I returned judicially.

"Sounds pretty good, suh?" the Major cried, springing to his feet and gesticulating enthusiastically. "You bet it sounds pretty good. It sounds like a revolution in modern railroadin', suh! It sounds like a plantation back home, suh, fo' me, and a mansion on Fifth Avenue fo' you! Think of the millions—no, I would not exaggerate if I said billions, Jack—of rails thrown away to rust and rot every year."

I, too, was on my feet now, dancing around with excitement, but, even as I reached to give the Major's hand a congratulatory shake, a chilling doubt struck me. "Has it occurred to you, Major," I ventured, "that if both the top and the bottom of the rail were rounded in the same way, we might not be able to make the blamed thing stand up?"

But the Major's cup of happiness was not to be dashed by doubts. "A detail, my dear boy," he exclaimed, waving it aside; "a triflin' detail, that any fo'-dollar-a-day mechanic will settle fo' us. We've struck it, suh—struck it first crack out of the box," and then we both started talking at once, with now and then a question like: "Will the Steel Trust dig down in its sock to pay us for this? I guess!" or an exclamation like: "Allowin' that we get royalties on only fifty million tons a year," ringing out above the rough-house.

Well, by and by we calmed down a little, and I was for going out for a walk, so long as we had the Idea safely caged, but the Major said no—that while the cards were running right we ought to press our luck and hive up some more ideas. So we went at it again, both eager with the excitement of the chase, the Major baying along in the lead like an old hound.

We struck a good many false scents, but inside of half an hour I was on my feet with a shout and an idea for "Luminous Letters"—letters made of some luminous composition, "like—er—luminous paint, you know," I explained, that would admit of their being read both night and day. I drew a glowing and profitable picture of New York with all the signs, house numbers and billboards brilliant with our letters—in short, as the Major phrased it, "a perfect luminous Hell, suh."

The excitement and profit-taking over this idea had barely subsided when I came to my feet again and explained my "Timed Inks" to the Major—"Inks of some ingenious chemical composition, you know, timed to fade out completely in thirty, sixty or ninety days, as one may wish. Think of the driveling love letters one could write, the incriminating secrets one could put on paper, the four-months-after-date notes one could sign, the ——" but the Major, fairly weeping with joy, was pounding me on the back and crying:

"My boy, my boy; my dear, dear boy! What imagination! What genius! What a boon to humanity!"

When we returned to our knitting after this, we had a long barren spell, but finally the Major gave the short, sharp "Ahem!" which presaged an important announcement from him.

"Jack," he began with irritating deliberation, so that I should not be caught unprepared for and be shocked by the whale that he was about to produce, "have you ever seen one of these compressed—er—atmosphere equipments, with which houses and hotels are cleansed and renovated?"

"Yes, yes," I answered impatiently. "What is it?"

"An admirable invention, suh; but has it never occurred to you that its promoters have overlooked a large and, I think I may safely add, an exceedingly profitable field of usefulness?"

"No, it never has; but I'll bet they have. What is it?"

"You are correct in yo' su'mise, suh. It's horses—horses, Jack," reiterated the Major, permitting himself to warm up.

"How? Yes—of course," I ventured, willing and anxious to cheer, but, as yet, not quite sure what for.

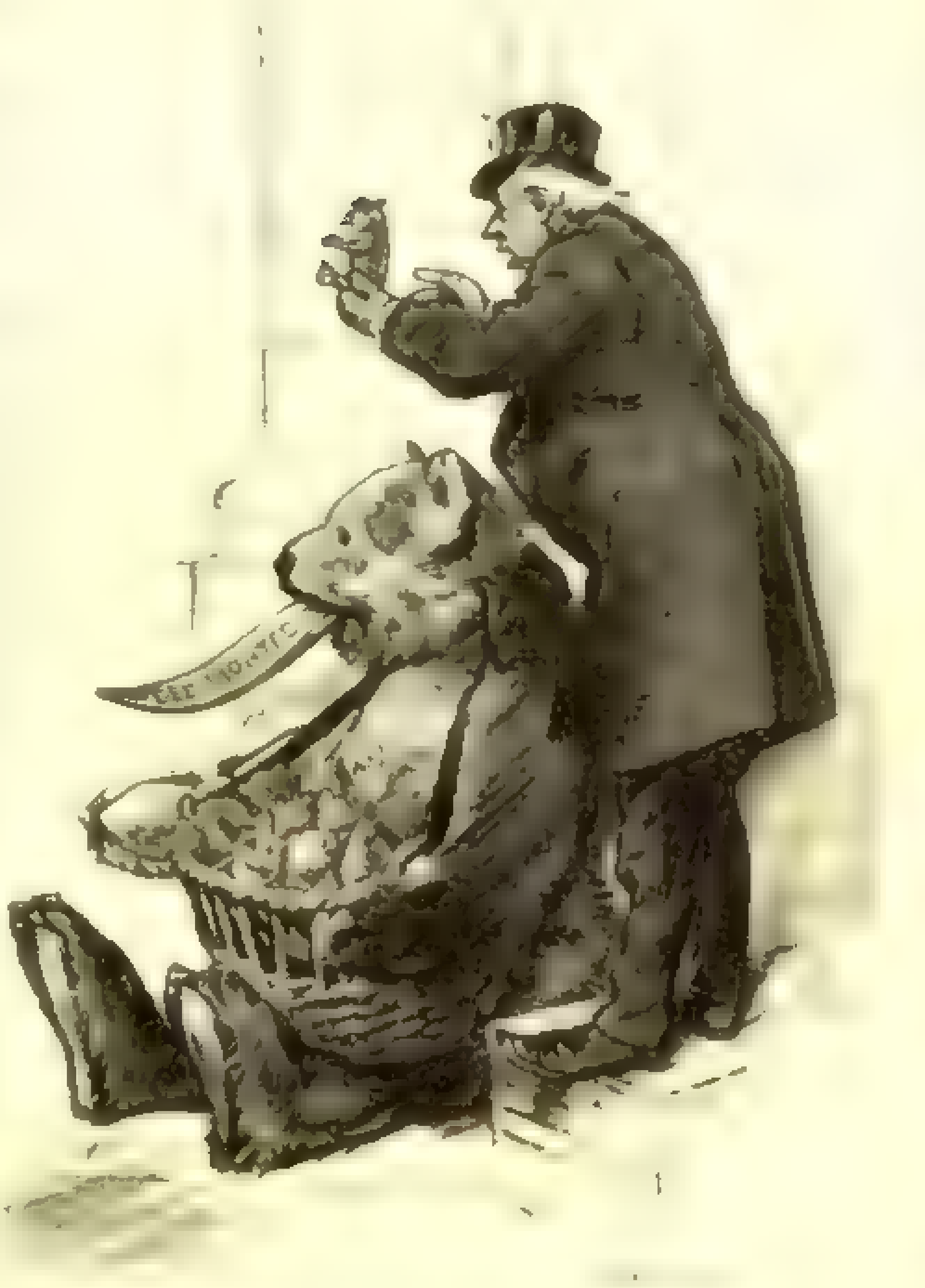
"And the idea will introduce itself, suh," the Major explained. "We will walk into any livery-stable in New Yo'k, hire a rig, drive around to the compressed air establishment, and run the—er—sucker—or whatever they call the appliance that draws out the dirt—over one-half of the horse. Then we will take him back to the stable, shining on one side like a brown satin dress, and, by contrast, looking on the other like an old door-mat. Will the curiosity of the stablekeeper be excited, suh? Will he want the refinin' touch of the—er—sucker applied to the door-mat side? Will he leap at the chance to contract with us, at a fairly remunerative price, say five dollars a head, to polish up all the plugs in his stable? I reckon we may answer in the affirmative. I am tol'ably certain that, from this single idea, speaking conservatively, mind you, Jack, we shall make no less than one hundred thousand dollars."

It certainly looked that way to me just then, and I told the Major that he had undoubtedly got hold of the hottest dog in the frankfurter can.

After that we tried it for a while longer, but the casting up of the whale had apparently put the kibosh on the game for the time being. So, as it was now one in the morning, we separated in high hopes and spirits, the Major bidding me good-night with: "A grand, an inspirin', a lucrative evenin's work. Yo' future is assured, Jack." I was so excited over it all that it took me a long time to get to sleep; and when I finally dropped off, it was to dream of driving up to Anita's door in a coach and four.

Somehow, it was different at the breakfast-table next morning. Something had happened to the ideas over night that made us regard them and each other a little peevishly. In fact, we acted like two men who had been on a bat together the night before, with each waiting to see how much the other remembered of the disgraceful doings. Finally, we edged up to our inventions, and I began to express vague doubts about the feasibility of this and the practicability of that. In the morning light one of the ideas looked suspiciously like our old friend, Perpetual Motion, and the others sounded like planks from a Populist platform. The Major nodded sagely, and deprecated our committing our fortunes to any of the ideas until after we had subjected them to "the most searchin' examination and the most ruthless tests. Though I am convinced, suh," he concluded with furrowed brow, "that these ideas contain the germs of some exceedingly useful and valuable discoveries. But caution and conservatism must be our watchwords. We will make a note of these inventions fo' future reference," which he did. Then, after breakfast, we went around to a livery-stable, where there was "the finest little trottin' mare outside the old State," and smoothed away the lines of our too high thinking with a little drive out into the country.

That was the beginning of a two-weeks' debauch of scheming. All day long we prowled through the streets of New York, hunting for some sign that would betray the hiding-place of the Big Idea; after dinner we retired to the Major's room, lit our pipes, and tried to smoke it out of our heads. Every night we went up to bed in a haze of optimism, potentially millionaires; every morning we came down to breakfast in a fog of pessimism, practically paupers.



I Squeezed the Rubber Ball and the Long Tongue Shot Out

No doubts disturbed the Major, for he still had several hundred dollars left, but after this sort of thing had been going on for a fortnight, and we had accumulated wild ideas enough to endow a ward in a lunatic asylum, I decided that we must think up a producer, or that I must go to work, for I couldn't continue to sponge on the Major. So as soon as we were settled down in his room for the evening I opened the proceedings with:

"Major, we've got to quit smoking this kind of dope and switch off to something practical. We're not getting anywhere, and never will this way."

The Major sat up, looking surprised and a little hurt at my businesslike tone. I was rather surprised at it myself.

"My dear boy," he began reprovingly, "you must restrain yo' impatience. Rashness and impetuosity," he continued, his voice gathering assurance as he went along, "are admirable things in their place, but they have no place in business, suh."

"But they have had in our proceedings," I persisted brutally. "Wouldn't any bunch of experts that was handed a list of our ideas declare that we had progressive paranoia, and recommend a life sentence for us on the strength of that predigested pie scheme?"

The shot told and the Major looked miserable again, for the invention had been the darling child of his brain, the pampered pet of our smoker the evening before. "Let us, purely fo' the sake of argument, Jack, admit that we have been playin' on a dead card," he replied. "What would you suggest? I am one of those who welcome criticism, suh, but it must be constructive, not destructive, criticism." Of course he did—so does every one, meaning by constructive criticism, praise.

"Exactly," I answered. "We've been pawing the air for an idea. Now let's get after one in a scientific manner, applying psychological principles to our problem, and if that won't fetch it, give up and go to work."

"By Geo'ge, suh!" the Major exclaimed, all enthusiasm again as soon as he saw that my proposal did not involve the suppression of his favorite game, but simply a new method of playing it. "Why didn't we think of that befo'? We've been wastin' time, Jack. Let us try yo' method without delay. If one cock won't fight we must gaff another. Explain yo'self, fully, my dear boy, and count on my hearty coöperation."

"Well," I began, drawing for my ideas on my brief association with Jim during the days of the Direct Command, "what we want is an article that will sell for a small price, so it must be simple; that will pay us a whopping profit, so it must go more on the cleverness of the idea than its intrinsic value; that will advertise itself, for we have no money with which to buy fame for it. So we must think up some tasty, trashy, tomfool novelty, that we can hitch on to a popular idea, or man, or movement, and send forth into the cold but silly world to hustle for its parents. That's not the Big Idea, I know; it's the idiotic one, but the market for idiocy is unlimited, I've been told, even though I haven't been able to place myself. Besides, we'll be working in a more congenial field. Now, to begin: what's the most popular thing in the country to-day?"

"Our honored President," the Major replied unhesitatingly. "He fits yo' description to a T."

"I love our President with a T.," I interposed, "because his name is Teddy; because he has teeth, and because he's a terror."

"Exactly, suh," the Major returned simply. "He's not only the most popular man in the country, but a popular idea, and a popular movement as well. But I can hardly see that that takes us anywhere."

I couldn't either, but to gain time and to create a diversion that would give me an opportunity to rescue my theory from such prompt exploding, I answered: "I'm not so sure about his popularity, Major. It seems to me that there are signs of its waning. All this letter-writing and calling men liars is making a good many people tired, don't you think?"

"I most certainly do not think—at least in the affirmative, suh," the Major returned hotly. "On the contrary, suh, the country is proud that its Chief Executive has convictions and the courage to express them in terms that no scoundrel can misunderstand and that no gentleman can wear."

"But Major," I interrupted, "how can any one effectively resent anything that the President says about him?"

"How, suh? How, suh?" The Major snorted belligerently, and jumped from his chair. Silently stepping off ten paces, he wheeled and suddenly discharged his answer, as though at the word to fire: "I have every reason to believe, suh, though I am not at liberty to disclose the sou'ces of my info'mation, that the President holds himself in readiness to give *the fullest personal satisfaction*"—and he paused to let the words soak in—"to any one who may demand it."

I hadn't been able to think of anything yet, so there was nothing to do but throw another at the Major: "Well, granting that," I put forth, "still, a lot of people are beginning to think that Teddy's a mere noise."

"I don't care, suh, and the people don't care, if President Roosevelt"—and the Major reproved me for my too familiar Teddy with a pause and a glance—"is nothing but a noise; he's shoutin' fire, and frightening off the scoundrels who have been preparing to commit arson with the er—palladium of our liberties. I am only sorry, suh, that his enthusiasm fo' manly spo'ts does not extend to those games of chance which so many statesmen of an oldah generation found stimulatin' to their highest faculties. Pokah and faro, suh, are, I regret to say, the only pursuits that have not felt his reformin' and purifyin' and revivifyin' influence."

As he finished I saw my chance to retreat, without invalidating my theory: "Well, Major," I replied, "you may be right, but there's no use in our discussing it, for some one else

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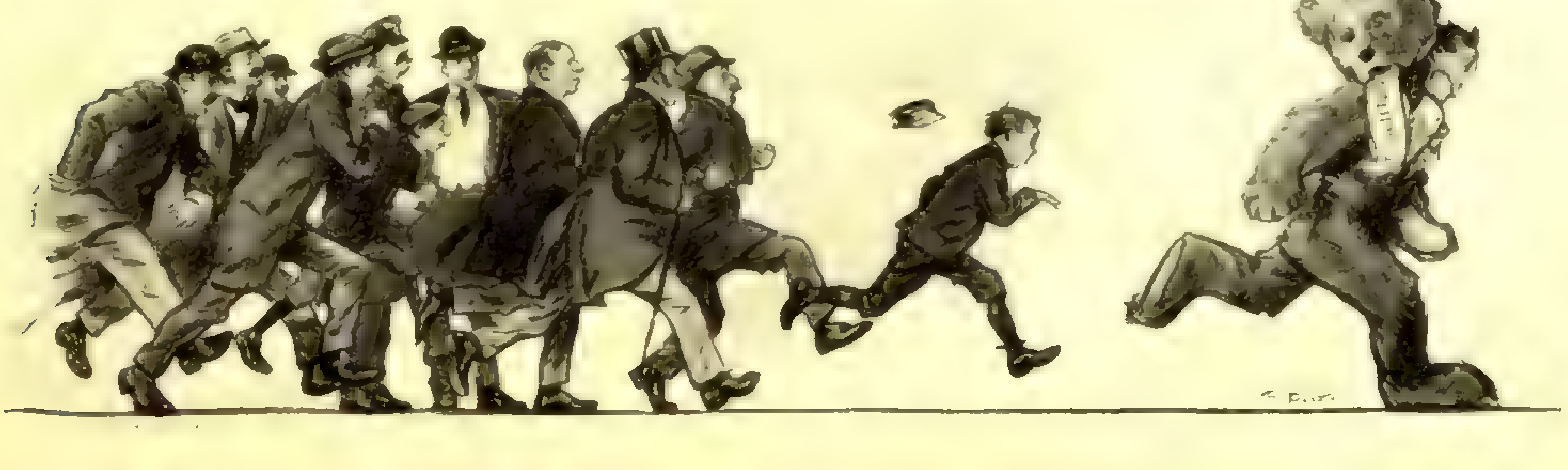
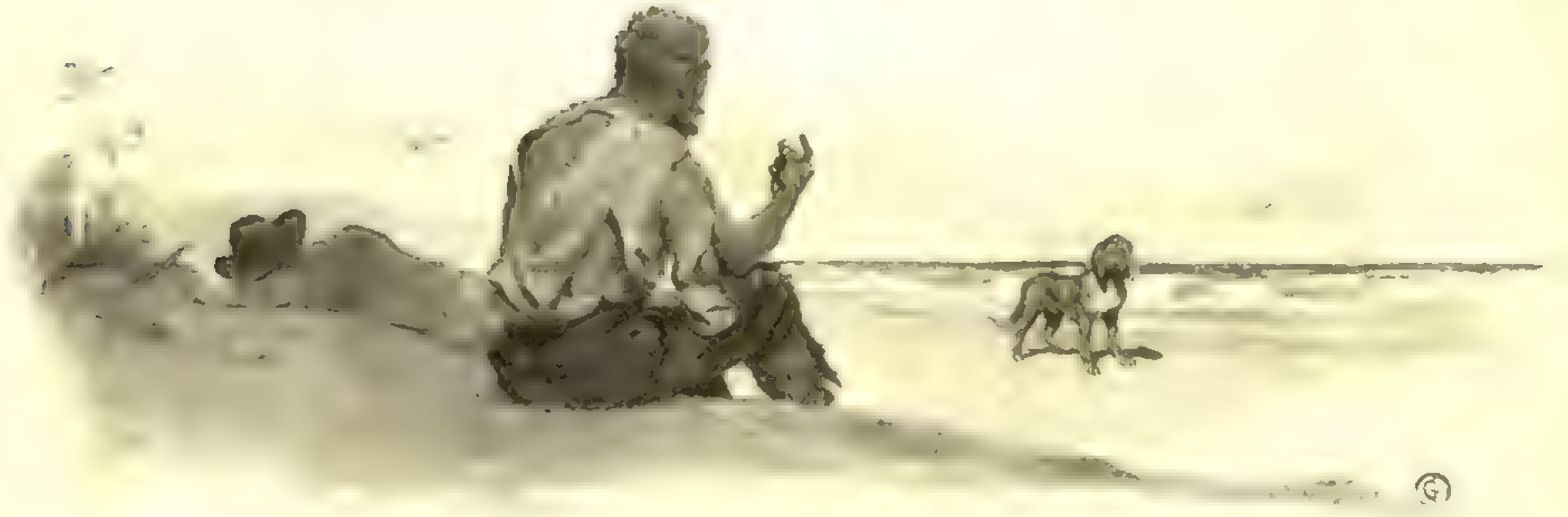


THE COPY-CAT



At the Sound of His Voice the Dog Stopped and Regarded Him Inquiringly

By Henry C. Rowland

THE tender of the Iquique was only waiting for the ship's captain to cast off from the jetty and steam alongside when the row began. First there came spouting up through the skylights a spatter of Spanish oaths which, presently, furnished the treble to an accompaniment of bass, bellowing protestation in American of the crudest sort. Immediately the chorus began to boil up in unison, the focus of the din being the foot of the saloon companionway.

Half-way down the jetty the uproar reached the ears of the skipper himself, who, in the full glare of the tropic sun, paused in his conversation with the agent to listen. He was a big, beefy Britisher, with the chest and shoulders of an ox, a square, red, brutal face, and, as he stopped, he raised his huge right hand, which was a bundle of fresh bandages.

"Wot's all that bally row?" he demanded.

The agent, a fat, suave Chilean, shrugged and threw out his hands.

"I am ignorance," said he with a smirk, "but I shall bet that some beachcomber have tried to get aboard. There has been here a plenty of such loafers."

"Huh!" grunted the captain, and continued his conversation. As he talked his face grew purple, the eyebrows lowered over the cruel eyes, and the corners of his thick, upper lip were tugged back.

"You 'ear me, Mendoza? Fifty dollars I'll give ye for the cur! I'd p'y it cheerful for five minutes' work at 'is bloomin' 'ide! That's wot 'e done—that is!" He held up his bandaged hand.

"There can be no doubt of me to get him," said the agent. He glanced shrewdly at the skipper. "It is also a dog of values, I think?"

"Huh!" snorted the captain. "That ain't neither 'ere nor there. 'Tain't 'is value as *I* wants 'im for; it's 'is 'ide!"

The two had reached the end of the jetty. Aboard the tender the uproar had risen until it swelled in a crescendo of curses shrieked and protests bellowed. At the head of the companionway a boiling mass of small, busy men rotated about a pivotal point where was raised a pair of broad, emaciated, half-naked shoulders and a Jovelike head, with a huge, blond beard and mustache, and capped by a mass of curly, yellow hair.

From beneath this mop there looked a pair of sad, brown, entreating eyes, very large, well-spaced and of the peculiar, mournful expression which inspires always a kick instead of sympathy.

Near by, upon the jetty, there had been thrown a bale of hides, rejected because of being imperfectly cured, and upon them there sat a gaunt, grizzled, sickly-looking man, ragged to nakedness and well past middle age. The heat of the sun, the evil odor, seemed matters of utterly no moment to him. Even the struggle upon the deck of the tender failed to arouse more than an apathetic interest. In fact, the impression conveyed was that of vitality at too low an ebb to feel the pressure of physical sensation. At times the man would cough, and then he would press both hands against his ribs and grin with pain.

Quite near him the captain and the agent paused to survey the turmoil upon the tender.

"It is so that I have thought, sar!" cried the agent. He turned to the wasted figure on the bale of hides, and shook in his face the tally-sheet which he carried in his hand.

"*Car-r-ramba!* Is it not your buzzard-bait of a comrade at his old tr-r-icks again once more?"

The man nodded lifelessly. "That's him—that's Bill," he answered. "They're a-kickin' him off."

The small eyes of the British captain gleamed with a savage anger. He elbowed his way through the crowd to where the tattered beachcomber was clinging obstinately to the handrail of the companionway while the crew snatched from him handfuls of his clothing.

The captain dropped his huge fist upon the man's bare, bony shoulder and, with a wrench which seemed enough to dislocate the joint, tore him from the handrail.

"Ho!" growled the skipper. "Wot's all this? Wot ye doin' 'ere, my buck?"

The soft eyes, in which there burned not one ray of resentment for the roughness of his treatment, lighted.

"Say, cap'n, a feller told me that you wanted to ship a coal-passer ——"

"'E lied!" snarled the skipper. "I don't want to ship no one, least of all a 'arf-naked, mutton'ead like yeou! 'Ook it out o' 'ere!"

The man did not move. "Look here, cap'n ——" he began eagerly

"Oh!" bellowed the skipper. "Don't they ship nothin' out o' this 'ere 'ole but wool, 'ides and 'arf-naked beachcombers? Come, sling yer 'ook now, afore ye git chucked!"

Matey"

He gripped the man by the shoulder and flung him with violence across the deck. The fellow, who was evidently weak from hunger or some other cause, reeled and fell, his head striking the corner of the deckhouse. The yellow crowd of hangers-on set up a shout of laughter, the agent clapped his hands and the gaunt man upon the hides grinned cruelly. But the beachcomber scrambled up to his feet and lurched toward the skipper.

"Say, cap'n—I don't want no pay. Lemme work my passage—hey?"

A gleam shone in the small, pale eyes of the captain. He stepped forward quickly and planted his heavy fist squarely between the man's eyes. The result was grotesquely like that of striking a limp scarecrow. There was so little rigidity in the body of the beachcomber that the force of the blow bent the upper half of him sharply backward before the legs had left their original position. Then down he went, a sprawling heap, and lay upon the deck, twitching spasmodically.

"'Eave 'im ashore!" growled the skipper, turning on his heel. "Carst orf! I'm two hours late a'ready!"

The crew fell upon the prostrate figure like dogs upon a stricken wolf, carried him out upon the jetty and flung him down in the full blaze of the sun, where he lay, sprawling grotesquely, a huge, loose-jointed bundle of rags, bones, white, naked skin and curly, yellow hair. He did not move but lay in the spot where they had thrown him, sobbing.

The tender cast off her lines and departed. The agent entered his office and proceeded to go over his tallies, checking off with a droning hum. The cadaverous figure sitting upon the hides gazed off into space with the utter apathy of a vitality too low to feel except when racked by his spasmodic cough. The blond giant upon the jetty still lay and sobbed, stirring only to wipe the blood from his eyes with the back of his naked forearm.

Presently the man upon the hides turned and regarded his mate with a look of apathetic contempt.

"Git up, you fool!" he said feebly. "Didn't I tell ye you'd git kicked off?"

"Ah!" sobbed the prostrate man.

"S'pose he had shipped ye, Bill," pursued his mate sneeringly, "they'd ha' found out ye wa'n't wuth a dam', and chucked ye off on the beach the very next stop."

"They *might* not ha' found it out as soon as that!" answered Bill miserably. He sat up and looked mournfully at the distant Iquique which was heaving up the anchor. The clatter of the windlass reached the two men faintly. "Anyway, that there captain hadn't no call to use me so kinder rough!"

A young man with a face like a white rat and dark circles under his eyes came from the agent's office and approached the two.

"S'y, ye bloomink beachies, Mendoza sent me to chivy ye eout o' 'ere. 'E swears 'e'll land ye in the calaboose if ye're still on the beach w'en the next ship calls. Tyke my advice, and 'ook it!"

The two men struggled silently to their feet and shambled off down the beach. Half a mile from the quay they dropped in the shade of a nut-palm, where they lay and watched the pelicans diving for fish, like big, clumsy darts.

"Wisht I was one o' them durn pelicans!" sighed Bill.

"Do ye?" snapped his mate. He thrust his scrubby chin aloft. "Then there's what 'ud happen to you if ye was!"

Bill looked upward. From the depths of the azure dome there darted a long, black, scissor-tailed kite, directly for a clumsy pelican which was rising from the water with labored strokes, its pouch heavy with the fruit of toil. In drove the swift pirate of the air; the bulky fisherman squawked with fright and anger; out tumbled the fish, when the kite, with a swift, downward stroke of its sickle-shaped wings, swept upon its choice in a wonderful, diving arc. Before the fish had struck the water the kite had clutched it, shot upward and, poised in mid air, tore at the struggling victim, while the pelican flapped wearily off to safer fishing-grounds.

"That's what *allus* happens to me, Jake," whined Bill. "There's allus some son-of-a-gun of a tailor-bird. Why, I had a claim up to Nome afore I ——"

"Aw, stow it!" snapped his mate. "Y'ain't got it now, so what's the use?"

"That's all right," grumbled Bill, in feeble resentment; "maybe I ain't — 'n' why?"

"Becuz you're a boneless bag o' slush, that's why!" snarled Jake. "The size o' ye, too!"

"Well," mumbled Bill, "'n' that's all right, too; but if ——"

"If yer gran'ma had whiskers she'd be yer gran'pa!" sneered the invalid. "You're jes' one big 'if,' anyway. That's what you are!"

A fit of coughing rose to stifle his bitter speech, and he choked off into gaspings, writhing with pain and clinging to the injured side.

Bill regarded him with a sad, semi-vacant stare, which had in it no hint of compassion for his suffering.

"Don't you s'pose I know that as well as anybody? What *I* allus needed, Jake, was some 'un to kinder copy after. If they was only some 'un to kinder study like and foller—*sabe?* It's diff'runt with you, Jake. You was a useful man until that son-of-a-gun of a engineer tuk ye fer me an' mashed in yer slats with a spanner. You was a useful man; you'd be a useful man now, only fer that!"

"Yes!" gasped Jake with feeble venom. "If it wa'n't fer you I'd never ha' bin in no such fix as this, 'n' now you try to skin out an' leave me here to starve! Oh, you're a jim-dandy, *you* are!"

Bill turned his Jovelike face toward his mate mournfully. It would have been a handsome face but for the utter weakness of expression. Not in a single detail of the soft, regular, well-proportioned features was there to be found any hint of a strength other than purely physical. This weak, well-formed face, with its mockery of big, spiritless features, told the whole story of the man's degradation; told not of vice, nor debauchery, nor crime, nor even lacking intelligence, but of utter absence of initiative. It told of how the man, left to his own resource, would follow ever the line of least resistance which obeys in the end the fundamental laws of gravity. Downward Bill had sunk, step by step, until he had reached at last the lowest rung of the social ladder upon which a man who was not evil could stand.

Despite his magnificent physique and docile nature, Bill could never hold a job. His feeble nerve-fibre and too evident self-distrust never failed to arouse first the contempt, then the animosity, of those with whom he came in contact. If it were not the boss who sickened of him it would be his fellow-workers. Men would not tolerate him. He was *weak*, which is, after all, the lowest attribute of anything created.

"Oncet I was well-to-do, Jake," he began complainingly. "Me and a feller named Hank worked a claim that would ha' made our fortun's in a year. I did most o' the work an' Hank he sorter looked after things an' saw we wa'n't interfered with. If ever I was a bit down I'd kinder git a line on how Hank tuk things an' that 'ud buck me up. He was a driver, he was"—Bill's face lighted—"but he done me in the end!" He sighed.

"Course he did!" growled Jake. "He'd ha' bin a plum' fool if he hadn't ha'."

"When I was a young 'un," Bill pursued, "they useter call me the Copy-Cat, becuz if I was left alone I allus seemed to kinder peter out. But jes' so long as they was some 'un I cud watch and copy like I was all right."

"You're a jelly-fish—that's what *you* are!" grunted Jake. "Copy-Cat—Copy-Cat—and a good name for ye, too!"

"I reckon it is, Jake," sighed Bill. "The funny part of it was that when I was a-copyin' some other feller like as not I'd do what he was a-doin' better'n what he cud. I cud lick any feller on the mountain jes' so long as he kept a-whalin' me and kep' his mad up, but without that I'd sorter wilt like. When I was a little cuss, if I come home late with some feller that was afraid o' the dark, I was scairt, too; but if the other feller, or gal, maybe, wa'n't afraid, it never bothered me none."

"You ain't got no innards o' yer own, that's all the trouble with you. Look here, Mr. Copy-Cat, do we eat to-day, or don't we?"

Bill's bearded face drooped a little more, if this were possible.

"I dunno, Jake," he answered cringingly. "Them fellers up to the abatwar told me I needn't go back there no more."

The maimed man turned upon him a face livid with fury.

"They did!" he snarled, so ferociously that the soft, bearded giant shrank back. "So you've lost that job, too, hev ye? And you one o' the slickest hands in the Chicago packin'-houses! And now old Juarez, the only man here that's give you a fair show, can't stand ye no longer, hey?"

"'Tain't that, Jake," said Bill eagerly. "The boss 's all right. He told me he would give me a reg'lar job, bye'n'-bye, if I done as good as I was a-doin'. It's them greasers. Why? Becuz it seems I was a-doin' so much that Juarez laid off a couple o' hands in the skinnin'-room, 'n' now the rest says that they won't have me there."

Jake leaned back and surveyed the other with a contempt too deep for words.

"An' serves you right, too—a-doin' the work o' two greasers fer a chunk o' pampas cow!" He spat upon the sand. "An' now you git scared offen the job by a fistful o' greaser Aconcagwar Injuns, an' want to quit an' starve an' let *me* starve—you —— flap-jowled, jelly-eyed son of ——"

He broke off, panting heavily, then began to cough. The violence of his rage had carried him far past the outposts of safety. He clapped his hand to his injured side, his face ghastly. A paroxysm of coughing seized him, and he fell back upon the sand, livid, inert, his eyes rolled up and a bloody froth upon his lips.

Bill watched him wretchedly. He did not want Jake to die. The savage moral fibre of the man, which suffering and destitution could not slacken, sustained Bill to a greater or less degree and the fierce tongue drove him like a lash to the struggle for existence. It had driven him to the abattoirs, where he hung about, lending a hand when needed, for which service he had been paid in meat. These pieces he wrapped in banana leaves and carried back to the hovel which he had built of stakes, old tarpaulins and discarded sheets of rusty, corrugated iron. Jake had spent the past fortnight stretched upon his back in this lair, and when too weak to rise Bill had boiled the beef and mutton in an old kettle and fed him the broth. Sometimes he would barter a part of the meat with some native for meal, fruit or coffee. It was only Bill's attempt at desertion which nerved the sufferer to the point of staggering forth upon this day.

Presently, Jake sank into the comatose sleep of utter exhaustion. His eyelids, half-open, showed nothing but the whites of the eyeballs. Bill watched him fearfully; he felt that if Jake were to give up he might as well die, too, and Bill did not want to die. Low as he was, the spirit of life burned strongly within him. He was not utterly wretched, for, like many weak vessels, Bill was a dreamer. He loved to lie upon the beach and watch the pelicans and dream the profitless dreams of an ignorant mind. He liked to watch the purple cloud-shadows sweeping down the vast slopes of the great Andes which reared away inland, peak towering peak, as they receded with yawning gulfs between, in the dark recesses of which even a pagan might conjure dream-things. Bill's mind was not enough developed to furnish him with true imagination, but he possessed fantasy to a great degree. He could stare out across the ultramarine sea and ponder on what lay behind the clean horizon, these fancies not concrete in images of ships and continents and things which were, but of soft dream-places, countries of generous plenty with fresh, mild airs and sweet, still nights—castles of gorgeous hues, crystal and gold—feasts, banquets, women fair and fine, who would look upon him with favor—a favor that would not turn at once to scorn. All of this—in fact, a pagan elysium of delights.

He was thinking of these things when Jake's husky whisper brushed away the web of his fantasy.

"Look-a-here—I want food!" he whispered. "I want food, you —— Copy-Cat! I'm a starvin' man!"

Bill, sluggishly and with effort, pulled his mind back to the present.

"'Tain't no use you cussin' me," he answered sulkily. "*I* ain't got nothin', and it's jes' huntin' trouble to go up to the abatwar."

"*Phaugh!*" Jake gave a shudder of sickened disgust. "You big, hulkin' baby—bluffed out by a passel o' them yaller shrimps! An' me starvin'—an' all your doin', too!"

"I ain't afraid o' no greasers," replied Bill sullenly. He gouged at the sand with his naked toes. "But s'posin' they's a rough-house? There's the calaboose, sure. Besides, the abatwar is shet down to-day."

"Then try the couns'l ag'in."

"He's the wust o' the lot. Last time he hove his gin bottle at me."

"Git married, then, cuss ye!" snarled Jake. "What good are ye, anyway? Some fool of a woman 'ud put up with ye!"

"They don't none of 'em fancy me none, Jake," said Bill sadly. "I did sorter make up to one that's got a grub stand in the market, but all she done was to lam me with a yoke-pole."

"*Agh-h-h!*" Jake closed his eyes, as if dying of sheer disgust. Bill eyed him sulkily. He had no love for Jake, was ready to desert him at the first chance that offered, but "on the beach" he needed him.

The sick man closed his eyes again, and Bill resumed his contemplation of the Andes. Half an hour passed, and neither moved nor spoke. Presently Bill's eyes were caught by a moving object coming toward him along the beach. Looking closer, he saw that it was a dog and, as the animal drew near, Bill saw that it was quite distinct from the native dogs about the place. Bill was not acquainted with the Spanish bloodhound, but he had been a hunter in his youth, and was quick to recognize that it was of the hound species. It was a large dog, big-boned, long-eared and, unlike the native dogs, there was no slinking in its demeanor.

Slowly and painfully, and with the pacing walk peculiar to the hound breed, the dog approached, and Bill observed to his surprise that the animal was covered with wounds and abrasions; also it was very weak, for it lurched and staggered as it walked, yet, feeble as it was, the dog possessed a certain dignity. Its gait, while painful, was free and fearless, and the ears, though drooping, were not hauled back cringingly.

"Pore critter," mused Bill, half aloud. "Looks like some 'un had beat him with a slicin' bar."

At the sound of his voice the dog stopped and regarded him inquiringly. A native dog would have pretended not to see the two men, then have circled warily, one eye on the alert, but the hound pricked up its ears and looked toward Bill undismayed.

Bill was very fond of animals and children, who never failed to reciprocate the affection. He returned the inspection of the hound with interest and sympathy.

"Here's a poor dog, Jake," said he, "that looks as down on his luck as me an' you, but he acts kinder cheerful jes' the same."

Jake raised his head languidly. The dog, at the distance of a few yards, dropped upon its haunches and began to lick a gash on its leg.

"Here, boy," said Bill gently. The dog looked up and cocked its head after the manner of young dogs who still have things to learn.

"Good feller," said Bill coaxingly. "Hey, boy, come on!"

The dog regarded him earnestly, his dark-brown eyes fixed upon Bill's face. Apparently the inspection was satisfactory, for he got up, walked slowly to the man and, in the natural and unaffected manner of an animal that has always met with kindness, laid his beautiful head upon his knee, while his dark, lustrous eyes looked directly into Bill's.

A powerful wave of emotion passed through Bill. Instinctively he laid one hand upon the dog's scarred but silky head, while the tears gushed into his eyes. The steadfast look of the dog never wavered; his tail swayed slowly back and forth.

"P-p-pore feller!" said Bill chokingly. At the note in his voice Jake peered up at him curiously. Bill turned away his head.

"Durned if this ain't a white man's dog!" he said. "He knows that we're the kind o' folks he's used to, Jake!"

"Then he must be used to a plum' ornery outfit," growled the other. Jake was of fibre as harsh as that of Bill was soft. In his strength he asked sympathy of no living creature; in weakness he took thanklessly all that he could get.

"He's tuk a likin' to me," muttered Bill; "ain't ye, ol' feller?"

He drew the silky ears, maimed and scarred by the teeth of the pariah pack, through his hands gently, while the dog half closed his dark, intelligent eyes.

"He's hongry," grunted Jake. "He'll shake ye quick enough when he finds ye're such a good pervider."

"Maybe he will an' maybe he won't," said Bill. "Let's go home. I left a mite o' broth in the kittle fer ye. Kin ye walk?"

"I c'n walk—no thanks to you!" snarled the invalid. He struggled to his feet; then, almost up, weakness overcame him and he pitched forward to the sand, hissing the maledictions which he lacked the strength to voice.

Bill shrugged his massive shoulders. A month before he would have been all compassion, but, imitator that he was, Jake's cold selfishness was fast pressing his pliant nature into the same mould. Had Jake at that moment commanded that Bill raise and carry him Bill would have done so, not through pity nor even fear, but in obedience to a dominant impulse.

Jake lay for a moment where he had fallen, and Bill, his hand still stroking the dog's head, watched him apathetically. Then, his feeble strength restored, Jake tried again to rise. He gained his feet and was about to take a step forward when a sudden giddiness enveloped him. He swayed, then pitched forward, falling directly across the body of the hound, which was crushed to the ground beneath him.

For a moment they lay there, the man too weak to rise, the hound too weak to struggle from beneath him. But no dog whom life still animates is too feeble to snarl; as long as a dog can walk he can snap, and Bill, startled at the incident, looked to see the animal retaliate.

A smothered whimper had been squeezed from the hound as Jake's body crushed him into the sand. As the man did not move, the dog, struggling with all of its feeble strength, managed to crawl from under him, gained his legs again, shook himself feebly, then turned to the prostrate figure and nosed it gently, after which he raised his head and looked inquiringly at Bill.

"Well, I'll be durned!" said Bill softly. He stared down at the two, the helpless human and the dog too fine in nature to bear malice for what he felt to be due to helplessness. Bill pondered on the incident, and slowly, as he pondered, his mind received a new suggestion.

"He don't git mad—that houn' dog. He knows that Jake ain't to blame fer what he done. More'n that, he wants to help him. Why? Becuz he's a white man's dog!"

He leaned down and stroked the sleek head, looking thoughtfully into the beautiful, troubled face of the hound. Suddenly, a new expression entered his own.

"All right, ol' feller. If you kin call it square, I guess I kin, too. Sick men got to be humored-like—hey?"

With infinite gentleness he raised the body of his semi-conscious comrade in his powerful arms; then, cradling him in a manner to protect the injured side, he strode on beneath the blazing sun, while the dog, its nose almost in the sand, lurched onward at the heels of his newfound friend—the Copy-Cat.

. . . .

Bill wrapped the joint of mutton carefully in banana-leaves and laid it near the fire, then picked up his iron pot and arose to his feet. Jake, in the hovel, was sleeping the comatose sleep of the very weak, while "Matey," for so Bill had come to call the hound, sat upon his haunches and regarded his new master with deepest interest.

"Don't tech it, Matey!" said Bill, in a low, stern voice. Matey cocked his ears, glanced up at Bill, then at the joint. He dropped his ears again and wagged his tail slowly

"It's puttin' an orful strain on to a hongry animal," muttered Bill, "but I got a sorter hunch that Matey's on the level."

It was the fourth day of their acquaintance. Bill, driven less by the snarls of the invalid than by sense of shame inspired by the behavior of the dog, had slunk back to the abattoir. The proprietor, appreciating Bill's knowledge of the trade and fearful of losing him, had offered him a regular position at a small wage, and this he had taken thankfully, disregarding the threats of the other employees. The abattoir and ice plant connected with it was a new enterprise, shipping cold-storage beef and mutton up and down the coast, a good deal going to Panama, and experienced hands were not easy to find.

Bill stood for a moment regarding the dog with indecision.

"He won't touch it," he said to himself. "If he was a man, now, I wouldn't trust him with that there j'int; but, bein' as he's a dog, I reckon it's safe to take a chance!"

He turned upon his heel, but had not gone far when, glancing over his shoulder, he discovered that Matey was at his heels.

"G'wan home, Matey!" said Bill sternly. He waved his hand toward the shack. But Matey refused absolutely to go, and finally Bill was obliged to take him back and tie him up. As he was doing so, Jake awoke. The condition of the invalid was much improved, but not his temper. Four days of absolute rest and a sufficiency of nourishing food had done much for the man. He coughed less and slept more.

"Tie that mut out o' reach o' that meat!" he snapped.

"He won't touch the meat," answered Bill.

"He won't? He's hongry the hull time."

"Dogs ain't like men," retorted Bill. "They kin be hongry without stealin' the other feller's chuck. Matey follered me around fer a hull day afore I give him anything to eat. Why? Becuz he's a white man's dog an' had tuk a likin' to me. He wa'n't lookin' fer no hand-out. You fell atop of him and like to mashed out the little life that's left into him. Did he snarl? No! Did he snap? No! Why? Becuz ——"

"'Cuz he was afraid to!" growled Jake.

"Not him! Matey ain't scairt o' nothin'! If he'd ha' bin scairt he'd ha' lit out when he got loose from ye. It was becuz he was a white man's dog!"

"Huh!" grunted Jake.

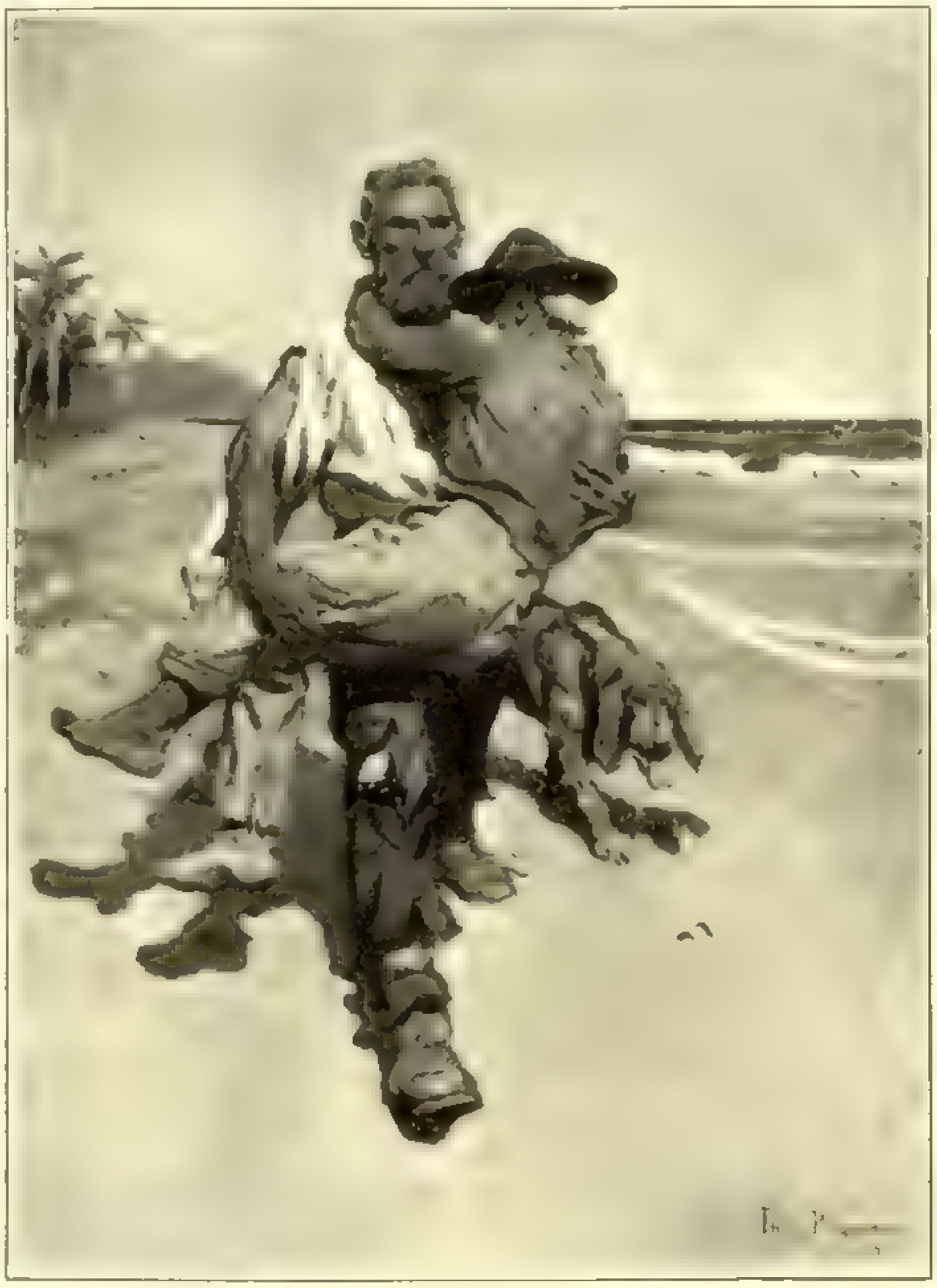
"Jes' now," continued Bill, "I left him a-watchin' that 'ere j'int while I went to git some water. Did he wait 'til I got out o' sight and then swipe the j'int and sneak? No! He sez, sezzee, 'T'ell with the j'int,' sezzee, an' come a-trottin' after me. Why?"

"Becuz he's a durn fool's dog," sneered Jake

"That's all right," Bill nodded sulkily—"that's all right, but I tell you one thing: you watch that there dog 'n' do like he does, 'n' you'll be a durn-sight better man 'n' what you are now! That's what I'm a-doin'!"

"Huh!" grunted Jake. "Got down to copy-cattin' a dog, hev ye?"

"No," answered Bill slowly; "I ain't got down to it" He picked up the bucket, glanced for a moment at Matey, then turned to Jake. "I reckon I've clumb up to it, Jake, ol' man!" said he.



Lurched Onward at the Heels of His Newfound Friend — the Copy-Cat

When Bill returned with the water Jake was asleep again and Matey was lying with his nose between his paws, pointed toward the joint. Occasionally, the shadow of a soaring buzzard would cross the opening toward the beach, and then Matey would growl softly. The meat was undisturbed, and, noting this, Bill patted the dog's head.

"Good feller!" said he. "Good feller!"

Matey dropped his ears, then stretched and yawned with a little squeak of his strong jaws. He looked expectantly toward the joint.

"Not yet, ol' boy, not yet!" said Bill. "Ye don't git no reward in this world fer bein' honest, Matey. Ye only git lambasted if ye ain't!"

Nevertheless the behavior of the dog had made a deep impression upon the man, and later in the day, as he lay beneath the palms and watched the purple cloud shadows sweeping one after the other down the broad, green flanks of old Huaco, he thought of other things than purely physical delights. Presently Jake, who had fed and slept his fill, turned and regarded him curiously.

"What ye lookin' at up there, Copy-Cat?" he asked. "The promised land?"

Bill turned his big, bearded face toward his mate. The soft, brown eyes were thoughtful, rather than vague and dreamy, as was usual.

"I was jes' a-studyin', Jake—a-wonderin' at that there dog." Bill jerked his thumb at the hound. "Matey, here, is a white man's dog, and he sez to himself, sezzee, 'Here, white folks like me, and Bill and Jake don't lie and steal and skin out with their frien's' grub or shake some mate in trouble ——"

"They don't, hey?" interrupted Jake. "He don't know how mean some white folks kin be!"

Bill was silent for a moment. He looked away toward the jagged sky-line of the distant Andes. Over Huaco a condor was sailing, a tiny speck against a great, white cumulous cloud.

"That's right—he don't," said Bill. "Matey, he don't know that—and it's lucky fer you an' me that he don't. He sez, sezzee: 'That kind o' business is all right fer greaser dogs, mebbe, but I'm a white man's dog, 'n' so 'twon't do!' It kinder set me a-thinkin', Jake. Kinder makes me want to be the sort o' feller that Matey thinks I be."

"Look out ye don't strain yerself so a-tryin' that ye hev to chuck up yer job and rest a spell!" said Jake sardonically.

. . . .

A month passed. Bill, to the rage of the native employees of the abattoir, had been promoted to the rank of foreman. This brought with it better pay; enough to enable him to rent an empty cabin and provide a few of the necessities of life.

A change had come over the man. He dreamed less and thought more. Often, when the abattoir was not in operation, he would spend the day about the plant devising improvements in its facilities and the reconstruction of inconvenient details, and here his thrift and American ingenuity aroused the appreciation of Sr. Juarez, the shrewd old Chilean proprietor, who had sunk his fortune in the venture.

Matey also was changed, as far as appearance went, but this change was confined to his coat and condition. His eyes, even in adversity, had been the same—clear, steady, inquiring, of a deep, lustrous brown; abuse and starvation had been unable to render them furtive.

Jake also was improved. The long rest, food and shelter had healed the inward hurt. He got about freely, but weakly, still living thanklessly upon the bounty of his mate.

One day Bill returned to the cabin with a troubled face.

"That there yaller Mendoza is a-goin' to make trouble," said he.

"Huh!" grunted Jake. "What about?"

"He seen Matey with me to-day, and ast where I got him. I told him, and he sez Matey belongs to a friend o' his'n and I got to give him up. I told him to bring his friend to me."

"The yaller skunk," commented Jake. "He's layin' fer a reward, that's what he's a-doin' on. There ain't no doubt that Matey's a val'able dog. If there's any reward doin' it's a-comin' to us!"

The trouble deepened on Bill's bearded face. "'Tain't the reward I'm a-worritin' about," said he; "it's the idee o' losin' Matey."

The hound was lying in his usual place at the door of the cabin, and as Bill spoke his name he arose, stalked to where the man was sitting and laid his magnificent head on Bill's knee.

"He's a good dog, all right," admitted Jake, "but if there's any reward doin' there ain't no dog wuth as much to you an' me as *money!*"

Bill slowly shook his head. He tugged gently at Matey's long ears, while the dog made soft, gurgling sounds deep in his throat. His dark-brown eyes looked up into Bill's face with their usual expression of affectionate inquiry.

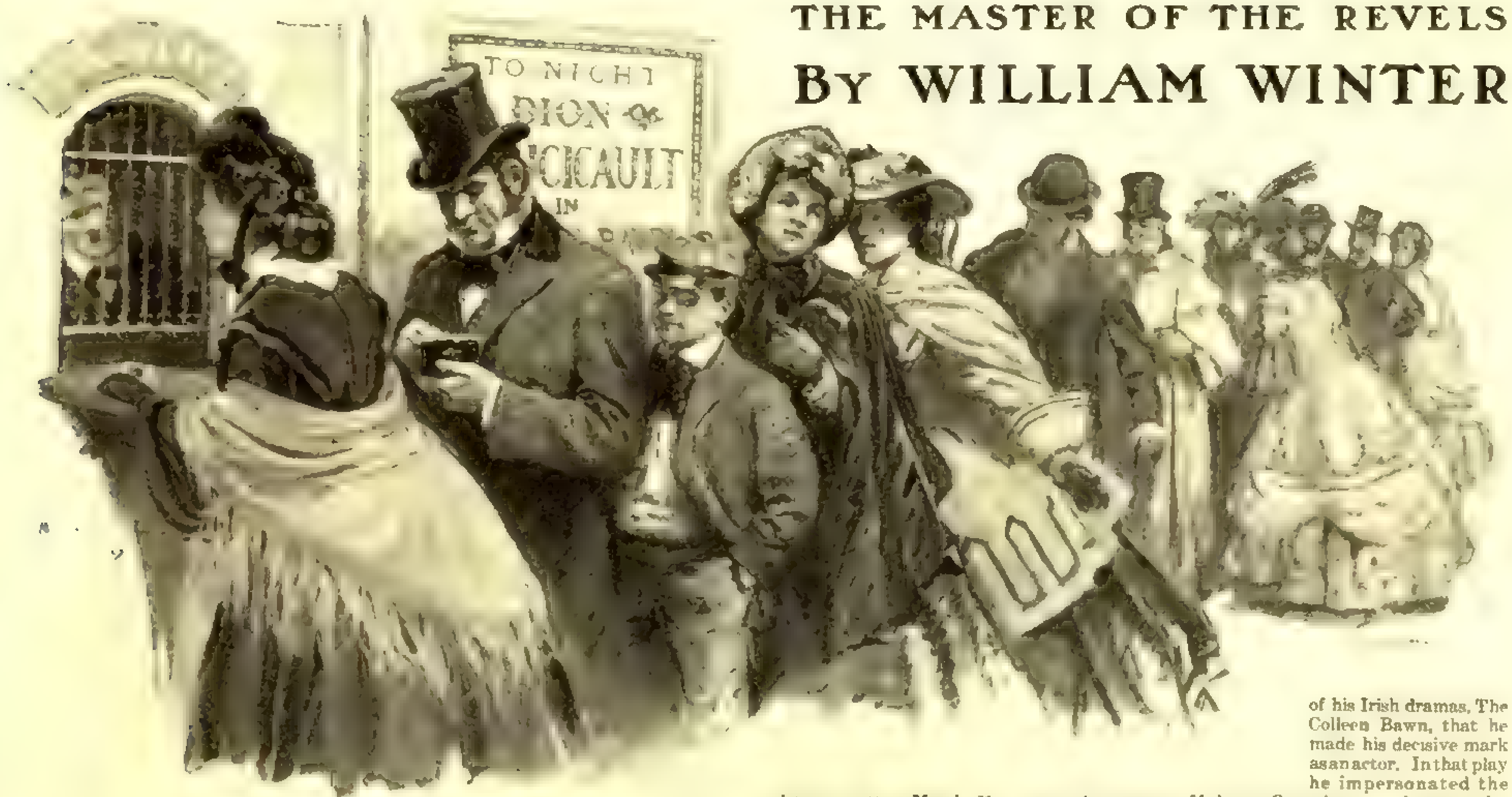
"He's been wuth more than money to me, Jake," Bill answered slowly. "'Cause why? Before Matey come along I was shif'less as a Digger Injun and mean-spirited as one o' them greasers up to the abatwar. I even done my best to desert a pal that got lammed in my place. Then Matey come along an' he was jes' as down on his luck as me an' you. But was he ugly? No! Was he mean-spirited? No! Would he desert his own kind o' folks fer a mouthful

(Continued on Page 49)

DION BOUCICAULT

THE MASTER OF THE REVELS

By WILLIAM WINTER



THERE was a time when, in the dramatic world, the name of Dion Boucicault was a name to conjure with; when the announcement of a new play from his pen aroused keen public curiosity and inspired lively public interest. He was then (about forty-five years ago) at the meridian of his physical and intellectual vigor, and while that noon of affluent vitality lasted he failed not to attract and satisfy eager expectation.

I recall the first performances in America of Dot, Smike, The Octoroon, The Heart of Midlothian, The Colleen Bawn, Arrah-na-Pogue, The Long Strike, Kerry, Daddy O'Dowd and The Shaughraun—to name only a few of his representative plays—and I remember that each of them was a pleasure to its audience, and that critical opinion, almost with one accord, while not declaring them faultless, received them with cordial appreciation and hailed their author as a dramatist of exceptional fertility and skill. He outlived both his powers and his reputation, and he passed away in failure and neglect; but he was a remarkable person, and the chronicle of his career bids fair to remain a permanent chapter in the history of the stage.

Boucicault's origin was dubious. He was a native of Dublin, born about 1822, or perhaps a little earlier. He was named Dionysius after the scientist, Dionysius Lardner (1793-1859), to whom, in maturity, he bore a striking personal resemblance. His education was, to some extent, supervised by that philosopher, with the purpose that he should become an architect and civil engineer. He studied at Dublin University and at the University of London. His mental exertions seem not to have been of a robust character at either of those founts of learning.

After he had found his way to London he haunted theatres and wrote plays. His theatrical career began when the comedy of London Assurance was produced, March 4, 1841, at Covent Garden, by Charles Mathews. His claim to the exclusive authorship of that comedy was explicitly and successfully disputed by John Brougham, but that is the first play with which his name was associated. At that time he called himself Lee Moreton. The London Times, March 5, 1841, recorded that London Assurance amused its audience, and that at its close "Mr. Lee Moreton, the author, was led forward, eying the enthusiastic multitude with considerable nervousness." The cast of the play, on that occasion, included some of the most admired actors in England. William Farren played Sir Harcourt Courtly. Charles Mathews played Dazzle. James Anderson played Charles. Madame Vestris (Mrs. Mathews) played Grace. The beautiful Louisa Nesbitt played Lady Gay. Upon the authorship of the comedy a letter, written March 21, 1877, by Benjamin Webster to Squire B. Bancroft, sheds a ray of explanation. "London Assurance," so wrote the veteran actor, "was mine ever since it was written. The plot, originally, was John Brougham's, for which Vestris made Boucicault give him half the proceeds; so that, between one and the other, I paid dearly for it." Webster (1798-1882) was manager of the Haymarket Theatre from 1837 to 1853, and, owning the comedy, he might himself have produced it; but his stage was otherwise occupied in 1841, and also he seems to have been willing to encourage young authors and to favor a brother manager.

The heart of London Assurance is desire, the spirit of it is sensuality, and the atmosphere of it is imposture. Sir Harcourt, a licentious old rake, is a bad copy of Lord Ogleby in The Clandestine Marriage, while Lady Gay Spanker is a bad copy of Constance in The Love Chase. With the exception of Max Harkaway, a jovial nobody, there is not a normally-decent person in the play. Notwithstanding some adversity in the press, however—particularly from the pen of George Henry Lewes, the distinguished associate of the great novelist, George Eliot—London Assurance prospered; and, cheered by its success, Lee Moreton persevered with assiduous industry as a dramatist. Within the period extending from 1841 to 1853 he produced The Irish Heiress, Alma Mater, Woman, Old Heads and Young Hearts, A School for Scheming, Confidence, The Knight of Arva, The Broken Vow, The Queen of Spades, The Vampire, in which, June 14, 1852, at the Princess' Theatre, he made his first appearance on the London stage, acting the chief part; The Prima Donna; and Genevieve, or the Reign of Terror.

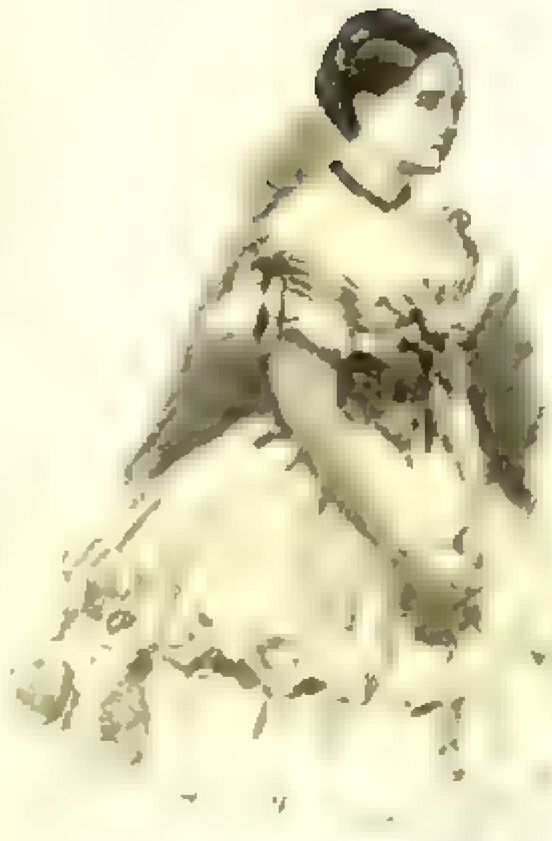
In 1853 he came to America, and on the New York stage his first appearance was made, at the Broadway Theatre, November 10, 1854, as Sir Charles Coldstream in Used Up. From that time to almost his latest day of life his pen was seldom idle, nor was he long absent from the scene. Before leaving England he had been twice married. His first wife, a wealthy widow, died suddenly in Switzerland. His second wife was the lovely Agnes Robertson, one of the most charming players, in *ingénue* parts and in light comedy, who ever graced the stage. His American career began with a lecture tour, but he soon reverted to play-writing and acting, and several of his most successful plays, notably Dot, Smike, and The Octoroon, were produced in New York—the first two based on novels by Dickens, and the third based on a novel by Captain Mayne Reid. In Smike he acted Mantalini, and in The Octoroon he gave an excellent performance of the Indian, Wah-no-tee; but it was not till 1860 when, on March 29, at Laura Keene's Theatre, he produced the first of his Irish dramas, The Colleen Bawn, that he made his decisive mark as an actor. In that play he impersonated the romantic peasant, Myles-na-Coppaleen, a character instinct with Hibernian drollery, and softened and made sympathetic with subtly-tender intimations of a temperament that is half merry, half forlorn, and altogether lovable. With that play and that performance he struck a note of artistic beauty that has not yet ceased to sound; for his rightful fame is that of an author of romantic Irish plays and an actor of romantic, eccentric Irish parts.

The Colleen Bawn was based on a tedious novel by Gerald Griffin (1803-1840), called The Collegians—a variant of a true story of seduction and murder—from which the ingenious dramatist managed to extract a thread of fresh and pure dramatic action and also characters that he could suffuse with humor, pathos and romantic interest. He called it a "Sensation Drama," and then and thus he invented the name that ever since has been used to designate the class of dramas dependent on thrilling situation intensified by means of striking mechanical effect. "Sensation," he once said to me, "is what the public wants, and you cannot give them too much of it." The Colleen Bawn is a capital play, of its class, but Boucicault's later Irish plays (excluding The Rapparee and The Amadan, which were failures) exemplify an ascending scale of merit. Those plays are Arrah-na-Pogue, Daddy O'Dowd, Kerry, and The Shaughraun—the first produced in 1865, and the last in 1874.

About 1859-60 he made the interesting discovery that his ancestry was French, ancient, noble and aristocratic, and that his name, which had been spelled Bourcicault, ought to be spelled Boucicault; the latter arrangement of "the heroic syllables," accordingly, has ever since prevailed. In that period of his career he was an elegant theatrical beau and man of fashion—his chief, or only, professional competitors in New York being Lester Wallack and George Jordan, both brilliant comedians and both handsome men. His charming wife, Agnes Robertson, was then with him, and all around him seemed sunshine and joy. No man on the stage of that day had ampler opportunity than Dion Boucicault. The ball of fortune was at his feet. In that day, however, and more or less in all days, there was about him an indefinite, inexplicable something uneasily suggestive of the adventurer and fitfully causative of distrust.

In September, 1860, The Colleen Bawn was produced by him in London, where it had, in its first season, 231 consecutive performances at the Adelphi Theatre. Thereafter Boucicault dwelt sometimes in England and sometimes in America, and in both countries he was generally prosperous during many years. They were years of productive industry in the manufacture of plays. He was a diligent worker.

"Although I rise at six," he once wrote to me, "and work pretty continuously till eleven at night, the day is not long enough to enable me to include all that I would



Agnes Robertson

do, and that I *ought* to do, before leaving much-abused but precious life." Particular examination of each of his plays, while illuminative of his industry and of his peculiar dramatic talent—the talent that extracts movement out of narration—would show that, in important respects, he was far more adroit than original; that he possessed little, if any, creative faculty; and that there never was an elemental impulse of inspiration in anything that he wrote. Dramatic authorship, indeed, seems to have been regarded by him—and by many other playwrights—as a species by itself, exempt from obligation to moral law. The bard who should "convey" Milton's Lycidas or Wordsworth's great Ode, and, after making a few changes in the text and introducing a few new lines, publish it as a composition "original" with himself, would be deemed and designated a literary thief. The dramatist, taking his plots from any convenient source and rehashing incidents and speeches selected from old plays, can publish the fabric thus constructed as "an original drama," and, so far from being discredited, can obtain reputation and profit by that proceeding.

Boucicault was in the habit of writing his dialogues. He possessed the art of making his interlocutors speak in character, and sometimes he devised remarkably fine, because dramatically, rather than verbally, expressive stage business and effect; as, for example, in the ingenious daguerreotype incident of The Octoroon, the superb telegraph scene of The Long Strike, and the schoolroom scene of the Parish Clerk; but he scarcely ever invented a plot, and he brought forth as his own many plays that were only adapted from those of other writers. It is a common belief, and it was held by him, that there is a public "want" for various forms of entertainment; that this public "want" undergoes periodical changes; and that the sagacious writer is the one who perceives the current phase of the "want" and promptly ministers to it. In accordance with that belief, using the theatre as the journalist uses the newspaper, to reflect the passing hour and please a supposititious momentary taste, he produced in capricious succession specimens of almost every form of theatrical composition. When Anonyma was conspicuous in the London parks he wrote Formosa; when horse-racing was especially prevalent he wrote The Flying Scud and The Jilt. Nor did he omit to cheer himself with the erroneous reflection that such was the way pursued by Shakespeare, whose works, however, he chose to believe were written by several hands, amicably colaboring with the bard.

Among the many plays that bear Boucicault's imprint are The Irish Heiress, Love in a Maze, The Dublin Boy, Grimaldi, Used Up, The Willow Copse, Janet Pride, Jesse Brown, How She Loves Him, The Fox Hunt, The Old Guard, Louis XI, The Corsican Brothers, The Streets of New York, Omoo, To Parents and Guardians, Presumptive Evidence, The Cherry Tree Inn, After Dark, Hunted Down, A Dark Night's Work, Jezebel, Led Astray, Mora, Mimi, Belle Lamar, The Man of Honor, Rescued, and A Bridal Tour. The sources of several of them will occur to the experienced playgoer. Boucicault was an omnivorous reader, especially of French plays and novels, and he gathered his material from many sources, never hesitating to appropriate whatever would suit his purpose; but his method of fabrication was exceptionally ingenious. He possessed the French language in perfection: when he acted Grimaldi, having to instruct a pupil, he recited French speeches in the manner of Rachel, and he spoke with a purity of accent that was strongly commended; in short, he had command of the whole wide field of French drama and fiction.

His supreme talent was a felicitous dexterity in making a story tell itself in action rather than in words. Jefferson's comment on this subject was illuminative and, though amiably tolerant, not inapt. "If he steals satin," said the kindly comedian, "he embroiders it with silk." Boucicault, indeed, seemed to discern dramatic values by intuition; he could use a sound, a pause, a gesture, a seeming accident in such a way as to convey in a moment an illustration of meaning or a sympathetic thrill of potential effect, toward which writers in general can only struggle through a multitude of words. During his lifetime he had more of evanescent popularity than of solid reputation; but he was an expert dramatist, and, as such, he left an abiding impress on the stage.

Many years ago, when Boucicault was on terms of amity with me, I suggested to him that he should write an Autobiography, and that he should collect all the plays that he had written, compiled or adapted and publish them in a series of volumes, and I offered—so as to relieve him of the burden of drudgery—to do the editorial work, writing the prefaces and the notes, and to carry the books through the press without compensation of any kind. At that time he was conspicuous among contemporary dramatists, and it seemed to me that a complete collection of his works would prove a valuable addition to the printed literature of the drama. He was pleased with that plan, and he expressed his cordial approval of it. We had several colloquies about it, and we expanded it, with a view to incorporate a dissertation by him on the dramatic movement of the previous fifty years, to be called The Master of the Revels. Nothing came of that good project beyond a contribution to the famous calorific pavement mentioned by Doctor Johnson. But long after our talk, and after all thought of my suggestion had ceased, he wrote to me, stating that he had just conceived the idea of writing an Autobiography and collecting his plays, and that he would like to enlist my services as editor of the collection—thus laying my plan before me as something new and but lately evolved by himself.

His mind was of a singular order. "I would like to have a long talk with you," so he wrote January 18, 1885, "on many subjects; particularly on the publication of my dramatic works. I think there are about fifty comedies, dramas and melodramas worthy of leaving behind me in good shape. They would make about ten volumes, when intercalated with my reminiscences surrounding each play, forming a literary Life as well as a collection of dramatic works and a history of half a century. I have been collecting the materials, but I am a poor hand at shaping anything but a play."

I could not then entertain the proposal, and his works, existent in a fragmentary condition, have not been collected.

Boucicault often wrote to me, and his letters were characteristic. This is one of them:

"The Author was Led Forward"

O Winter, thou'rt well nam'd, for thou dost come
But once a year! How, in these piping times,
Have we not long'd for thee, thou Genial Soul!
Keen in thy breath, sometimes, but with a heart
Glowing and full of love for all things good!

You bid me tell the story of my life,
And wonder why I am so loath to speak.
Full of things good thy life has been, and thou
Canst wander happily amongst the Past;
But so it is not with us all; but few
Leave seeds of good behind them, as they go,
From which sweet-smelling memories do grow.

I'm ill at these numbers. Let us go to prose. Can you dine with me on Monday next, at five, at Pinard's? . . . There will be only Kate, you and me. Do put aside anything you have to do, on that occasion, and give me yourself.

Yours sincerely,
Dion Boucicault.

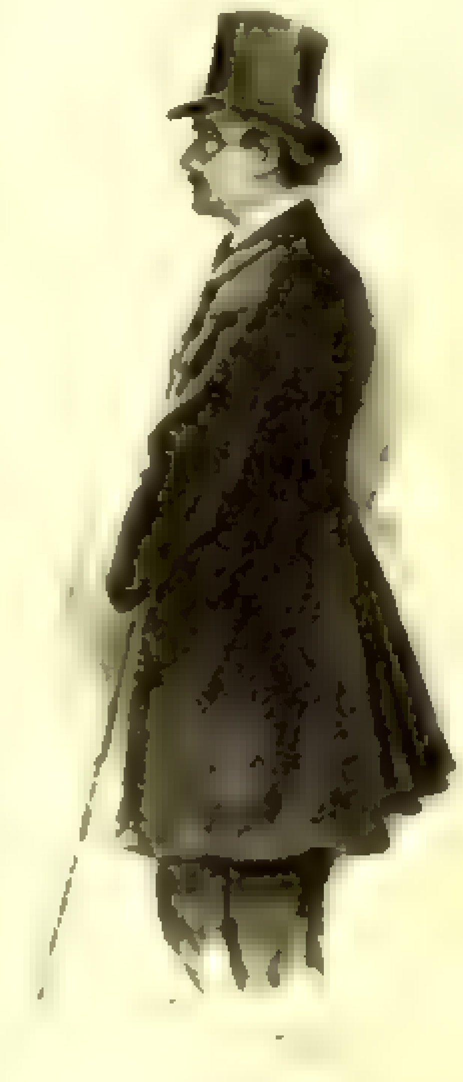
Pinard's restaurant, over which Boucicault inhabited a particularly cozy and comfortable lodging, was, in its day, one of the most select, cheerful, delightful resorts in New York. Its situation was Number 20 East Fifteenth Street. It disappeared long ago, new buildings have replaced the old ones, and time has changed the aspect and character of the whole neighborhood; but Pinard's has not been forgotten. Many boon companions met there. Many happy hours were passed there. Only to mention the place is to hear kind voices that have long been silent, and to see many a smiling face that smiles no more.

Boucicault's beguiling way of viewing theatrical affairs was, within my experience of him, frequently exemplified. "If I had to criticise my works," he once wrote to me, "I think I should go further than you have done in the way of severity. Some of these days I must give you some of my bitter experience of the base coin exacted by the public in payment of duties on popularity and success. If we are to found a native American drama it can only be done by the collusion of the dramatists and the press."

Writing to me March 23, 1883, he said:

> . . . I had hoped that the reopening of Wallack's Theatre would be regarded by the press as an interesting event, seeing that Booth's is going into trade.
>
> I advocate reserving the Star Theatre for first-class stars only—*quasi:* Booth, Jefferson, Salvini, Irving, Modjeska, John McCullough, the Kendals, etc., and the production of such dramas as The Silver King, which might be reserved for "the blanks" in the season, caused by the intermission of stars. Thus Wallack's Theatre, purged of melodrama, would be reserved for high comedy and domestic drama of the better kind.
>
> But Lester goes after other gods and the fleshpots of the Bowery. It may seem strange that *I* should advocate purism at Wallack's after introducing sensational effects!

It did seem "strange," considering that it was Dion Boucicault who had caused Lester Wallack to disgrace Wallack's Theatre—the home of Comedy—by producing in it the tainted play of Forbidden Fruit. I had not, however, at that time learned that Boucicault was, morally, a charlatan. It is remarked by King Henry VIII, in Shakespeare's play, that "'Tis a kind of good deed to say well." Boucicault could "say well," but no moral scruple ever deterred him, or ever could have deterred him, from taking "the instant way" to personal advantage and pecuniary profit, at any sacrifice of rectitude.



He was an Elegant Theatrical Beau and Man of Fashion

His letter continues:

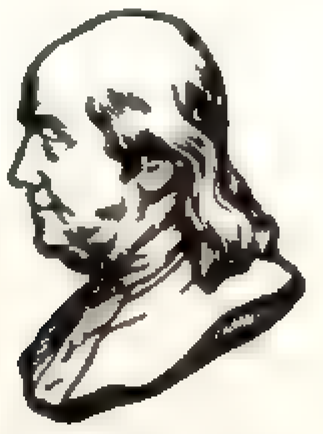
> The comedy Vice Versa was inspired by a French farce, which I have elaborated into a play of somewhat more pretense. However, it has one merit for you—its fun is innocent. It is rollicking animal spirits, and I question if it be more improbable than London Assurance. I hope you will be well enough to get to town on Monday to see it, and to welcome back the English drama to its old home.
>
> Ever sincerely yours,
> Dion Boucicault.

In the spring of 1883 a coarse, illiterate speculator from Boston, named John Stetson, had temporary control of Booth's Theatre, which was finally closed on April 30 of that year. Wallack's Theatre had been built at the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and the earlier Wallack's, at the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street, having been for a while styled the Germania, was opened (March 26) as the Star; it has since been demolished.

Boucicault had studied Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar and Sheridan, and he had learned how to write neat dialogue. His equivoke was clever, and his writing, like his talk—and, indeed, like his personality—was colored with a dry, droll humor. The play of Vice Versa affords some examples of his verbal volatility. The part that he acted in it is Mr. Fhenix O'Flattery, of Ballyna-Cuish. "Nature made me susceptible," says Mr. O'Flattery; "I yielded to Nature." "She was not a woman," he exclaims; "she was a whirlpool" On being told that "discretion is the *better* part of valor," he answers: "It is the *whole* of it—in *my* constitution." "It is the fools who prosper with the women," he declares; "they give their whole minds to it." "I am ready to turn my hand to anything," says a gay young woman. "Lovely

(Continued on Page 81)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The Devil still finds letters for idle hands to write.

¶ Beauty attracts admiration, but money draws interest.

¶ Beauties are never argumentative: they don't have to be.

¶ If a trading-stamp went with every husband there would be fewer man-haters.

¶ Give your wife the key to your heart, but be sure you keep the latch-key to your flat.

¶ Never hope to please her mother: yours is not the kind of love that father used to make.

¶ Why is it that the friends of the bride always sob and the friends of the groom always snicker?

¶ The girl who says "No" when she means "Yes" generally ends by saying "Yes" when she should have said "No."

¶ One man succeeds by getting around him men better than himself; another by getting around men better than himself.

¶ If you want happiness, marry your heart's desire; if you would secure contentment, be the heart's desire of somebody else.

¶ The model husband never carries more than ten dollars in his pocket and always imagines his mother-in-law just around the corner.

¶ Investigation into the cost of the Harrisburg Capitol building indicates that Pennsylvania taxpayers have been paying $18.40 per cubic foot for air. Think what they have been paying for hot-air all these years!

International Brass Buttons

MR. ROOSEVELT'S recent letter to the Arbitration and Peace Conference of America, in which, while indorsing the pacific designs of that body, he protests against a program of international disarmament, will doubtless be quoted by some earnest if misguided souls as another expression of the President's militant tendencies.

Such criticism is very like that which sees in an understanding of how to use one's fists only a provocation to lick the next fellow one comes across. Admitting the necessity of law, there follows logically the need for the instrument with which to enforce the law's findings. And international law differs from the law of civilized countries generally only in the lack of an international police for those that break that law and decline to obey the judgments of its court. Until we have this international police, the operations of an international court, deprived of the authority now afforded by the standing armies and the navies of the nations separately, would hardly be effective.

Whatever arbitration has accomplished so far has been due not so much to any fine respect for the abstract sentiment associated with a peaceful settlement of difficulties, as to the conviction on the part of the losing side that the cost of repudiating the judgment of the arbitrators would in the end be greater than the fine imposed by the court. Back of the court, in every case, though not present in the courtroom and not mentioned in the proceedings, have been the armies and navies of the contending parties; and of this incontestable fact both sides have been keenly conscious.

As Mr. Roosevelt points out, too, the peoples of the world, like the individuals of a nation, have advanced unequally along the road that leads to justice and fair dealing one to another. From those who have more to learn of such things than have we ourselves we cannot reasonably expect an equal respect for the ideals of civilization, an equal willingness to pay the bill of damages when wrong has been done by them. Upon such people the judgment of an international court of arbitration would be difficult if not impossible to execute were it not tacitly supported by what, for the time being, takes the place of an international police.

As small a naval and land police force of this sort as is compatible with international good order and the protection of home interests is what we may hope for, work for and, perhaps, eventually bring about by common consent of the nations. If they try to attain much more than this—for the present, at least—the advocates of universal peace will be only likely to weaken their own cause.

Your Duty to the Swindler

THE cry of the get-rich-quick victim still arises. We wish a few basic principles could be more universally understood.

The concern that sends you a circular, inviting your money and promising to pay five per cent. a month, or any other rate far in excess of the ordinary returns upon capital, is almost necessarily a swindle. A man having a proposition that will pay five per cent. a month doesn't need to advertise for capital. By simply employing his own money and compounding it at this agreeable rate he would soon become a millionaire.

Gentlemen with infallible schemes for beating the stock or grain market or winning on horse-races would be fools to admit strangers to a partnership. If any one had such a scheme he could become rich beyond the dreams of avarice on a capital of a hundred dollars.

Don't be taken in because some other investor has received a few five per cent. a month dividends. Those dividends were probably paid out of his own money.

When you receive a get-rich-quick circular do not throw it into the waste-basket. Turn it over to your postmaster with a request that it be forwarded to the inspector for that district and investigated.

Another Blow Below the Belt

THE stock-market has had another set-back. Again, interference by mere politicians with vested business interests was, plainly, the cause of it. The only mitigating circumstance is that, this time, the President was not directly responsible.

The lower house of the New York Legislature passed a bill which would require the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company to carry passengers from the bridge to Coney Island for one five-cent fare. Under this wanton blow the stock of the transit company dropped from sixty-one to fifty-seven dollars a share. Confidence was unsettled. Those who had been hoping for the reaction against socialism which would establish "unanimous conservatism" in the conduct of government—and putting up margins in that hope—were almost discouraged.

Many of our city traction companies need the sympathy and help of government, instead of cruel assaults from it. Various promoters of the traction monopoly in the city of churches enthusiastically mortgaged and bonded it for some eighty-five million dollars, or three hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars per mile of road. Its bonded debt amounts to only sixty per cent. of that of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with ten thousand miles of road.

Not All the Wealth Cornered

WE WILL give a reasonable reward—say, a second-hand Carnegie hero medal—for information leading to the detection and conviction of the man who first said that one per cent. of the population of the United States owns ninety-nine per cent. of the wealth of the country.

The first trace of this venerable falsehood that we are able to discover appears in connection with the Populist movement of a dozen or more years ago. Since then it has been repeated, probably, a million times, or at least one-hundredth of a time per capita. The basis for such a statement is easily invented. All one need do is to take the total wealth of the country, as estimated by the Census Bureau, and then let his imagination run riot through a list of plutocrats, beginning with John D. Rockefeller, at a thousand millions, and winding up with a bountiful job-lot of nameless millionaires. The well-known fact that popular estimates of rich men's wealth are seldom within a mile of the truth need not interfere with this statistical method. One dusty roster of Crœsuses now before us puts the late William C. Whitney, who just escaped dying in debt, at a quarter of a billion, and A. J. Cassatt, who left about a twentieth of the sum, at one hundred millions.

A recent Census Bureau bulletin estimates the wealth of the country in 1904 at one hundred and seven billion dollars. Farm lands, live stock, farm implements and agricultural products—certainly not possessed by John D.—are valued at nearly twenty-five billion dollars. Deposits in savings-banks, individual deposits in national banks outside of the richest cities, and assets of the mutual life-insurance companies—all property of the people in the strictest sense—represent ownership of over six billions more.

So if millionaires own all the rest—which they don't by a long shot—the ancient falsehood that ninety-nine per cent. of the population is propertyless hasn't a leg to stand on.

Making More Bad Blood

ONE close to the facts writes: "The trial of Moyer and Haywood is pretty sure to leave an ugly wound whatever the verdict of the jury may be. I know many union-labor men who are absolutely sincere in their belief that the whole proceeding is simply a capitalist conspiracy to do these two to death. On the other hand, men who are intelligent upon most subjects, and not intentionally dishonest, but violent in their antagonism to the union, are certain that the accused are guilty. Both sides are alike in their attitude toward the case."

The relationship between capital and labor in the Western mines has specialized of late years in the way of making bad blood. Every competent observer has recognized the exact likeness between the most passionate ones on the two sides. Merely change the coats of violent laborite and violent opponent and either would exactly perform the functions of the other. Their likeness doesn't help the case any, however, but rather makes it worse when opposite economic motives set them in action.

Chicago as Seen by Herself

CHICAGO "as seen by herself" is indeed a horrid place, we are told. Crime is rampant and life insecure. The terrorized householder double-bolts himself in at sundown and sits trembling, with firearms at hand. Hordes of violent malefactors infest the town and conduct seminaries of sin in addition to their more conventional activities. The best the police force can do—in its rare intervals of sobriety—is to advise citizens to be polite to burglars, and especially to avoid irritating highwaymen.

Such a condition might really be described as shocking, without the least exaggeration. But—this darkling picture of life in the Windy City is composed of the utterances of newspapers that had a deep-seated aversion to the last administration. In the April election the candidate whom the newspapers backed was successful. The hordes of yeggmen who had previously threatened the city like a besieging army courteously faded away as mist before the morning sun. Banks countermanded orders for armor-plate and heavy artillery, and resumed business upon a normal basis.

We are assured, upon unimpeachable authority, that the visitor to Chicago or the resident thereof would not now suspect that he was in a town more sinful or crime-ridden than any other large city. Indeed, we find Mr. Justice Olson, of the Municipal Court, contending statistically and with editorial approval that Chicago is about the best big town there is.

Harriman's Present Job

IT IS Mr. Harriman's duty at present not to become too good.

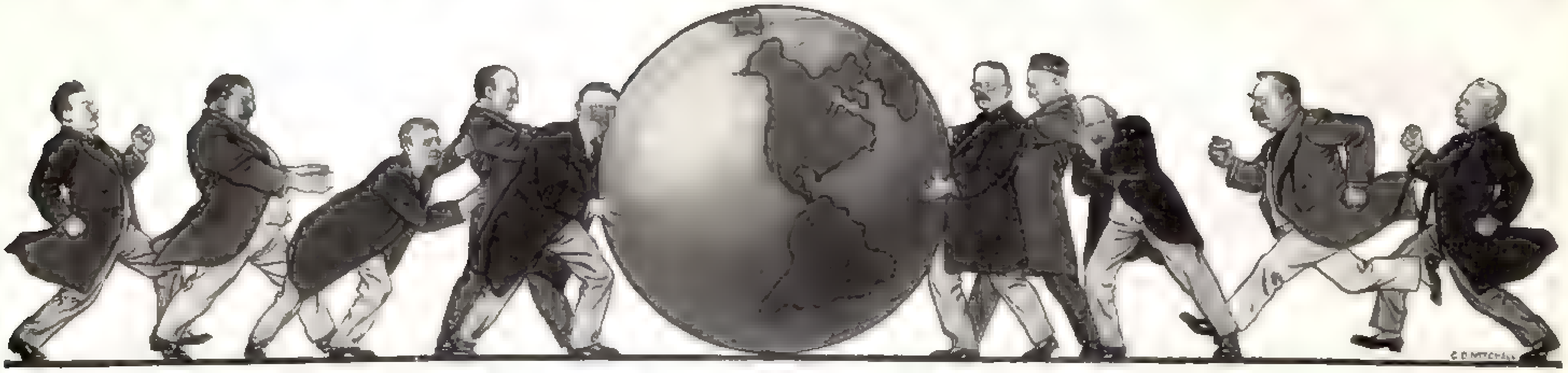
Formerly he played a conspicuous part as a wizard of finance. In that rôle he might have suffered, or enjoyed, a considerable access of virtue without in any wise impairing his public usefulness. But circumstances—over some of which he had no control—conspired to elect him bugaboo, bogy-man and scarecrow for Wall Street. This is an important office. It is not so easy to express indignation against a mere impersonal condition. To select an individual, make him stand for that condition and level the bony forefinger of accusation at him simplifies matters.

Mr. Harriman now performs this convenient function as to the sins of Wall Street. Advanced age and an increasing addition to philanthropy make Rockefeller less available than formerly, and Mr. Lawson has a kind of personal copyright on Henry H. Rogers.

Harriman merely typifies Wall Street. He did not create it. The Stock Exchange mechanism for skinning suckers, and the sinister philosophy that nothing counts except money, were in full flower long before he appeared on the scene. Measured by the standards of Drew, Gould and Fisk, he is a fairly speckless and lily-handed financier. Compared with a very large number of unpilloried gentlemen whose activities flow into the stream called the Street, he differs only by a superior efficiency.

Harriman is so much like the rest of us that one can imagine him bidding for the applause of his fellow-men by giving all his money to endow a university, which would ruin him for his present job of Bad Man of Manhattan.

WALL STREET MEN



FORMER Secretary of the Treasury Shaw came into Wall Street without a ripple. No bands played; the Stock Exchange didn't even suspend business for a minute. There was nothing doing when he raised his flapping black coat-tails that had so long lent a touch of sobriety to the sordid Treasury Department and backed into the Street. It was simply the silent performance of a man annexing a good job.

The other day I heard two Wall Street men talking about the advent of Mr. Shaw into their midst. One of them asked: "How does he measure up?"

"Well, you know," replied his friend, "Mr. Shaw was a cornfed statesman. Now he is a cornfed financier."

Wall Street is beginning to wonder if certain history relative to former Secretaries of the Treasury who went into the financial game after their terms of office expired, or they resigned, will repeat itself. Strange as it may seem, most of the distinguished gentlemen who seemed to be able to manipulate the country's billions, after a fashion, have found it a harder proposition to steer the paltry millions of a trust company. Several of them cut loose on the uncharted sea of real finance and came near foundering.

Why, then, asks Wall Street, doesn't some President have the nerve to appoint a real live banker or financier to be Secretary of the Treasury? If a man who knows his business, and who happened accidentally to live within a mile of Wall Street, ever got that portfolio the rest of the country would demand that padlocks be put on the mints and the Treasury, and would assume that the wicked money-devils held pawn-tickets for Uncle Sam's clothes.

But Mr. Shaw has faithfully tried to be as far removed as possible from the drippings of the Stock Exchange altar and the wicked lure of the ticker, and, though they may call him a "cornfed financier," he has at last the satisfaction of being called "Mr. President"—even if it be only president of a New York trust company.

Speyer of the Soft Pedal

SPEAKING of Presidents, the only visible picture of President Roosevelt within "cussing range" of Wall Street is on James Speyer's desk. All other portraits of the President in that vicinity are turned to the wall. And, if you want to start a brainstorm, or any other kind of emotional rough-house, in Wall Street you have only to mention the name of T. R. Then it's all over. Somebody will point to a gaping wound in a large bunch of "paper profits" and say sadly but firmly: "That's where Teddy charged through on a high reform horse."

But Mr. Speyer—James of the Soft Pedal, as some one called him not long ago—is suave and sophisticated, and he is on the job of getting next. He is one of the youngest and one of the cleanest of the whole group of big financiers, and he has kept shy of entangling alliances.

He has the President's ear; wherefore Wall Street regards him with some awe. Perhaps one good and definite reason why the President likes Mr. Speyer is for the enemies that he has made. The coolness between the house of Speyer and the house of Harriman is phenomenal. It began when Harriman singled out the late Collis P. Huntington as his first railroad duelist. The Speyers were the Southern and Central Pacific bankers in those days.

When the President started on his railroad campaign he kept James Speyer busy going back and forth from Washington. Having a few large railroad interests of his own, James preached caution and conservatism. It was just about this time that one of Mr. Speyer's friends remarked to another:

"I hope Speyer hasn't written any confidential letters to the President."

"Don't worry," responded the other man. "He's wise. He uses the telephone."

Outside a newsboy was calling the latest "war extra" in the Roosevelt-Harriman scrap.

The New Mood of Conciliation seems to have taken up permanent quarters in the Harriman offices; in fact, it was expected that Mr. Carnegie would appoint Mr. Harriman a delegate to his personally-conducted-and-paid-for Peace Congress. But the fact that the President was expected to be "among those present" caused a change in plan.

Why, even the "Seeing New York" rubber-neck wagons now stop in front of 120 Broadway while the gentlemanly lecturer gurgles through the megaphone:

"On the left is the Equitable Building, where on the fourth floor you will find Mr. Harriman, the Friend of the People."

But as everybody, perhaps, doesn't know, all through that famous set-to with the President you could have heard something like this up and down the Street:

"Sick him, Harrie!"

Harriman's worst enemies forgot their enmity then to go down on the side-lines to root. You see, Wall Street has paid for a good deal of Presidential freight, and they wanted a run for their money.

Mr. Harriman's present amiable and confiding attitude reminds one of a story a broker told the other day. It was about a country preacher whose son asked: "Father, what is a railroad director?"

Whereupon the parent replied: "A sign that reads, 'Stop! Look! Listen!'"

Mr. Morgan's Seventieth Birthday

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN had a seventieth birthday the other day, which goes to show that Wall Street is not behind literature in the prevailing fashion of having such anniversaries among its elect. All the great men seem to have been born in 1837.

The old cab that used to wait every afternoon in front of Mr. Morgan's office at Broad and Wall Streets to take the veteran financier up to the Union Club for a game of bridge, isn't there much any more; for physically the figure of the Old Master of Finance is fading from the market-place. But his influence is still there. Not long ago somebody wanted to discuss a matter of business with him, but he sent him this word:

"You can come up to my house, but I won't go down-town."

There was a time when every move Mr. Morgan made sent a shiver up and down the ticker. Now he is an organizer of Art, rather than of Industry. When it comes to Art he is the Prize Spender.

They used to say abroad that Mr. Morgan was an easy mark for all the curio, antique and art dealers generally; that any gold brick, dressed up in ancient trimmings, could be worked off on him. Once some dealers in a small Italian town framed up one on him. They made a very picturesque-looking antique piece that looked old and interesting, and the real, year-crusted goods. Mr. Morgan looked at it very carefully and said:

"Yes," and the eyes of the Italians sparkled; "I'll take that to the chief of police."

Mr. Morgan is not as irascible as he used to be. A book agent once butted into his office and started to show his wares. The great man flew into a rage and the agent was glad to escape with his life. But that night he wrote Mr. Morgan a letter saying that though he was a despised agent he was a human being with feelings. The next day he got a letter of apology from Mr. Morgan, written in the financier's own hand.

There is another husky seventy-year-old in Wall Street who wants to keep in the game to the end. The talk about the retirement of James J. Hill as president of the Great Northern Railroad in favor of his son, Louis Hill, makes people who know the "Old Man," as they call him, smile. Mr. Hill is not of the retiring kind, in more ways than one. The very fact that he is to continue as chairman of the executive committee of the Great Northern shows that he is to keep his seasoned hand on the pulse of the great system that he has created. The executive committee is the bunch that does the real railroad business these days, you know. They are the men "higher up." Mr. Hill believes in giving everybody, including his son, a fair chance. Blood isn't thicker than railroad efficiency, and if young Hill had not made good all along the line he would not be in one of the seats of the mighty to-day.

Wall Street has not yet got over the jolt it received when Mr. Hill announced that he had given his ore lands (worth half a billion) to the stockholders of the Great Northern; because Wall Street is used to handouts of another kind.

Mr. Hill is to-day the most picturesque figure in the whole big railroad game, and this means Wall Street, for all roads lead there on golden ties. His eyes are probes that search straight through you, and his shrewd but kindly face is crowned by a mane of iron-gray hair that sometimes hangs over his collar. He is big and broad and strong. If you don't think so, ask Harriman.

It was reported that, with much flapping of wings, the dove of peace had hatched out a truce between Hill and Harriman. But it was a false alarm. The feud is still on. It has made railroad history—and dollars, too. It is on this Hill proposition that the Harriman New Mood of Conciliation took a side-step. What gave rise to the peace rumor was simply this: that, after annexing about all the terminal property he wanted in Seattle (where the Hill-Harriman fight has been waged for part of the prize of Northwest Pacific control), Mr. Hill permitted some of the left-over land to go to his foe, saying: "There's room for everybody—now."

That is how Mr. Harriman got the property, at a price that swelled nearly every bank account in town.

Rogers' Copper-Lined Silence

HENRY H. ROGERS is not saying much these days, but his silence is copper-lined, for Amalgamated is up and Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, is probably sorry he ever butted into the rôle of Deliverer of the People. The System was reported well at last accounts and able to take dividends regularly.

But if you think that "H. H.," as they call him, is idle, you are mistaken. The troubles of Harriman have been the troubles of Rogers, for the Standard Oil crowd is in on the Union Pacific ground floor strong.

Mr. Rogers is sixty-seven years young, and the spryest of all the financial old guard. The elevator starters and operators at Number 26 set their watches by his coming and going, he is so punctual. There are a few other people who would have liked to set a watch *on* him. He has the most ingenious suite of offices in New York, for he can have a half-dozen people waiting for him, yet not one of them will know that the others are there.

The other day, when the first blithe breezes of spring came wafting up from the Bay, and every old man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of rest, some one remarked:

"It's about time for 'H. H.' to take a vacation, isn't it?"

"Not on your life!" was the reply. "The only vacation he needs is a shave and a trip up the Sound."

Mr. Rogers is the best listener in the whole district, but when he says something it is to the point. Some one asked him how he was making a real Standard Oiler out of his son, H. H., Junior, and he replied:

"I am teaching him how to take care of his money; not how to make it."

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 10)

thought of him first and sprang the Teddy bear. Probably got the idea just this way."

"By Geo'ge, suh! I reckon you are right," the Major returned. "But it seems as if there ought to be mo' than one idea in so versatile a President. How much do those Teddy bears cost, Jack?"

"Oh, anywhere from one to ten dollars!"

"From one to ten dollars! Astoundin'! Why, suh, they're only fo' little plutocrats then! There should be good money in popularizin' the Teddy bear, Jack. Makin' a fair article that would sell fo' two-bits, and so bringin' it within the reach of the masses."

"I'm afraid not," I answered. "The dollar ones are punk as it is. It seems impossible to give them that bully, idiotic expression for less than two or three bones."

"Or improvin' it—adaptin' it in some way to the children's elders, thereby openin' up new fields of usefulness to it, and, as you so thoughtfully observed, enabling us to take advantage of the advertising it has already enjoyed."

"How?"

"Teddy," the Major began musingly—"Teddy—Rough Riders—San Juan Hill—Booker T.—Brownsville—tennis—strenuous life—dear Maria—dig the canal—rubber—Taft—squeeze 'em—third term—square deal—trusts—mollycoddle—Harriman—liar—dee-lighted—dee-whoop! I've got it, Jack! I've got it, suh! Listen to this! A little rubber Teddy bear, that you can carry in your pocket, and when you squeeze it you inflate its tongue, thereby causing it to stick out ——"

"And ——"

"On that long, protrudin' tongue is painted: 'Dee-lighted!'"

"Yes, and ——"

"When any one asks you to take a drink, or to have a cigar, or to do anything that calls fo' an affirmative, do you answer yes? No, suh! You take out yo' Teddy bear and squeeze it at him! And Jack, listen here! When any one asks you if the President will accept a third term, you don't discuss the question with him or allow yo'self to be drawn into any undignified argument about why he should or why he shouldn't take the nomination: *you simply squeeze yo' bear in his face.*"

"Why, Major," I began, beginning to get a little excited myself, "this looks like the real hot tabas ——"

"This is something big, Jack—the Big Idea, in fact," he interrupted. "I have felt fo' several days that we were tremblin' on the verge of an impo'tant discovery, but I nevah dreamed of anything as tremenjous and as far-reachin' in its consequences as this. Why, son, this little article absolutely assures the reëlection of our honored President fo' a third term. It means the confoundin' of his enemies! It will put the hell-houn's of the system on the run! Think of the sale fo' it convention week! It will sweep the country like wild-fire, and settle the whole thing. It means, suh, aside from the fo'tune that it will bring us, positions of honah and dignity under the Administration: a mission abroad fo' me—I have always felt that I was peculiarly fitted fo' a diplomatic career—something just as good at home fo' you. Teddy is loyal to his friends. He cannot ignore our services, suh."

"He probably will," I replied, "but what's the odds so long as we can cash in on the idea? Then if your fancy runs to swelling around in a pleated shirt and being a bum statesman, you can go West and buy one of those marked-down Senatorships. But it's me for a quiet, restful vacation at the St. Regis."

I wouldn't let my imagination carry me so far as the Major's took him—and he not only gave free rein to his fancy, but had a complete runaway—for I had a sobering, sub-conscious fear that, when we sat down to breakfast with this latest child of our brains, we should both be for leaving the horrid thing on the steps of the nearest foundling asylum. But even while I was dressing next morning the idea still looked good to me, and down the hall I could hear the Major's bass rolling out:

> How I l-o-ove that pretty ya-a-l-ler
> ga-a-l-l-l,
> Do-o-own Mo-o-bile!"

That was a sure sign that he was pleased with himself. And when we met at the breakfast-table there was none of the usual labored conversation about the weather, and the higher life, and the shameful doings in the Senate, anything except our pitiful inventions of the preceding night; but the Major greeted me with a radiant face and wrung my hand with a rapture unimpaired by sleep and reflection.

"Then it's a whiz!" I exclaimed.

"My dear boy," the Major replied, "it is not only a whiz, but a hummah! You are in on the ground flo' of King Solomon's Mines, Limited—to us two."

Things went with a rush that day. First we filed a caveat on the idea, and then the Major placed an order with a manufacturing firm that he knew of for as many of the dee-lighted bears as his now very limited capital would pay for. These details attended to, we returned to his room to plan our campaign. In that the Major was thoroughly at home; in fact, I found that he already had the details pretty well worked out in his head.

"Jack," he began, "this thing will lend itself to original and takin' methods of introduction bettah than anything I have ever had the pleasure of presentin' to the public. Aside from the entertainin' and amusin' features of the little article, all of which we must present adequately, there is a splendid chance for a campaign of education among our votahs in callin' their attention to its political impo'tance. I shall include in my speech a complete exposure of the system, suh, and of its crimes against the country, and make all our agents memorize it. Of cou'se we shall, owin' to our lack of capital, have to do the preliminary work of introduction ourselves."

The crisis which I had been dreading had come. I saw myself standing on a dry-goods box in a crowded street, hoarsely inviting the passers-by to gaze on my shame and to buy my silly wares. In my cowardly heart I felt that I could never do it. And yet I couldn't refuse to bear my share of the heat and barking of the day.

"Couldn't we, Major," I suggested weakly, "find a partner with capital who'd let us go right into the thing on a big scale?"

"No, suh!" the Major returned decisively. "None of that in mine when I've got a good thing. A partner with capital is American fo' hog, suh. He wants half the profits fo' his capital and the other half fo' himself. Yo' share is the glory of havin' the little article named after you and the bad debts. Not fo' Majah Geo'ge Magoffin Jackson, suh."

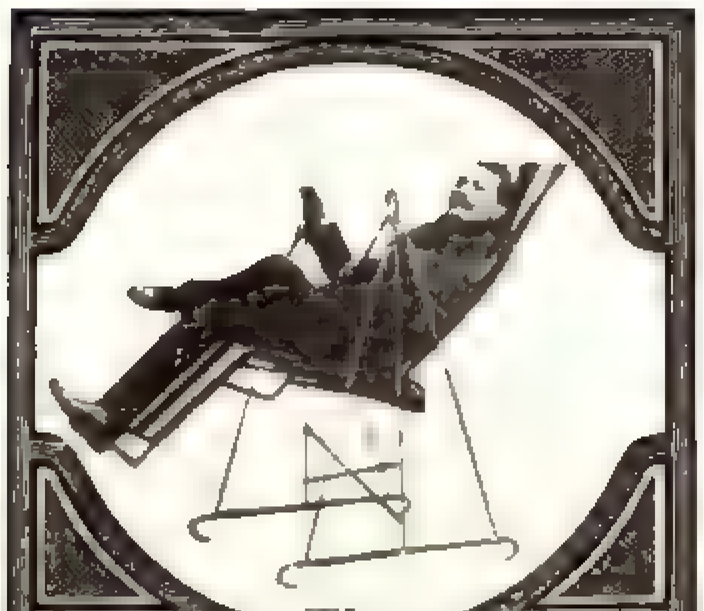
"I'm only afraid," I admitted, hating myself for trying to crawl, "that our interests might suffer if I tried my hand at actual street work. You see, I've never had any experience at that sort of thing, and I'm naturally of a rather timid and retiring disposition; so, perhaps ——"

"I've thought of that," the Major interrupted. "Of cou'se you've got to be broken in to speak in public sometime, but this mattah is too impo'tant to be trusted to any one who isn't thoroughly experienced in er—addressing an audience. But we shall be able to make full use of yo' talents, nevah you fear, Jack. Now my idea, and I think I may say without boastin' that it will excite mo' than the passin' interest of the thoughtless, is this: I first, and afterward every agent that represents us, will be accompanied by a man to pass the little article around among the crowd. Nothing new in that, suh, you say. No, but each of these men will be dressed up as a big Teddy bear, head and all, and somewhere under his er—hide he will hold a large air ball, connected by a tube to a collapsible tongue of very thin rubber, such as the little bears in his basket have. Well, suh, every time I make a tellin' point in my speech, the bear assistin' me will squeeze the rubber ball, thereby inflatin' the tongue and makin' it stick out at the audience. Perhaps, suh, when the people see that tongue protrudin', with Dee-lighted painted on it, they won't shout themselves hoa'se and tumble over themselves to buy the little article?"

"Bully!" I applauded. "They'll fight for 'em."

"You bet it's bully, suh," the Major continued. "And, Jack, *you are to be the first bear.*"

Why, oh, why hadn't I seen his drift sooner and knocked his fool scheme? I was in a panic at the thought of lending myself to this hideous masquerade. "Me!" I



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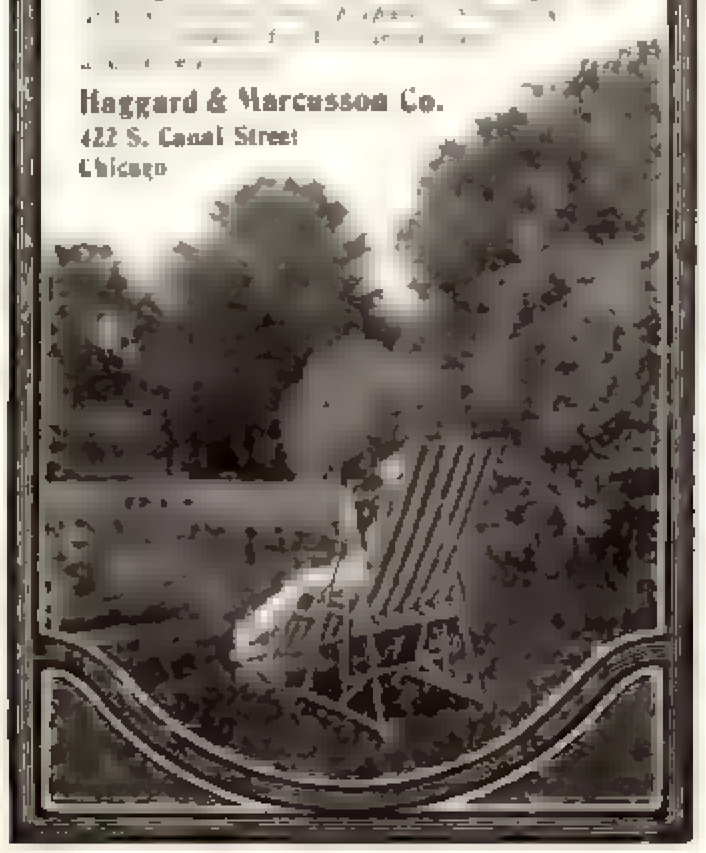

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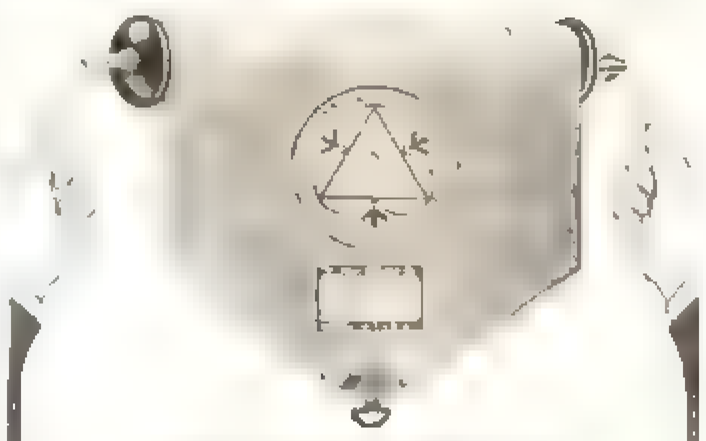

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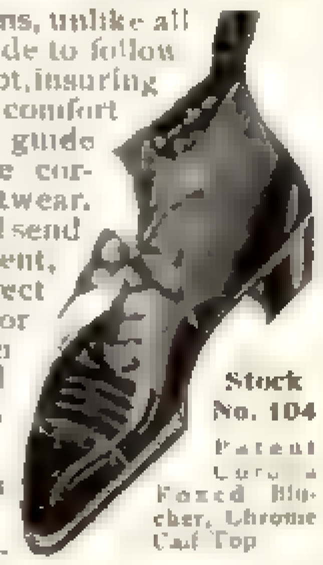

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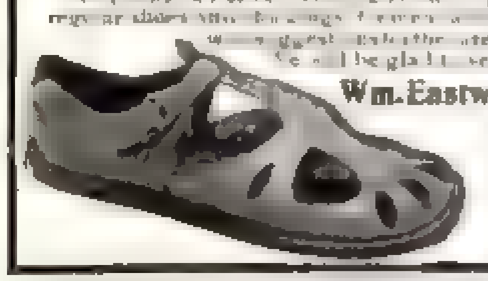

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exclaimed. "I couldn't be a bear, really. I'm a wretched actor, and besides I'm—I'm superstitious about bears—afraid of them—I really believe I was marked by one."

The Major wouldn't listen to me. "Nonsense, Jack," he returned. "You'll make a perfect Teddy bear. The part fits you to a T, and after you get over the stage-fright that is inseparable from a first appearance in public, you will do yo'self proud. Besides, we can't affo'd at this stage of the game to squander our resou'ces hirin' outside talent."

It was no use. I had been elected, and there was no resigning from the inevitable, if I wanted to share in the profits. Besides, I reflected, it was better than having to do the barking, for my face would be covered, and so there was no chance that any one would recognize me. So I yielded without further argument and, accompanied by the Major, went out to be measured for a Teddy-bear suit.

For the next week, while the bears were being made, the Major was in the throes of composition, preparing his great speech on the iniquities of the System and the peculiar virtues of the Teddy bear. I divided my days between the Zoo in Central Park, where I studied the habits and deportment of bears, and a corner of the Major's room, where I practiced jig-steps and growling, until I had attained a fair degree of proficiency in both.

"Splendid, Jack!" the Major would exclaim, glancing up from his work whenever I managed a peculiarly ferocious growl. "That last one was thrillin'; it had the ring of sincerity in it. It's those little realistic touches that open the great heart and pocketbook of our American public, suh." Or again, "Growl louder, suh! With blood on yo' jaws. I'm touchin' up yo' namesake, that old scoundrel, Con. Spurlock!"

So long as our appearance on the street was still in the future, I felt brave enough about the part that I was to play, but when the little articles, as the Major always called them, were delivered, and my Teddy-bear suit was sent home by the theatrical costumer, I found myself giving way again to dark forebodings. And when, finally, the day came, and I climbed into my Teddy-bear suit behind the prescription counter of an East Side drug-store, near which the Major had chosen our first stand, I felt like a diver dressed for the plunge into unknown depths, where goggle-eyed octopi and inquisitive sharks might be lined up waiting for a quick lunch.

Maybe we didn't draw a crowd? and quick? It was like a three-alarm fire. The people came running from every direction, dragging the children with them; it almost seemed as if men popped up through trap-doors at our feet and materialized out of the fourth dimension.

The Major lost no time, but went right into action as if he'd been tipped off to remember the Maine. Mounted on an empty box, silk hat tilted back, and holding me by a chain, he bellowed, stormed, bullied, laughed, joked, told stories, gave advice, and made me dance and play the promiscuous fool, until the street was half blocked. When he saw that the crowd was with him to a man, he explained the frivolous uses to which the little article could be put, and they caught on with a roar. "We've got 'em going, son," he exclaimed to me in a delighted aside. "Now watch me stampede them," and he launched suddenly into an attack on the System that was a corker. He deprecated the House, he deplored the Senate, and he damned Wall Street. He excoriated Rogers, walloped Morgan, skinned Rockefeller, flayed Harriman, and in a tone that scared a ten-foot hole in the crowd around him, demanded answers to some extremely embarrassing questions. As the plutocrats didn't appear to have a spokesman present, he held up their heads to the scorn and execration of the populace. "But, my fellow-citizens," he concluded, "there is one who stands firm fo' you against the hellish arts and heartless machinations of this destroyin' Moloch; one who wraps around him the precious and priceless palladium of our blood-bought liberties and dares the hell-boun's of the System to lay a finger on it; one whose—er—teeth are bared and whose voice is raised in protest"—aside to me: "Growl like hell, Jack"—"against these dastardly assaults on the—er—bulwarks of the people's rights; and this man, my fellow-citizens, is fittin'ly symbolized by the noble denizen of the American wilderness that stands beside me—playful and open-hearted with the friends of our glorious Republic"—"dance, Jack"—"fierce and thirstin' fo' the gore of its enemies"—"put up yo' dukes and growl, Jack."

"I stand here appealin' to yo' patriotism, not yo' pocketbooks. I don't want yo' money, but yo' moral support. The enemies of our honahed President are demandin' that he adhere to some foolish words spoken in the heat and exaltation of gettin' what he wanted and forgettin' that he—er—might want it again. We must save him from these enemies and from himself—if he needs savin'. So I repudiate, openly and fearlessly, his declaration that he will not accept another nomination fo' the Presidency; I answer you that he must and will run again, and I offer to each and every gentleman present, fo' the nominal, the insignificant, the triflin' sum of a quarter, twenty-five cents, two bits, this little article which I hold in my hand. It will enable you, one and severally, to answer decisively that momentous question: Will Teddy accept a renomination?"

At this pre-arranged cue, I squeezed the rubber ball and the long tongue shot out at the crowd.

"Dee-lighted!" the mob roared as they saw it, and pushed forward to buy.

Just then, a coachman who was driving a team of high-spirited bays, that were drawing a smart little brougham, attempted to push through the crowd. A glimpse of a bear, even if it is only a Teddy bear, isn't the thing best calculated to soothe a nervous horse, and the moment the pair caught sight of me they reared and plunged wildly. As the coachman was losing his head, and as the people were tumbling back over each other, instead of trying to get a hold on the horses' bridles to steady them—an absurdly simple thing to do—I obeyed the impulse of the moment and started to struggle out of my bear suit, both to remove the cause of the panic and to lend a hand.

I had succeeded in freeing myself of the bear's head, when the horses took a sudden jump forward under the coachman's whip, and I found myself looking through the open window of the brougham, straight into the startled eyes of Anita. For an awful moment we stared at each other, amazement in her face, horror in mine. Then, unconsciously, but convulsively, my hand gripped the rubber ball and that awful bear tongue shot out the cheerful greeting, "Dee-lighted!" just as a fresh cut from the driver's whip started the horses off.

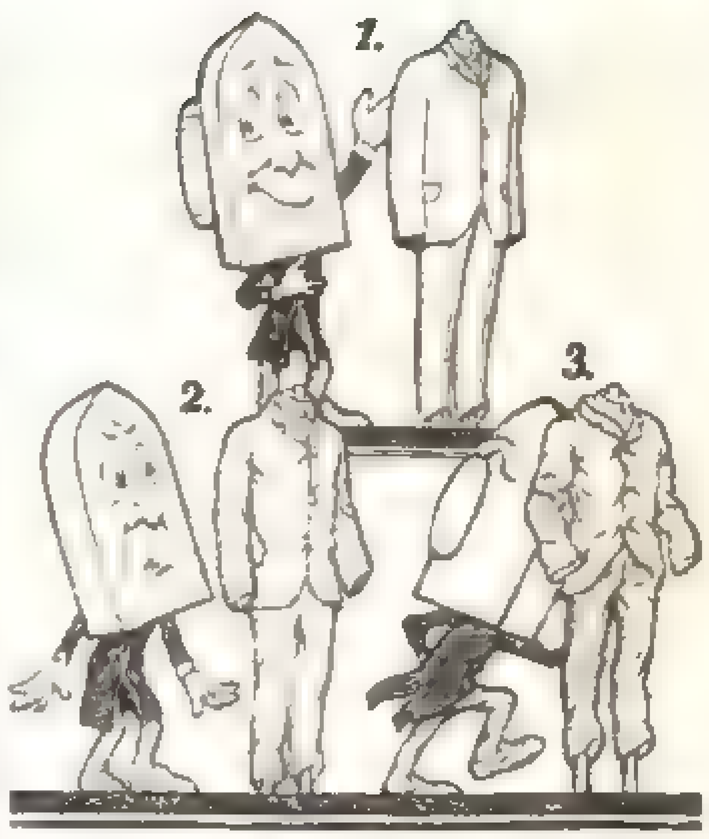
Behind me a long rebel yell went up, and turning I found the Major struggling with a mob of hoodlums who had taken advantage of the diversion to raid our stock. It was a lovely rough-house, and the Southern troops fought nobly, but, as the Major explained in reviewing the disaster, "we were worn down like Lee in Virginia, suh, by the brute fo'ce of superior numbers." Like a saucer of milk by a stray cat, our stock was lapped up by the crowd, and then we were threatened by a new division of the mob, who howled for our blood because the horses had tried to trample their children to death. Explanations that we were not in collusion with the driver of the brougham proving futile, we fought our way, shoulder to shoulder, back to the friendly drug-store.

"Well, Major," I asked, once we were safely inside, "are you hurt?" for the old fellow's face looked like the sun of Austerlitz.

"Not physically, suh," panted that indomitable warrior, squinting at me through the eye that was still in commission, "but in the best and highest feelings of a gentleman. I doubt, suh, whether such po' trash is wo'th savin' from the System." Then, by way of afterthought: "And we're paupers, son; our last dollah was in that lot of the little article."

Yours, Jack.

Editor's Note—The next installment of Jack Spurlock will appear in an early number.



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But that was only for a Brief Moment—Old Dr. Goose Soon put it to Rights and then very Properly Claimed all the Credit for Himself.

But [illegible] our Fine Looking Suit did not retain its Correct Appearance for long—

For you see, Dr. Goose's work was Lacking in Permanency—it Could not be expected that a Mere pressing would overcome Actual Defects in Workmanship, you know—

—And what was Dr. Goose's Horror when he found, at the end of a Couple of Weeks that his fine looking Suit was surely on the Blink.

And when still Later it became very, very Bad—why the old Flat Iron turned in his Tracks and fled incontinently—(whatever that is.)

* * *

Now the Moral to this little tale is plain as the Nose on your Face.

You Can't expect a poorly Made Suit to hold its Shape no matter how Expert the Hot Pressing Iron—

For the only way to put Shape Permanence into a Suit is to Build it Right—

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About twenty per cent—that's all—

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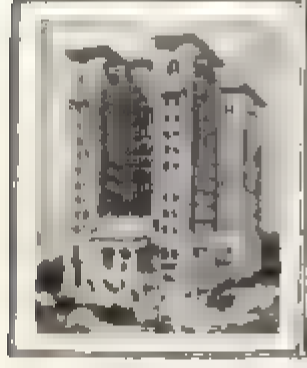

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BUYING STOCKS FOR INVESTMENT

WHAT about investments for men, who, of course, comprise a large part of that constantly increasing army of people who seek the biggest and safest possible return for their savings? It needs but little thought to show that the investment for men may, in some sense, differ from the investment for women.

One reason is that a man is willing to take more of a chance on his investment than a woman. He can do this because he is not so easily affected or disturbed by what he happens to read in the newspapers about the particular company or corporation in which his money is invested; also, because his earning capacity is usually larger than a woman's.

But you may have observed in some of these investment articles, which always have in mind the best possible safe result for the investor, that certain conditions of market or money create distinct opportunities for safe investment that yields larger return than at ordinary times. For example, the high price of money caused railroads and corporations to issue short-term notes, which pay the investor a very handsome return. The demand for short-term notes, or rather the money condition that caused them to be issued, caused a decline in the prices of bonds, and the investor can buy desirable bonds very cheap.

Now comes another emergency which provides an opportunity for the investor to buy good stocks cheap. But this is an investment only for those who want to take some chances, though they buy with absolutely no idea of speculating—that is, in the expectation of an increase in the value of the stock. This investment is advised solely to enable men to obtain a larger income than if they invested through the bond or mortgage channels.

The opportunity to buy stocks cheap is the result of what is known as a "slump" in the stock-market.

In March there was a panic which will go down in financial history. The stock-market is a very delicate and sympathetic structure; when one group of stocks goes down other groups go down, too. Thus all stocks, including the railroad stocks called "standard stocks," and which have investment qualities *if bought for income*, have declined in value. And they are still cheap.

Therefore they afford an opportunity for good income for those who are willing to buy stocks, realizing that stocks change quickly and often considerably in value.

Now, what is stock? We have had a good deal to say about bonds in this department, and the best way to give a clear idea of stocks is to make a comparison. For there is no pitfall for the investor more tempting than stock speculation. It has ruined homes, wrecked lives, and caused widespread sorrow and disgrace. This is the thing commonly called "stock-gambling," for when you speculate it is really a gamble, with the cards marked against you.

A share of stock is an interest in the business or corporation or enterprise that issues it. It differs from a bond in that it is not a claim on anything.

If business is good the dividend, as the return from stock is called, may be large.

If business is bad the dividend is small, or there is no dividend at all. Stockholders in companies issuing stock have the power to declare dividends or to "pass" them, as it is called, when no dividend is declared. With a bond, however, the interest rate never changes, and it must be paid regularly every year, or the bondholders can sell the property.

There are two kinds of stock—preferred and common stock. Preferred stock has a sort of fixed rate of dividend—that is, the company is required to pay dividends on this stock (if any dividends are to be paid at all) before dividends are paid on the common stock. Sometimes the preferred stock is "cumulative," which means that if the dividend is not paid this year it may accumulate and be paid with next year's dividend. The preferred stockholder has been called "a preferred partner in the business." Common stock is entitled to a dividend after the interest on the bonds, which is the first "fixed charge," and the dividend on preferred stock are paid. Common stock is the more speculative stock.

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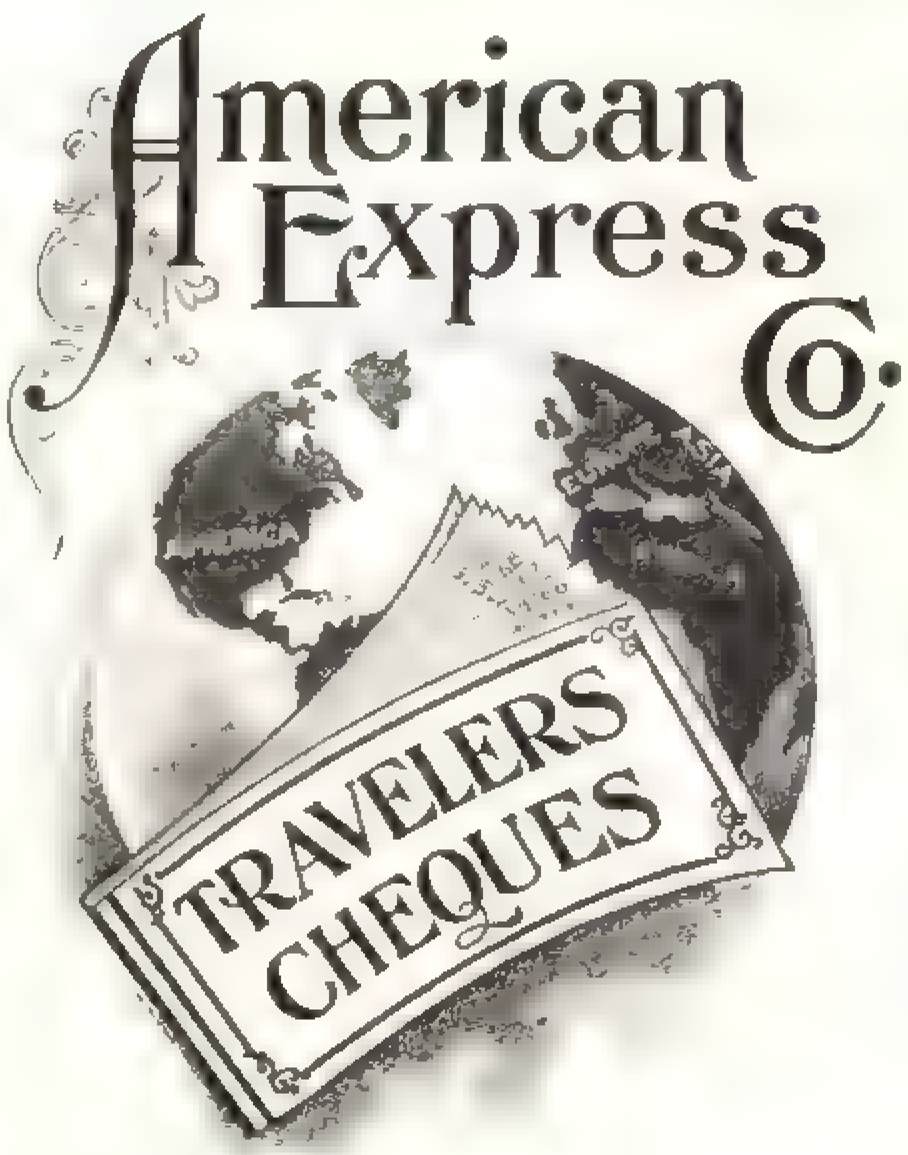

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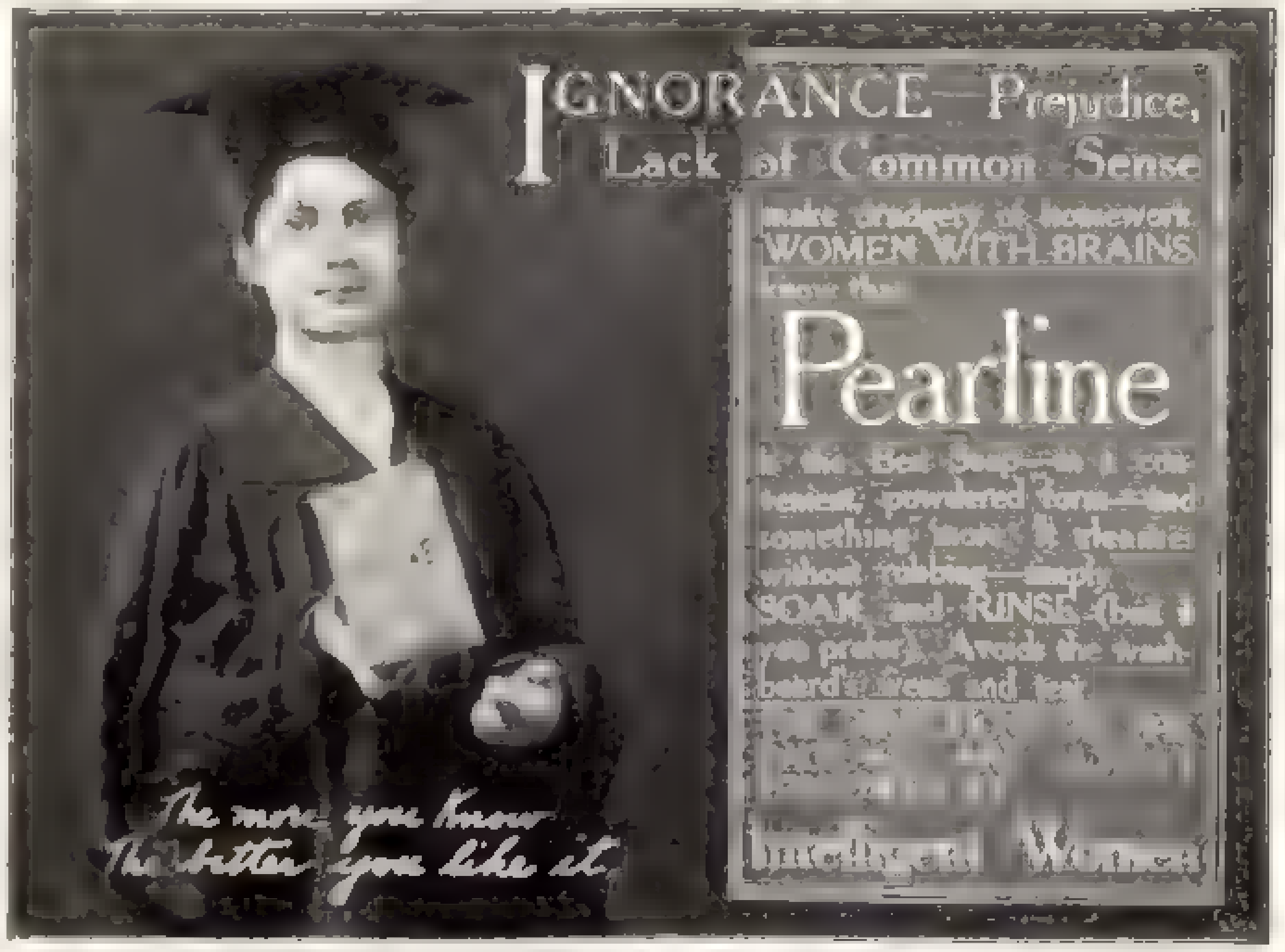
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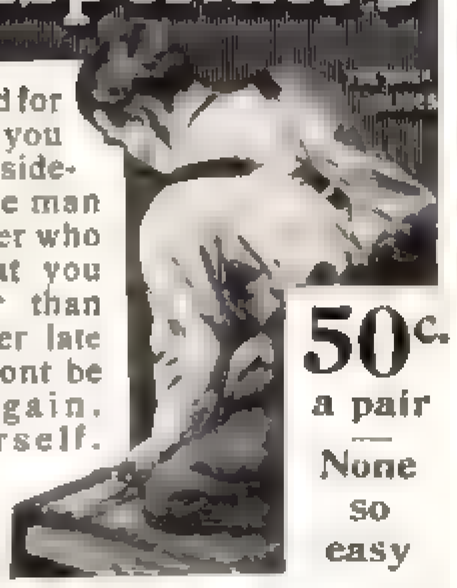

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The usual par value of a share of stock is one hundred dollars, and the quotations which you see usually represent the dollar value. Thus if a stock, whose par value is one hundred dollars, is quoted at 118, it means that a share costs one hundred and eighteen dollars. But some stocks, as, for example, the common stock of Reading Railroad, are in shares of fifty dollars. If this stock is quoted at 118 one share would cost fifty-nine dollars, or one-half of one hundred and eighteen dollars.

One very important thing to remember in the difference between buying stocks and bonds is this: in stocks you stand a chance of losing a good part of your principal, sometimes over night. Panics often wipe out thirty per cent. of the money invested in a short time. With a bond in such a panic, which is slightly affected by market conditions, you rarely could lose more than a fraction of this amount.

There are certain railroad stocks known as standard stocks which are issued by the greatest railroads in the country. It is in these stocks that there is the most trading (or buying and selling). They have investment features because, when they can be bought at low prices and pay good dividends, they yield a good income. These stocks cannot very well go to pieces like the stocks of less stable companies or corporations, for they are issued by well-established railroads which are conducted by officials who have proved their operating ability, and which have paid good dividends regularly.

The following is a list of standard railroad stocks which may be purchased now at a lower price than usual. The yield on these stocks is from about four to seven per cent. No definite yield will be stated, because the prices of stocks change every day. The list of stocks, with their present dividend basis, is as follows:

Baltimore and Ohio: common, six per cent.; preferred, four per cent.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul (commonly known as "St. Paul" common, seven per cent.; preferred, seven per cent.

Great Northern, seven per cent.

Illinois Central, seven per cent.

Louisville and Nashville, six per cent

Union Pacific, ten per cent.

Pennsylvania, seven per cent.

Southern Pacific: common, five per cent.; preferred, seven per cent.

Northern Pacific, seven per cent.

New York Central and Hudson River, six per cent.

In this list where no kind of stock is specified, common is referred to.

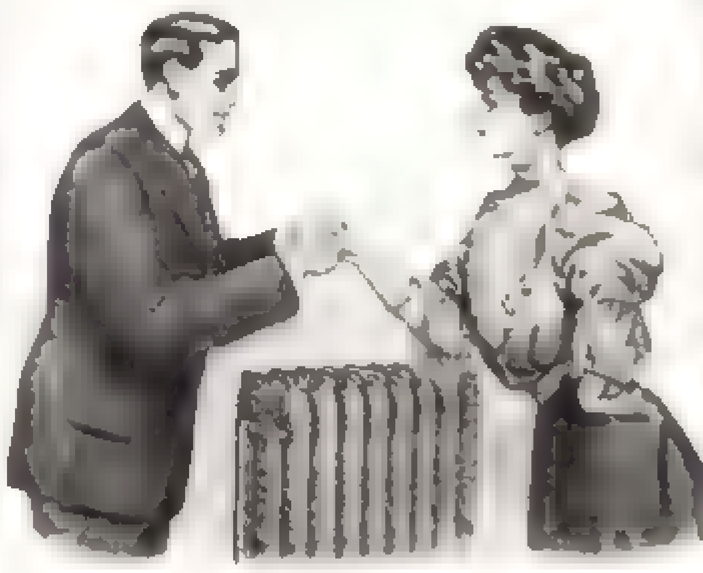
Now, the only way to make the buying of stocks an investment is to buy them outright and then keep them, as already advised, for the sake of the income they will yield. The way to get the yield of stocks is to divide the annual dividend rate by the market value of the stock. If a stock sells at 118 and the last dividend basis is six per cent., then the yield is about 5.08 per cent.

Buying stock outright means to buy it as you would buy a bond—that is, to pay the entire cost of the stock. Then you actually own it and, even if it depreciates in value, you know you are getting a certain return on your investment and don't have to sell at a loss.

Buying stock on margin, on the other hand, is the kind that causes the loss, the disgrace and the ruin, for this is gambling. In buying on margin you are really borrowing the price of the stock from your broker, and you merely put up sufficient money, which constitutes the actual margin, to protect him in case the stock goes down.

When the stock, in such a case, has gone down so far that all your margin is used up, the broker calls for more. If you do not produce it he sells your stock, and then you lose all you put up. In the bucket-shops, which provide facilities for stock-gambling, the actual securities are seldom if ever bought or sold outright. In many cases there is no actual sale or purchase whatever. The bucket-shop merely bets against the customer

If you live in a small town your banker can buy your stock for you through his correspondents in a city where there is a stock exchange. But it must be borne in mind that this advice to buy standard investment stocks is only for those who have no desire to speculate, but who want as large and as safe a return as possible for their money, and who are willing to take a chance.



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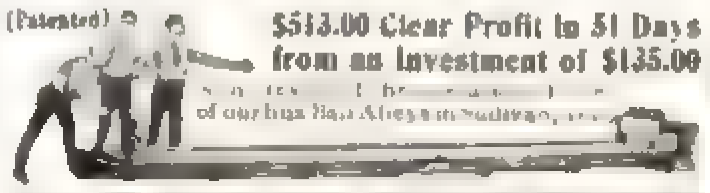

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is the best shaving soap on the market.

Send 4 cts. for a trial stick in nickeled box.

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Colgate & Co., Dept. P
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10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25c silver. 2c. each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in neat case for future use.

Chemical Steel Co., 7 W. Madison St., Chicago

Succulent Dinners that Swim the Sea

(Continued from Page 8)

The slow things go first, so the Siwash will pretty soon find himself as a factor entirely eliminated from the canning equation, for the Pacific Siwash is the slowest thing on earth with the one possible exception of the Pacific squaw. Messenger boys and Canadian savings-bank clerks are swift to these.

Mr. E. A. Smith, of Seattle, two years ago, with one invention, revolutionized the whole process of salmon-canning. His fish-cleaning machine was at once dubbed by canners "The Iron Chink," and the name sticks. This wizard-machine cleans thirty thousand fish in a run of ten hours, doing the work for which fifty-one expert Chinese operators used to be paid. The Iron Chink cleaned so many thousands of fish, increased packs so many thousands of cases, and saved so many thousands of dollars that all prejudices against innovations were early swept away, and its use in the modern cannery will soon be universal. The machine takes the fish just as they come from the sea and puts them through the entire cleaning operation, handing them to the filler to pack into the tins. Prior to 1906 the cutting off of head and tail were separate operations requiring two men, one with a band-saw to take off the head and the other with a rotary knife to cut off the tail. This is all done now by the Iron Chink automatically; exit the header and curtailer, exeunt also that long line of silent squaws. This intelligent machine adjusts itself to the size of each fish introduced to it.

Forty-five Fish a Minute

The inventor of the machine never entered a salmon-packing plant himself till he took in the model of his completed invention; it was by a close and scientific study of the structural anatomy of the salmon that he worked out the details of his invention.

The machine handles forty-five fish a minute. In the pockets of its revolving drum the denuded fish are carried round to rapidly-moving circular knives which divide them into fillets to fit the can. A ticker on the cutting machine automatically counts the salmon.

Then, either by squaws or by the long fingers of the artificial squaw that fascinated us when we first stepped into this hotbed of haste, the red, luscious cuts are packed tightly into the cans. Then a plunge into the washing vat.

The cans, at a rate of a hundred and twenty a minute, are now fed to a machine which at lightning speed affixes a top to each. In great iron crates the tins are steamed for half an hour, and vented to allow all air to escape. Hermetically sealed they go to the steam-retorts, and, for an hour and a quarter, are subjected to a temperature of 240 degrees Fahrenheit and a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch.

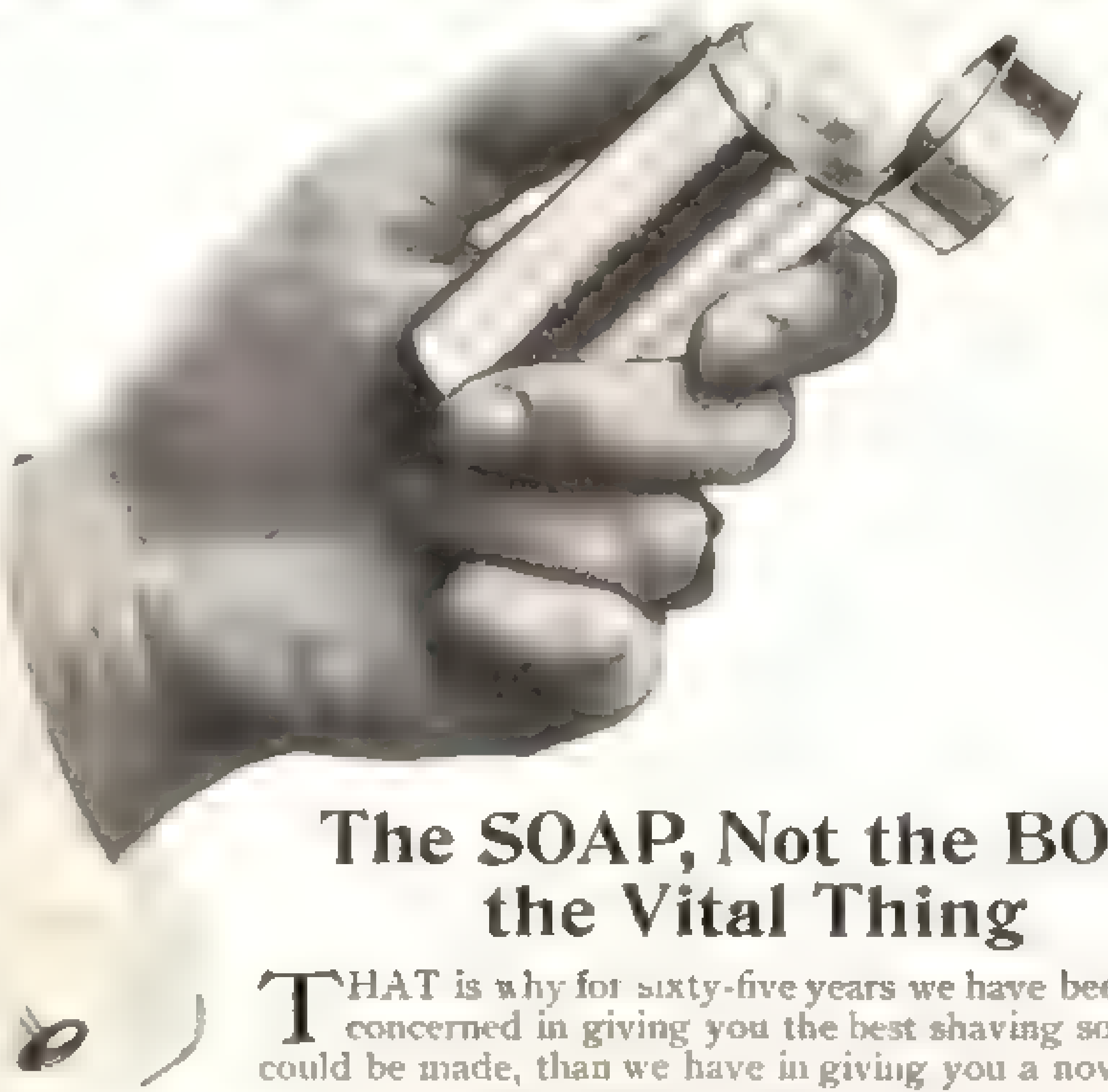
By this process every essential oily juice of the salmon, every natural savor and flavor is conserved. The filled cans roll themselves into bright-colored labels and are packed away in cases of spruce—spruce still redolent of the impenetrable woods out of whose margin space has been nibbled for the greedy, noisy, amphibious creature that we call a salmon cannery.

Canned while he is almost alive and kicking, a salmon can be served spiced and tempting in a cut-glass bowl at a London club just three weeks from the time he gave his first ill-advised wiggle into the Straits of Fuca fish-trap. With the fresh fish better time even than this is made. Last summer, thanks to years of wise hatchery regulations and conscientious enforcement of game laws, California enjoyed a largely-increased fish trade. Fresh salmon were shipped in refrigerator cars from Monterey Bay to New York on express trains; there transferred into the refrigerating department of ocean liners, and landed in Europe and sold as fresh salmon within two weeks.

The canned salmon of the Pacific Coast has a present aggregate value of over twelve million dollars a year. Not only is it the cleanest and most nutritious of all canned foods, but it will keep for an unlimited period and in any clime. Eight years ago an official report was made to the Inspector-General of the United States Army upon the quality of the rations issued to the troops mobilized at Chickamauga on account of the Spanish-American War, and

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



The SOAP, Not the BOX, the Vital Thing

THAT is why for sixty-five years we have been more concerned in giving you the best shaving soap that could be made, than we have in giving you a novel box.

You won't like Williams' Shaving Soap the better for our new box, for a better Shaving Soap cannot be made. But you will appreciate the new box. It is a strong, heavily nickeled box with a hinged cover. Handsome in appearance; convenient to use. This hinged cover is an unique feature. The box can be instantly opened with one hand—no time lost. The cover cannot come off or be mislaid

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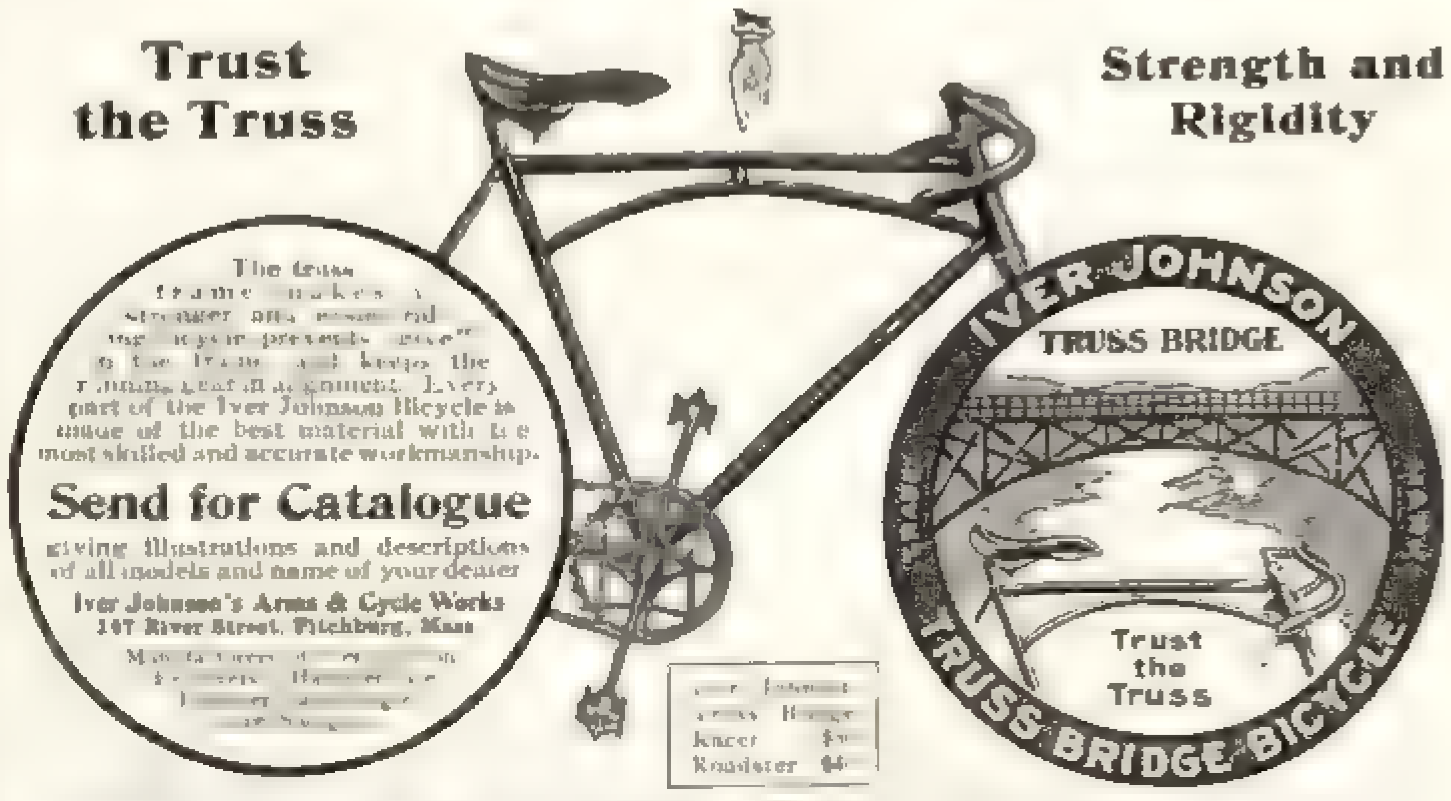

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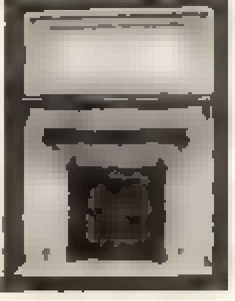
Represent quality, style and economy. We court investigation and, unless we knew our goods, should not offer to send our magnificent catalogue for 12c. (that costs us 50c. to deliver) including our book "Colonial Beauties."



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Reliable agents wanted everywhere

of two hundred and forty thousand cans of salmon critically inspected two only were found spoiled.

The San Francisco fire destroyed three hundred thousand cases of Red Alaska salmon, practically all the spot stock held on the coast. This brings Red Alaska into a clean market. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Every handler of this brand of salmon on account of the San Francisco disaster increased his fish business perhaps fifty or one hundred per cent.

Official reports and market quotations rarely mention the "mild cure" or "sharp frozen" fish, yet it is a branch of the salmon industry of rapidly-increasing importance. The Federal reports state that as far back as 1904 the markets took from the three Pacific States 15,799,646 pounds of mild-cured and fresh-frozen salmon, with a total valuation of over a million and a half. It is the mild-cure industry which fixes the price of raw fish on the Pacific Coast.

Rebates from Canners' Licenses

The Pacific Coast exhibits the anomaly of international jurisdiction over what Nature intended to be one fishing industry. The salmon hatched in the head-waters of the Fraser, returning as adult fish in the summer runs, before they reach their parent stream, come within the sphere of action of the Oregon and Washington fishermen, and up to the present it has been impossible for Canada and the United States to agree to mutually-observed protective measures. Alaska fishermen largely take advantage of a law enacted by the last session of Congress, which encourages private salmon-hatching by allowing rebates from the canners' licenses in proportion to the number of salmon they turn loose.

In Alaska lives one of the broadest-minded men on the Pacific Coast; he usurps the function of a government, and for the benefit of the world at large, at his own cost, maintains a salmon-hatchery. This philanthropist, John C. Callbreath, away back in 1892 fertilized a million salmon eggs, arranging with the Indians for the right to Jadjeska stream, a half-mile rivulet, the outlet of a little lake about forty-two feet above tidewater, and here for fifteen years he has continued to bring forth millions of baby salmon to take the place of their canned parents.

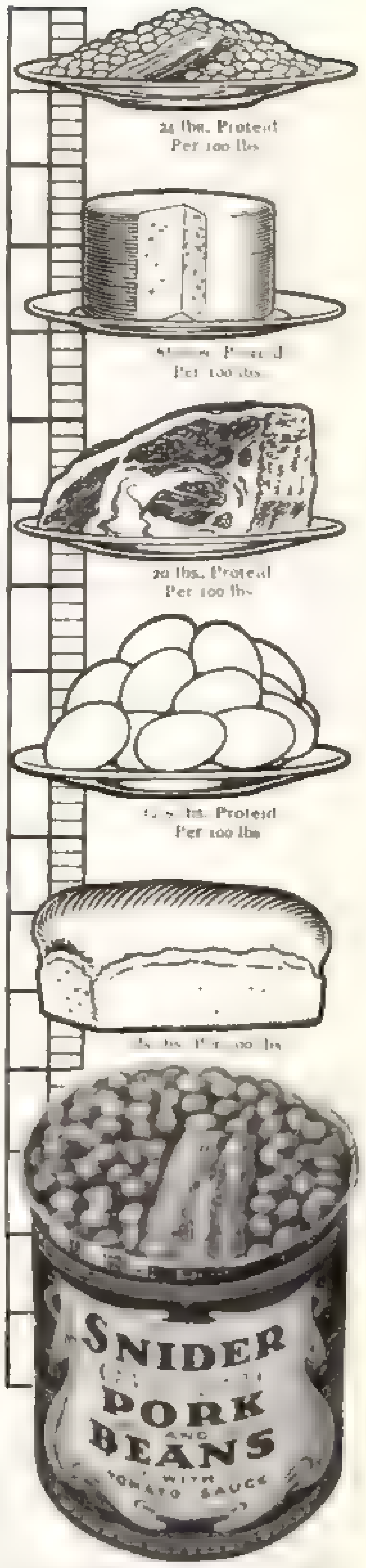
This hatchery is a private enterprise, unconnected with any cannery or fishery, and is supported wholly by its public-spirited and enterprising owner. Perhaps for communities, States, and even nations, there is an object-lesson here.

Potentially, salmon is more than an asset to the wealth of the Northwest Coast. Prime salmon is a product with the highest possible food value. Pound for pound in brain, blood, bone and muscle-making elements, it is one and one-third times as valuable as sirloin steak, one and two-thirds times as valuable as fresh eggs, twice as valuable as bread.

Under present economic conditions the working hordes of Continental Europe for the most part must go meatless. As the grazing lands of the world steadily come under cultivation, beef will become more of a luxury. The world's population, too, is increasing at a rapid rate. What's to take the place of beef? We must farm the sea, and to farm these pastures we need seed. Factories, farms, mines, smelters, pollute the head-waters of rivers, and in time these waters refuse to nurture baby salmon. What happened centuries ago on the Thames has already happened to the Sacramento, and what has happened to the Sacramento will happen to the Fraser. Art must supplement Nature.

It is easy to hatch ninety per cent. of salmon eggs in a hatchery, whereas Humphry Davy estimated that not six per cent. of the eggs deposited on the "redds," or natural hatchery places, come to perfection, and Stoddard holds that only four or five fish fit for the table is the result of thirty thousand ova on the spawning-beds.

If these rich sea-harvests of salmon are to continue to be reaped concerted action must be taken by all concerned to replenish the sea with seed—that is, with artificially-hatched fry. If this is done, and proper conditions as to close seasons enforced, the possibilities of the salmon industry of the Pacific Coast are stupendous. The cannery man, without fear of mixing his metaphors, may exclaim, "The world's my oyster!" The supply will be practically limitless, and the demand will not be lacking—that is a matter of education only.



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So that Beans, which cost only one-third as much as Beef, are even *richer* in food quality than the best Beef, and are probably the most valuable of all foods, at any price.

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But, Beans, as ordinarily cooked, have serious handicaps.

They naturally contain a large *excess* of Sulphur which should be carefully extracted before Beans are eaten.

Their texture too, is so *dense*, and close that the Digestive Juices of the stomach *cannot* penetrate them freely enough to digest them fully, and so a large part of their *most* valuable body-building *nutrients* is lost.

That is *why* the "Snider-Process" of cooking Beans became necessary.

This "Snider Process" not only eliminates the excess of Sulphur but renders the Beans much more *porous*, and so, *twice* as digestible as they could possibly be *without* such a process.

Note the wide difference in flavor and appearance between "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans, and the best you've ever eaten, when you open your *first* tin of Snider's.

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"Snider-Process" Pork & Beans will be found mellow, cheesy, tender, and fine-flavored, with a delicious tinge of that seven spiced, ripe Tomato Catsup which has made the name of "Snider" famous.

And Snider Beans, when the tin is opened, will be found whole and cream-colored,—as inviting to the eye as they are tempting to the palate,—instead of being found soft, mushy, split, squashed, or discolored, like many kinds of Pork & Beans sold in tins today.

Your money back from the Grocer if "Snider-Process" Pork & Beans are not, in *your own* judgment, the finest-flavored you've ever eaten, and the finest-looking you've ever seen.

This advertisement is authority for the refund.

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It will be a positive revelation to all users of other oils. You do not really know what good Olive Oil is until you have tried Maspero's Pure Olive Oil.

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The High Quality of Fifty Years Ago. Sold at all Shops
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It's wise to use Rubifoam.

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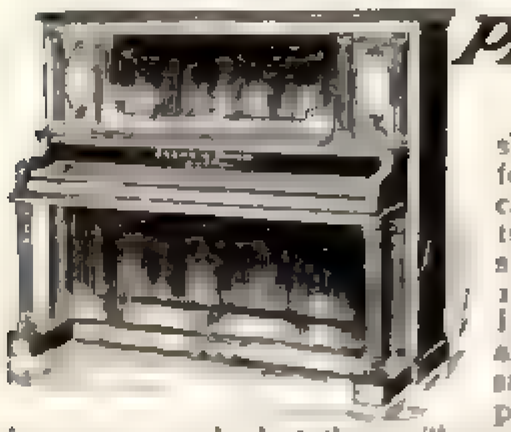

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The Ivers & Pond Piano is built for a lifetime, and costs less than one-half the average piano to keep in tune.

Where we have no dealer we sell direct from Boston. We will send a piano on approval with the guarantee that if it fails to suit you it may be returned at our expense for railway freights both ways. Easy payments if desired. Old pianos taken in exchange.

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Constructed of iron, steel and the highest grade of [illegible] and tear the clothes or crush the fingers [illegible] ten years. Safe Sturdy and Sensible. [illegible]

Standard Furniture Company
89 Gomandry St., North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Dion Boucicault

(Continued from Page 15)

hand!" exclaims an old beau; "I wish she would turn it to *me*." Airy levity is characteristic of his dialogue.

He was aware of the charm of such representative Irish characters as Lever's Harry Lorrequer and Charles O'Malley, and in his lighter mood, whether as a dramatist or as an actor, he strove to emulate that charm. Sometimes his pleasantry is forced.

In Arrah-na-Pogue the dialogue is exceptionally terse, sparkling, pungent and expressive. In The Shaughraun it is even more fluent, compact, forcible and happy, being profusely illumined with gems of Hibernian humor. Those plays excel, also, in dramatic climax and in admirable portraiture of the caprice, complexity, variety and inexplicable charm of the nature of woman. In drama Boucicault's supreme achievements are the ticking of the telegraph, in The Long Strike; the midnight farewell of the schoolmaster, in The Parish Clerk; the incident of Jessie's concealment of the broken floor, in Jessie Brown; the heroic self-sacrifice of Shaun, in Arrah-na-Pogue; the sentinel, the opening scene of Belle Lamar; and the pathetic situation wherein the poor old father learns that his son's honor has been vindicated, in Daddy O'Dowd. As an actor Boucicault will be remembered chiefly for his impersonation of Conn, in The Shaughraun. That play was original with him in every respect. The best performance that he ever gave was that of Daddy O'Dowd—a performance that completely illuminated the entire method of his acting. He was himself as cold as steel, but he knew the emotions by sight, and he mingled them as a chemist mingles chemicals; generally, with success.

Borrowed with Success

Dion Boucicault's mind did not assimilate the ideas, thoughts and feelings that came to him. He was sensitive to every touch of floating fancy or popular caprice. Most of his plays were prompted by example—at first that of Farquhar. Much of his acting was imitative—at first of Charles Mathews, later of Joseph Jefferson. His Kerry was a copy of a French performance (in La Joie Fait Peur) by Regnier. His Shaughraun was, in spirit and drift, an Irish copy of Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle—an impersonation that Jefferson invented long before Boucicault remodeled the play that was its vehicle; though it pleased the dramatist, eventually, to conclude and impudently to declare that he had both created Rip and fashioned Jefferson. His Daddy O'Dowd was an Irish copy of Frederick Robson's Sampson Burr, in The Porter's Knot (Les Crochets du Père Martin). But judgment was unreasonable toward Boucicault, in expecting him to justify contemporaneous admiration and posthumous homage by being an original, unique, stalwart, potential individuality. He possessed an exceptional faculty for devising dramatic machinery, and he intuitively grasped the essence of movement in any subject that he touched. His Irish plays, in particular, possess an extraordinary vitality, and of almost all his plays it can truly be said that they live and have a being of their own; but, personally, he was as vaporous as a cloud.

Boucicault's estimate of himself was favorable. In that respect he did not differ from the generality of mankind. Writing to me, in 1877, he said:

> I am not independent of the opinion of a sincere and good man—the tribute of his sympathetic heart and of his brain. . . . I do not make a public show of my emotions. . . . I speak of a man as I find him, and always to his face. . . . I may not be a genial man, nor deal in loud professions of affection and offers of service; but I am a square and honest one, owing no man anything—except to the very few who are above flattery and far above sycophancy.

To those assurances he was pleased to add another, which, after many years, and remembering that we eventually became estranged, I have a certain melancholy pleasure in preserving: "There are but few men," he wrote, "whose good opinion I desire to have—none more than I do yours. I have ever entertained for you the highest respect and sincere admiration."

TRADE MARK
"Porosknit" SUMMER UNDERWEAR
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for men *lets your body breathe.* The skin is cooled unceasingly and automatically. Every movement of your body expels the stale air and admits the fresh air through the perforations in the fabric.

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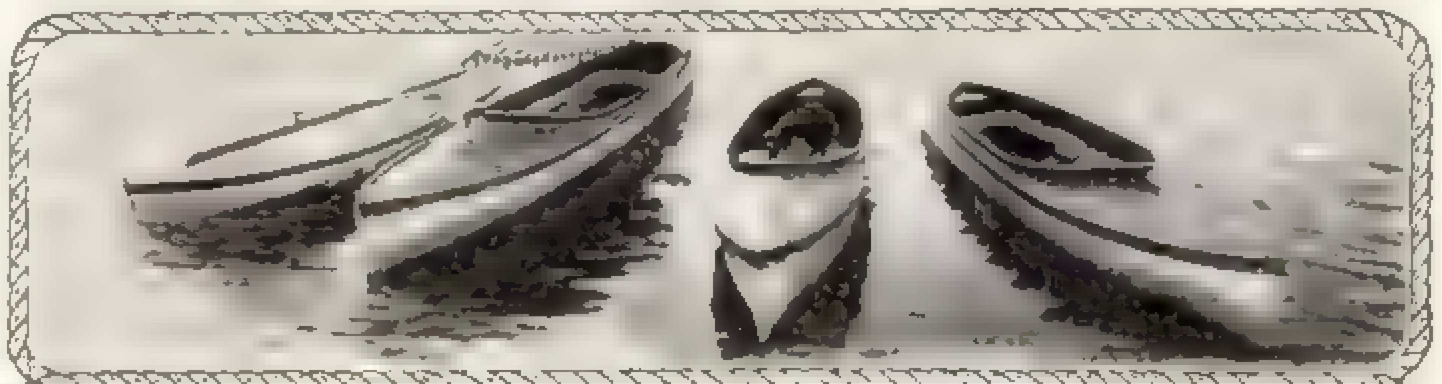

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Are The Fastest and Safest Boats Built

They are built of smooth, pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat. The smooth, steel hull has handsome lines and glides through the water with the least possible resistance—they are faster, more durable, and safer—they don't crack, leak, dry out or sink—are elegant in design and finish.

The Mullins Steel Motor Boats have revolutionized motor boat building, and are superior in every way to wooden motor boats. They are equipped with Mullins Reversible Engines, so simple in construction, and so dependable that a boy can run them, and the Mullins Improved Under Water Exhaust, which makes them absolutely noiseless.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

It Gathers the [illegible] to Trouser Button

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"COATLESS" SUSPENDER (Patented July 4, 1905)

The only practical summer suspender. Easy to put on or take off. Always invisible. A double adjustable [illegible] tightened or loosened front [illegible] back [illegible] Cool comfortable and negligee [illegible] on receipt of 50c.

Beware of imitations. The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905

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Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps

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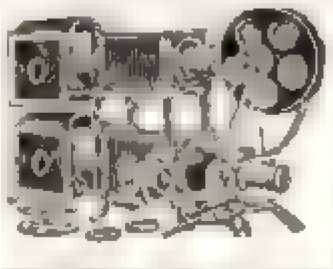

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In person and aspect Boucicault was peculiar rather than attractive, or, if attractive, the characteristic in him that gained attention was singularity. His figure was of medium height, originally slender, but in his later years inclined to heaviness. He was bald; his face was oval and not long; his eyes, which were of a brown-gray color, were set somewhat near together, and the habitual expression of them was keen, shrewd, vigilant and crafty. He had a small mouth and a narrow, retreating chin. His voice was singularly dry and hard, and yet it could well convey the accent of bland, persuasive, sagacious Irish blarney. In repose his countenance was impassive and thoughtful, but, under excitement, it could assume—and often did so—an expression of signal malignity. He was not a good friend, but he was an exceedingly good hater. In a far-off way, and because he was bald and had an oval face, he looked a little like the picture of Shakespeare, and he was not averse to the cultivation of that resemblance. There is an anecdote to the effect that once, in a New York newspaper office, he met with two literary acquaintances, both of whom were bald and had smooth-shaven, oval faces (one of them was John D. Stockton, of Philadelphia, a very clever man, long since dead, a fine chess-player, a sparkling writer, and a wit), and that Boucicault facetiously remarked: "If Shakespeare were to come in here now he positively could not tell which of us is the Bard." "But," said Stockton, "if we all began to *write* he would soon find out."

Boucicault was vain, self-indulgent, shallow, fickle, weak. Also, he was unfortunate in a propensity to strife. He had success in his public career, alike as actor and dramatist; but, valuing himself very highly, he was seldom, if ever, satisfied with the recognition that he received, and he lived in almost continual antagonism toward either institutions or individuals. His character was neither great, noble nor lovely. The more his life is examined the more does it reveal vanity of motive and paltry selfishness of conduct.

Aped the Ways of the Great

Dion Boucicault was essentially little. He assumed greatness, and he became embittered because intellectual men of his time did not recognize him at his own high valuation. The qualities that made him important to the stage, and thus to society, were not moral qualities; still less were they spiritual. In looking back upon his career, toward the last, he was fond of imputing to himself a ministry of fine ideals and a devotion to high things; but, in fact, while that career was passing he was a man of the moment, and he rose no higher than the expediency of the time. His intellect was feverishly active; his spirit was exceedingly restless, and his self-esteem was inordinate; he was painfully sensitive to opinion, although he affected to despise it, and he seemed perpetually on the watch for affronts. In his better days, if in a kindly mood, he could be, and he sometimes was, an entertaining companion, for he had seen something of the world; he had known and observed many interesting persons; he liked to please; he was responsive to sympathetic acceptance; and his talk was shrewd with observation, gay with caustic pleasantry, bright with anecdote, and animated with satirical comment—which his harsh, dry, biting voice made peculiarly incisive—on a variety of themes. The kindly mood with him, however, was not habitual. His pride of intellect made him contemptuous of most people, and his usual mental attitude was that of secret scorn, implied by satirical indifference. His demeanor toward professional subordinates was seldom civil, often tyrannical and harsh; so that in the theatre, as a rule, he was cordially disliked. The public he flattered—and despised.

In his personal likes and dislikes he was so capricious that, upon the minds of those who knew him best and valued him most, he produced the impression of radical insincerity. He was a singular being; a man of brilliant mind and expert achievement; a man to whom fortune gravitated, and to whom everything was given that successful worldly men usually value; yet he was one to whom neither love nor friendship could long adhere. His youth was precocious, adventurous, luxurious; his manhood was fortunate, self-indulgent, arrogant; his age was lonely and miserable; and, as a whole, his life was unhappy.

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"That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes*.

OUR GUARANTEE:

[illegible] they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer.

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, [illegible] longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox

Fast colors—Black, Tan (light or dark), Pearl and Navy Blue. Sizes 9 to 12. Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight) sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size [illegible] guarantee ticket with each pair. Per box of six pairs . $2.00

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Fast colors [illegible] six months guarantee [illegible] each pair. Per box of six pairs . $2.00

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If yours doesn't, we'll supply you direct, [illegible] paid upon receipt of price. Look for [illegible] don't let any dealer deceive you with inferior goods.

Write for Free Booklet

If you want to know how to do away with darning and discomfort, [illegible] The booklet is free for the asking.

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Do you know that most of that irritation and [illegible] you feel after shaving is caused by your [illegible] bristles over your face—or it is [illegible]

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SHAVING BRUSH

and see the difference. [illegible] set in Hard R[illegible] known. The bristles won't come out, won't become harsh or [illegible] guarantee. If you [illegible] kind of a brush. Your face will know the difference.

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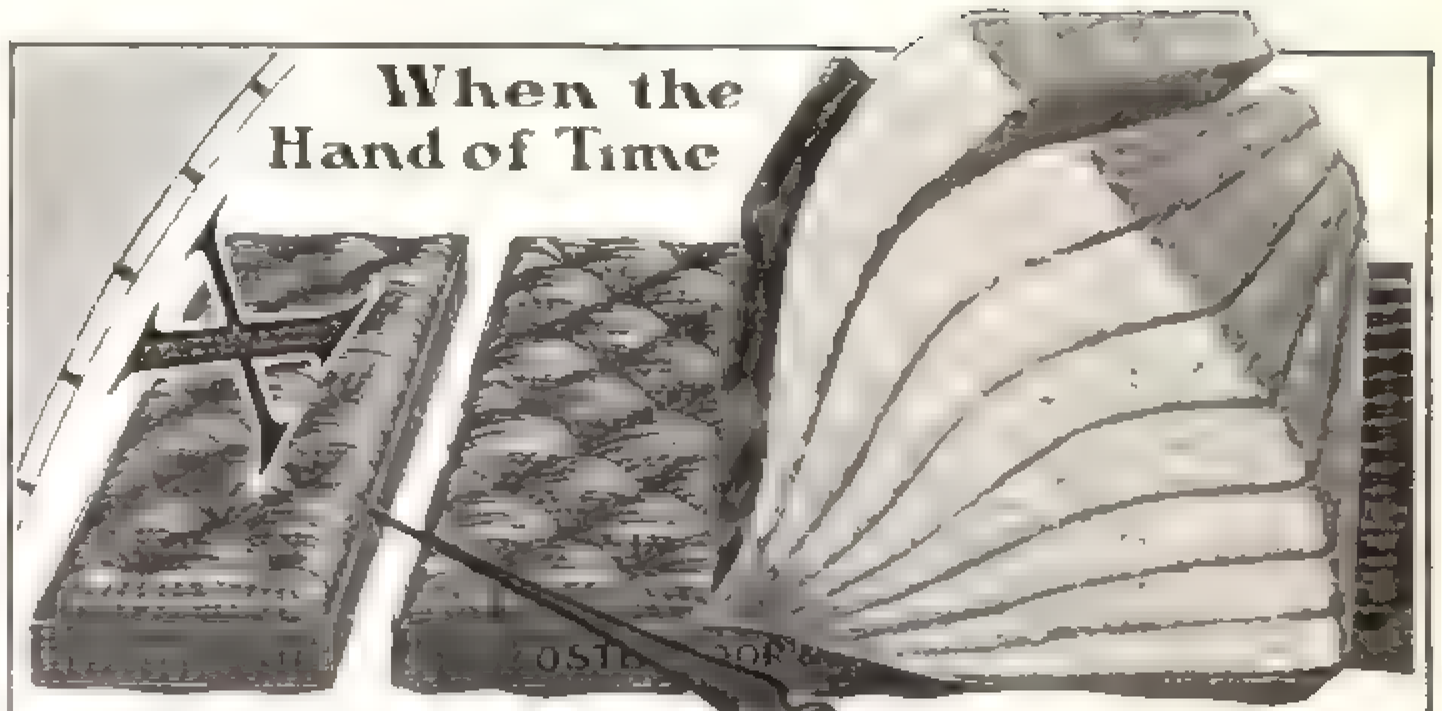
When the Hand of Time



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You will get the perfect sleep that restores tired nerves and dispels your household or business cares; that gives the vigor of health and prepares you for the active morrow. You know the difference between that absolute refreshment and the restless half-sleep on an inferior stuffed hair mattress.

The Ostermoor is "built—not stuffed"—will never lose its shape, never sag, and never lose its "spring." An occasional sun bath will keep it sweet and fresh.

30 Nights' Free Trial. You may sleep on an Ostermoor for a month and, if not *thoroughly* satisfied, have your money back without question. We have a beautifully illustrated volume of 142 pages, treating of *sleep*, how insomnia can be cured, Ostermoor styles and sizes, Ostermoor boat cushions, etc.

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We Sell By Mail or Through 2500 Ostermoor Dealers

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All 6 feet 3 inches long

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In two parts, 50 cents extra. Special Sizes, special prices.

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16 Ft. Steel Launch with 2 H.P. Engine complete $96

18-21-25 [illegible] launches [illegible] reversing engines [illegible] Steel [illegible] We are the largest [illegible] Free catalogue.

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2 ACTUAL H.P. Bare Engine $23

COMPLETE ENGINE with Fresh Water Boat Fittings $39.90. With Salt Water Boat Fittings $41.90

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Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico [illegible]

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For all standard makes of Typewriters. Not repaired but Factory rebuilt, guaranteed same as new. Every machine warranted for one year. Write us for prices before you buy.

Rebuilt Typewriter Co., 46 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The finest dentifrice is helpless without me.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box—for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts—cleans between the teeth. Hole in handle and hook to hold it. [illegible] the only ones who like our brush.

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Adults' 35c. Youths' 25c. Children's 25c. By mail or at dealers. *Send for our free booklet, "Tooth Truths."* FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Write your letters upon paper that will stand filing.

When, two years hence, your correspondent asks his stenographer for your letter of 10-15-'06, don't have her bring him a wrinkled, torn and dog-eared sheet that looks as though fished out of an ash barrel.

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is as permanent as a paper can be made.

That OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is good paper for commercial stationery is the testimony of discriminating business men — many of them have told us it is the best.

Prove this for yourself — have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Out of Sight

After the Wash

Fold it up, put it away. No disfiguring clothes posts to mar the lawn. Holds 150 feet of line. **The sensible clothes dryer for particular people**—at prices within reach of all. Write for Catalog S.

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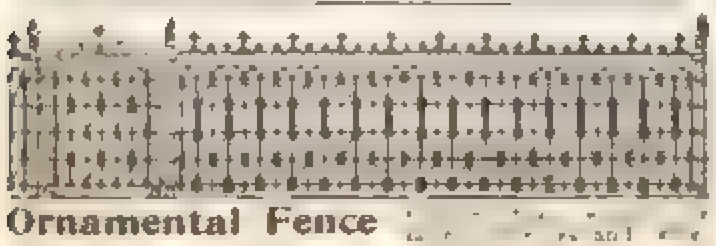
Also Balcony Dryers



Ornamental Fence [illegible]

[illegible] WARD FENCE CO. Box 90 Marion, Ind.

The Man Hunt

(Continued from Page 6)

He climbed in and threw himself back upon the seat.

"Something of a large order, my dear young lady," he muttered. "If your attractive friend is to be found at all, it must be done without publicity. It would be a great deal worse to find him where he ought not to be, than not to find him at all. There are many cycles in New York's Inferno. If it were not for that, my old friend Inspector Donahue could send out a general alarm and turn him up before daylight. But that won't—no, that won't do. He's got to be located on the quiet and put into shape to march respectably off with his company."

"By George!" he exclaimed aloud, "only a woman would think of asking a chap to set out on such a wild-goose chase! But then I don't suppose she realizes. She thinks he's playing billiards at the club, or something like that, maybe!" He set his teeth.

"If she only knew!" he muttered. "Why didn't I speak a little sooner!"

"She *thought* she cared! She *knew* she cared!" he whispered to himself. Then he laughed rather grimly.

Any one who had happened to glance into the cab at that moment, as it passed a lamp, would have seen the gaunt face of a man smiling behind the tip of a cigar. Farther down the Avenue another would have seen the same face without the cigar —without the smile.

"Jerry's!" said Ralston sharply, through the manhole.

The driver jerked the reins, wheeled his horse round abruptly, and started on a brisk trot through Forty-third Street; then turning quickly down Sixth Avenue, he brought the hansom to a sudden stop in front of a restaurant whose electric lights flared valiantly into the rain and mist.

There were three doors, but Ralston, without pausing, passed into the hostelry through the middle one. The cabman waited without orders, well aware that those who frequent Jerry's presumably desire the means of transportation therefrom. A bar ranged opposite an oyster-counter gave a narrow passage through to the dining-room. At the end of the bar was a cashier's desk.

The after-theatre crowd had not yet arrived, it was too late for dinner guests, and few tables were occupied. Ralston, however, had not expected to find Steadman there. As he reached the desk a well-built, red-cheeked Irishman stepped forward.

"How are you, Mr. Ralston? Congratulations!"

Our friend grasped the hand of the other cordially.

"How are you, Jerry?"

"You're a bit of a stranger."

"Yes. Something like a year. Been out looking over the Philippines."

"Not so good as the little old place?"

"I should say not. By the way, sit down over here a minute. I want to speak with you."

Jerry led the way to the rear of the restaurant and offered Ralston a chair. Then he drew up across the table, while the latter put him a few brief questions.

"Well, that's what I wanted," said Ralston, as they arose. "Yes, I remember now, he used to know her. I'll try it!"

"I'm afraid it's the only tip I can give you, Mr. Ralston."

"Thank you very much, Jerry. Remember, now, I haven't seen you—no matter what happens."

"Not a word!"

"Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Ralston crossed the sidewalk and sprang into the cab.

"The Moonshine—stage," said he shortly.

IV

THE party of which Ellen Ferguson was a member did not leave Sherry's until a comparatively late hour, and, while she was in no mood for gayety, anything which could fill the hours pending news of Steadman was a relief. She had found pleasure in talking to Jim Scott, that good-natured, immature and loyal son of old Harvard, who had hardly opened his mouth the entire evening save in eulogy of his new chief. From the time they had left the house in the omnibus to the moment she had been deposited at her apartments he

The Danger in Dusty Floors

A dust-laden atmosphere in rooms where people gather contributes to discomfort and spreads disease. In store rooms and business offices it is a destroyer of merchandise as well as an enemy to health.

Untreated wooden floors collect dust, and the damage is started when the fine particles are set in motion by air-currents and shuffling feet. As a means of overcoming this, there is nothing so satisfactory as

STANDARD Floor Dressing

When applied to any wooden floor it prevents the dust from rising—ridding the air of practically *all* the dust which would otherwise circulate. It also preserves the flooring and reduces labor. Only three or four applications a year are required to give best results.

AT OUR OWN EXPENSE we will prove the wonderful efficiency of Standard Floor Dressing. On request we will gladly apply it to the floor of one room, corridor, or part of one store floor free of all charge.

Sold everywhere in cans and barrels of varying capacity. Not for household use.

Write for full particulars, testimonials, and for reports from medical authorities on "Dust and its Dangers."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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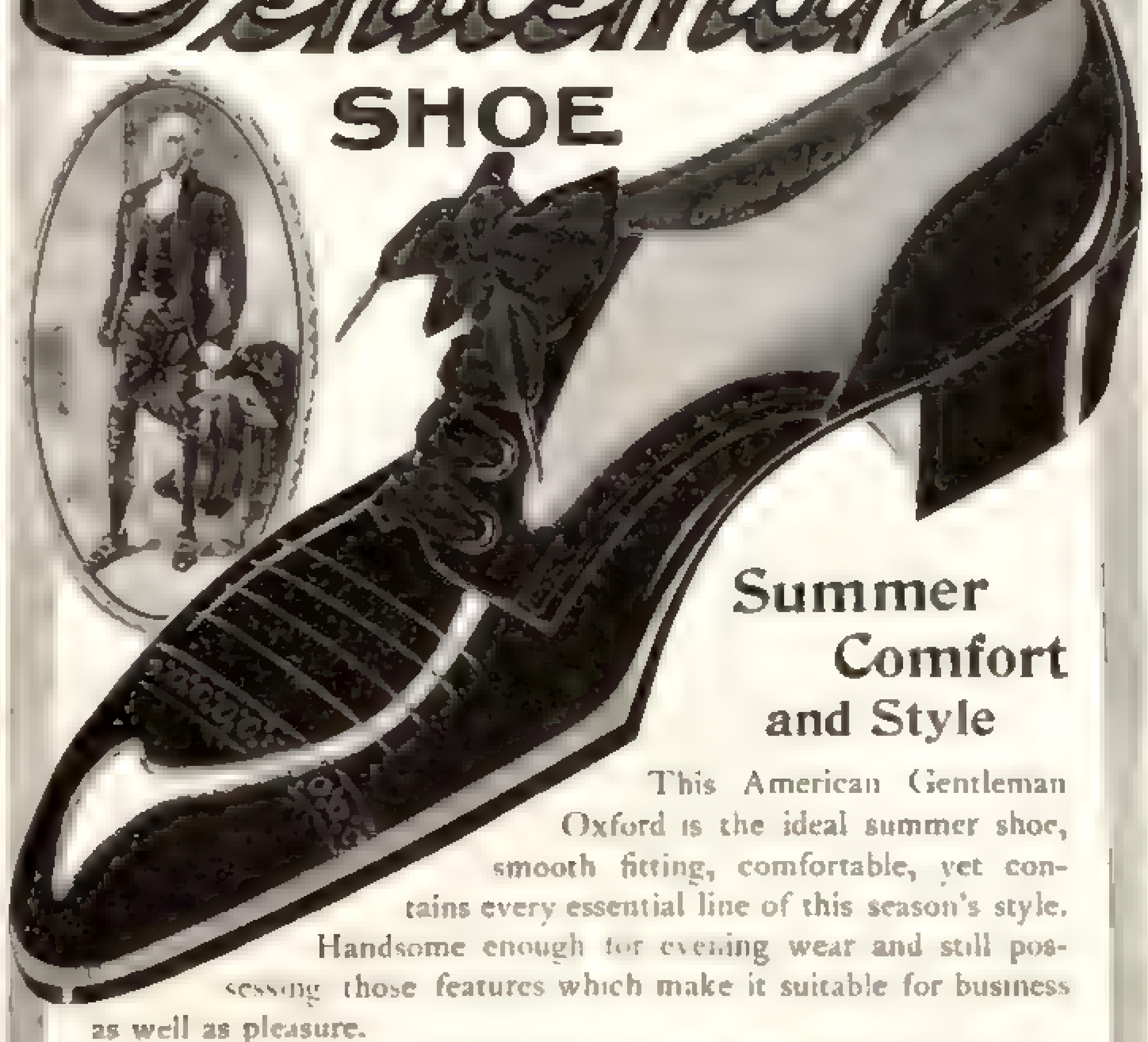
STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING

American Gentleman SHOE



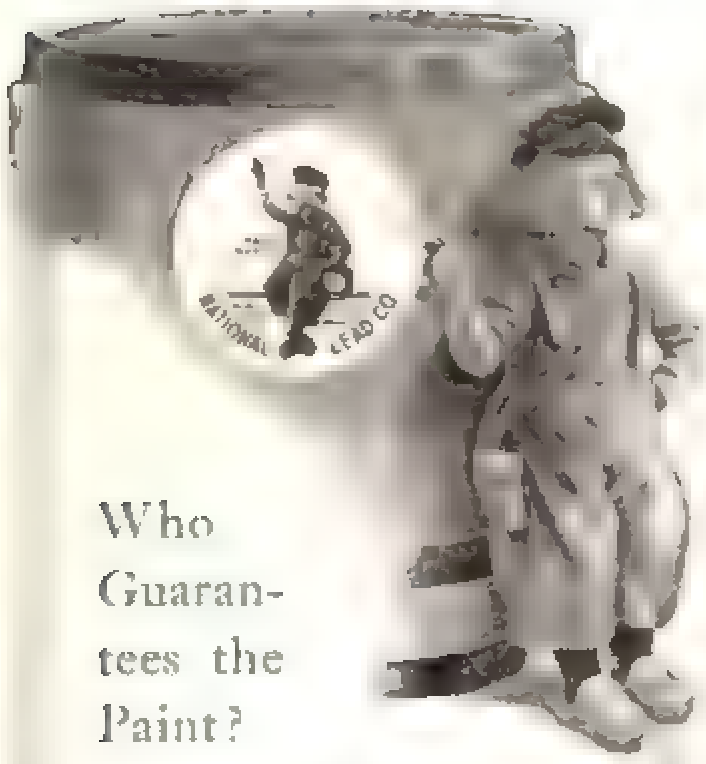
Summer Comfort and Style

This American Gentleman Oxford is the ideal summer shoe, smooth fitting, comfortable, yet contains every essential line of this season's style. Handsome enough for evening wear and still possessing those features which make it suitable for business as well as pleasure.

No. 1034.—Patent leather, Empire blucher Oxford with patent lace stays.

$3.50 and $4.00

HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO., St. Louis



Who Guarantees the Paint?

The words "Pure White Lead" on a paint package do not necessarily mean that the package contains Pure White Lead. Out of eighteen brands of what was sold as White Lead, analyzed by the North Dakota State Chemists last year, five contained no [illegible] five less than 15% of white lead and only two were what [illegible] claimed to be, viz., Pure White Lead. National Lead Company's was one of the two.

In other words, buyers have two chances in eighteen of getting what they pay for if they go merely by the words "White Lead" on a label. Look for the Dutch Boy Painter on the side of the keg. He guarantees that the words "White Lead" on the head of the keg mean *Pure White Lead*.

Our Beautiful Book Free

[illegible] by the celebrated artist, Henry Hutt. A postal card request will bring you free a *de luxe* copy.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

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[illegible] John T. Lewis & Bros. Co. [illegible] Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)

Comfortable Heating

If you could regulate the rays of the sun and store up the life-giving warmth of a balmy spring day with Ease, Comfort and Economy, you could not improve upon

PIERCE SYSTEMS

Of Steam and Hot Water Heating

[illegible] all the rooms evenly, without draughts [illegible] because the heating medium is kept [illegible] requires little fuel and attention. [illegible]

Over 300 [illegible] through local [illegible] everywhere.

"Pierce Quality"

SANITARY PLUMBING

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Pierce, Butler & Pierce Manufacturing Co.
504 James St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Your Children would Enjoy this.

There's pleasure and health [illegible]

Be sure to see them at the Jamestown Exposition.

THE WALBORN & RIKER [illegible] ST. PARIS, O.

EXTENDED
FOLDED

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio.

had not ceased his pæan of praise. Ralston was a "corker," a "cracker-jack"; it was a great thing to be going to work with a man like that a fellow who had done things, not one of your sit-in-the-club-window-and-have-a-little-drink style of chappies (this with a significant glance at a certain Mr. Teadle who made one of the party), but one who could use a rifle or write a book equally well.

Mr. Teadle saw no particular reason for Ralston's appointment? Jim supposed sarcastically that the only proper candidate *would* have been an absinthe-drinking scribbler of anæmic little poems. For a short time it looked as if Jim was going to utilize Mr. Teadle as a mop, until Ellen came to the rescue by entering into a violent flirtation with the new secretary, who furtively wondered if she really cared for that Steadman fellow, after all. Miss Ferguson, on her side, liked the boy immensely, but did not stop to analyze her reasons. His freshness and enthusiasm were enough to account for the attraction.

The Moonshine had suggested a ludicrous parody of Brussels on the eve of Waterloo, and Scott had loudly regretted that his job did not carry a uniform with it. There were whole rows of them in the orchestra and the gallery. For a finale the chorus sang the Star-Spangled Banner—all up, of course, with the whole house cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. Tears were in Ellen's eyes as the party made their way out of the box, along the side of the house, to the entrance where the omnibus was waiting. They had piled in, and then, just as they had started—*Ralston!*

How strange that she should cross him in this fashion at such an hour! Could he have received her message? Perhaps, even now, a yellow slip was lying beneath her door marked: "Party not found." But, if not on her mission, what was he doing at the stage entrance of the Moonshine?

All through the supper at Sherry's, with its martial airs, its patriotic ices and confections, its wine and laughter, she was tormented by uncertainty. If he had not received the message! Time was quickly flying, Steadman was not being sought for, Ralston was—dallying.

Her maid removed her cloak and helped her undo her dress.

"Has anything come for me?"

"No, miss."

"Telephone to the Western Union office and ask if my telegram was delivered."

The maid disappeared, returning presently with the information that it had been receipted for at nine-thirty o'clock. With a warm wave of relief flooding her heart Ellen slipped on a light wrapper, and threw herself into an armchair before the sea-coal fire.

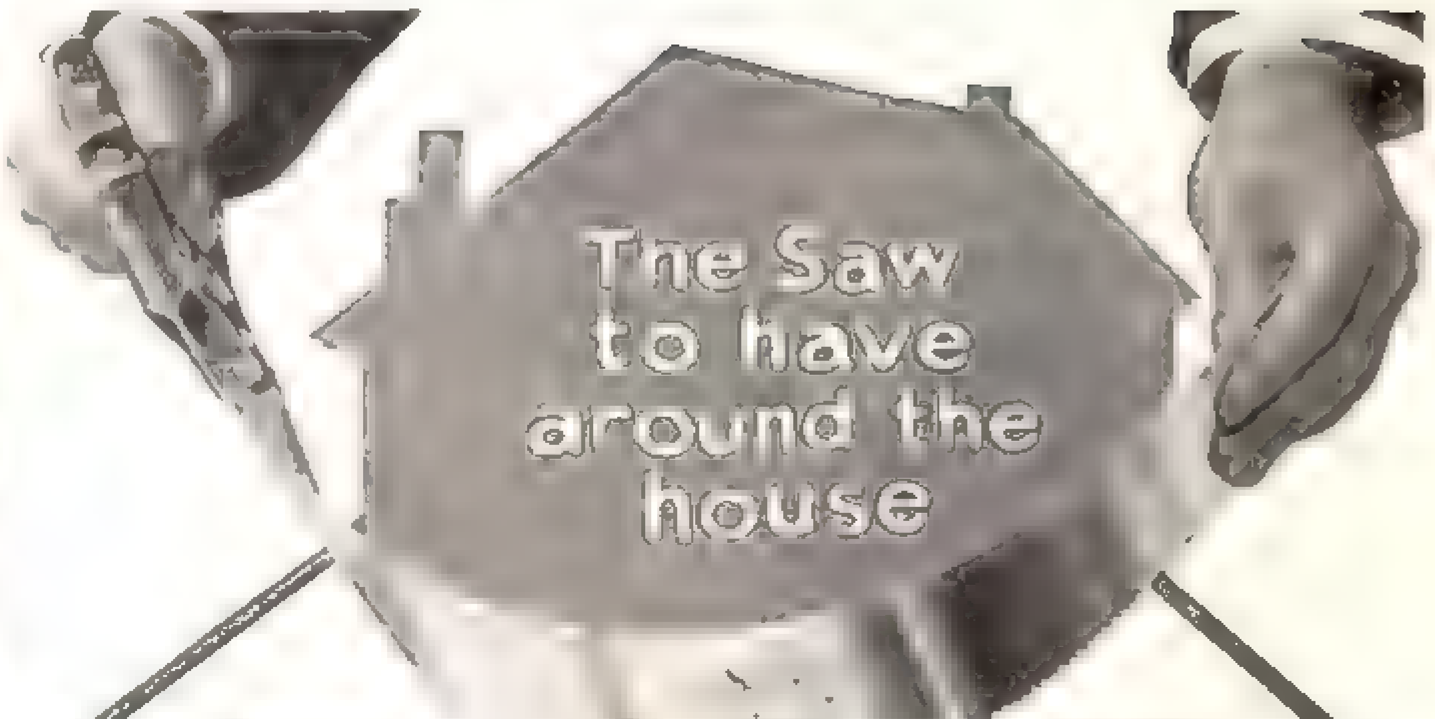
"You need not wait, Elise. I shall sit up and read."

"Very well, miss. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered her mistress dreamily.

Outside the rain swept steadily against the glass with a soft, sifting sound. From time to time drops fell down the chimney and hissed for a moment ere they vanished, black splotches upon the vermilion coals. Behind her an electric lamp of bronze, with an opaque shade, threw a dim light over her shoulder and lit up the masses of her loosened hair.

Presently, she arose slowly and went into an adjoining room, returning with a large photograph in either hand. They were framed alike. Placing them side by side upon the rug before her, she locked her hands across her knee, and studied the faces alternately. One was of a young man—almost a boy—with a narrow, high-bred face, dark eyes, sallow, with a mouth curved like a woman's. The other was Dick Ralston, taken about five years before, although the high cheekbones, the gaunt energy, the mature thoughtfulness suggested a man much older. That she cared for Steadman there was no doubt in her own mind. Had she refused to admit it definitely heretofore, the fact that he was now on the verge of social and moral annihilation made it no longer a matter of question. She felt that Steadman's honor was at this moment the most vital thing in her existence. He had thrown it at her feet after a long and romantic wooing—had laid bare his entire past. She was convinced that he loved her. But at the crucial moment she had hesitated, had not responded in quite the way she had probably given him reason to expect. She had asked for time for reflection, and could give no adequate explanation in answer to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The Simonds Saw

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Made in a Simonds Steel Mill exclusively for Simonds Saws. When you buy a saw for convenience at home you want an even tempered blade, accurately ground, with a gradual bevel or taper from tooth to back of blade and a true "hang." A well carved handle adds beauty to the saw. Every Simonds Saw is covered by an *absolute guarantee* of perfection in material and workmanship, because whether it is a Hand Saw, a Circular or Cross-cut Saw.

Look for this trade-mark etched on every saw.

Simonds Saws are the Best —and They ARE the Best

The skilled artisan will insist on having "a Simonds." Your hardware dealer should promptly supply you with a Simonds Saw of any style, point or size. If your dealer does not keep the Simonds, let us know and we will see that you are supplied.

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This booklet will tell you about Simonds Saws and give other information of real interest and value.

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David Cummings. [illegible] are now ready, and I will be pleased to send catalogue showing them to anyone interested in wearing the most comfortable shoe ever made. Every pair has our patented cushion inner sole that makes walking a delight. Your feet will thank you for wearing

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

[illegible] an even pressure upon an insole which conforms to the slope of the foot, insuring rest and comfort.

Men's $4.00, $4.50, $5.00
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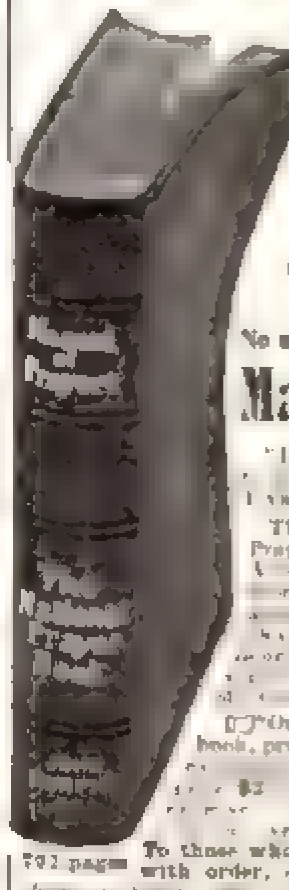

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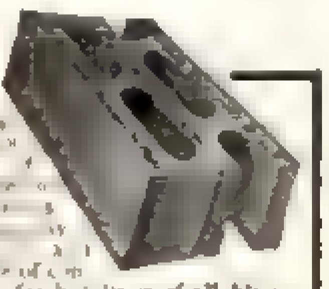

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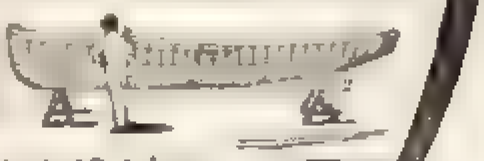

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his imperative "Why?" When, later, he had renewed his suit, she had again forced a postponement, and he had departed, annoyed and perplexed.

It was at this juncture that the money had dropped into his hands and he had disappeared. Where was he? On a shooting trip? He frankly admitted caring nothing for field sports. It was not the season for travel, and his name was not upon the sailing lists. Her instinct told her that somewhere in the great city Steadman, oblivious to the call of duty, was living the life from which her influence had called him for a time, reckless of consequences, disregardful of the beckoning finger of opportunity, and she knew also that this was his last chance.

She knew that she could never marry Steadman disgraced, yet she felt now that she loved him, and that, could she see him and watch him start for the front with his regiment, she would promise him that for which he had asked.

She took Ralston's picture in her hand and held it to the light. It trembled a little. She knew she could have cared for him—but he was so stern, so strong, so capable. He had never treated her save as a sort of younger sister. She had often wondered if he cared or could care for any woman. With her he was always the same—kindly, sympathetic, obliging, thoughtful. What must he think of her, sending him forth in the dead of night to search the city for a man whom he scarcely knew? Her cheeks burned at the thought of what she had done.

She had hardly known what she was asking when she sent the message. It had been done hurriedly, as she was leaving for the Pattersons', on the impulse of a moment when she felt that, unless John Steadman could be found, life would cease for her to be worth living—sent in a sort of hysteria in which she instinctively turned to the one man in all the world upon whom she could call for any service she might ask. Dear old Dick! How tired he had looked in the rain! He might be up all night looking for Steadman, and then not find him! And he was to leave for Washington to-morrow.

She went to the window against which the rain drove in a fine shower, blurring the myriad lights below her that marched in long, straight lines to north, south and east. On the tower the searchlight still burned steadily. She shivered and went back to the fire. Then she laid one of the pictures gently against her cheek.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

From the Tree to the Jar

A GENTLEMAN summering in southern Michigan noted in a score of orchards fruit lying bruised and rotting on the ground. He asked a farmer why it was they didn't pick their fruit.

"Can't get pickers, cartage to railroad costs too much, and can't get a fair price," the farmer explained. "I'll sell you all the apples and peaches that are left in that orchard. I've picked and shipped a bunch of them, but it didn't much more than pay for the picking. There's little money in fruit this year, especially for me. I'm so far from the railroad."

"What's your price?" queried the gentleman.

"Oh, I'll sell 'em to you as they stand for about ten cents a bushel," laughed the farmer.

"I'll take you," came the unexpected reply.

Driving to a small town near by, the man, who was on his vacation, secured a cook from the village restaurant by offering him two dollars more, and three saloon hangers-on. Then he purchased a large number of preserving-jars and cooking-kettles.

The next day he returned to the farm with his four men and outfit.

They put in a strenuous time of it for a week, picking and canning all the available fruit in the little farm-kitchen. The jars were packed in barrels with straw and shipped to a wholesale grocery house in Chicago.

Later, the gentleman, who was acquainted with this grocery house, agreed on a price for the canned fruit. Deducting all expenses, the little venture netted him over sixty-five dollars.

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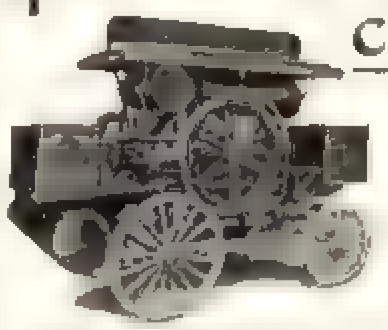

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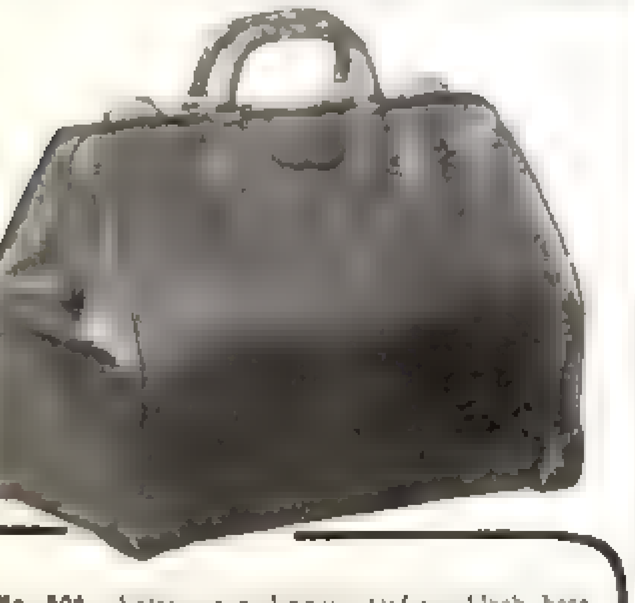

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The Copy-Cat

(Continued from Page 15)

o' grub? No! Not him! He was a white man's dog, an' he acted the part! That's what he done!"

"That's all right!" snapped Jake, bending his bushy eyebrows on the dog. "I ain't a-sayin' but what he's all o' that—but that don't make him wuth much *money!*"

Bill shook his head. "It makes him wuth more 'n money to me, Jake. I'm one o' them fellers that never cud git ahead under his own steam. I was plum' down when Matey come along. Why? Becuz I had nothin' to steer by—nothin' to lay a course on to. You was pizen ugly, you know you was—an' that helped for a while, but I was a-gittin' used to that. It wa'n't nothin' to copy; only a whip like. Then Matey come, and I got to sorter watchin' him and tryin' to be the same kind of a man as he was a dog. It's natchul fer me to copy somebody that acts right. Why? Becuz I want to do what's right. I don't want to be cussed and contrary as a pin-tailed pampas cow! 'N' I won't be, so long as I got Matey to kinder study on!"

Jake grunted. "Fust time I ever hear tell of a human bein' sot a example by a animal!" he sneered.

"That's all right," said Bill quickly, "but let me tell you somethin'. I've watched animals a heap, 'n' studied 'em, an' I tell you right now that the meanest critter of a animal that ever lived has got a durn sight more good into him than any human bein' *I* ever see!"

He rose to his feet, paused to light his pipe, then, with Matey at his heels, passed out through the cabin door.

. . .

Days passed, and something like a home atmosphere pervaded the little cabin under the palms. The hostility of the native laborers at the abattoir slumbered. Something was developing in Bill—a calm dignity, a hint of purpose, a suggestion almost of *strength*—which made men unwilling to molest him. His employer came sometimes to the cabin to discuss a project for elaborating the plant. On several occasions Bill had been to Juarez' house and stammered bashful words to his daughter, the black-eyed Juanita. Due to Bill's growing influence, Jake, a good, practical mechanic, had been given a position in the ice plant.

Mendoza had been twice to the cabin to demand the custody of the hound, which he claimed that Bill had stolen. The second time that he came Jake had cursed him with such force and fluency that the Chilean's blood ran hot and cold, and when he tried to answer, the old mechanic had picked up a broom and made a dash for the agent, who went flying back in the direction whence he had come. Jake guessed correctly that the Chilean had appealed in vain to the civil authorities to get possession of the hound.

One Sunday morning, when Bill looked out of the cabin door, the first object to meet his eye was the long, grimy hull of the Iquique lying at her moorings in the roadstead.

Jake had already departed to the ice plant, of which he was now in command, having run his predecessor out of the place with blows and abuse, threatening to beat out his brains with a spanner if he ever dared attempt to return. As the coal consumption had been greatly reduced since Jake's advent, Juarez did not interfere.

Bill prepared his breakfast and, coffee-cup in hand, sat himself on the threshold of the door. Matey was lying at his feet. The hound, for some reason, seemed restless and ill at ease. Several times he arose and walked about the cabin, head in the air, nostrils twitching. Bill had never seen him act in just this way before, but put his conduct to the passing of some person or dog through the banana grove which lay between the cabin and the highway leading into the town.

Bill finished his breakfast, cleaned up the cabin, then lighted his pipe and resumed his seat on the threshold. Before long he observed that Matey's disquiet had increased. The hound was standing like a statue in bronze, facing the path leading to the town. His nostrils were twitching steadily now, and, as Bill watched him, the hair upon his neck bristled slightly and a low growl rumbled deep in his throat.

"What is it, ol' feller—hey?" asked Bill. Matey turned his head quickly to look at him, then resumed his intent scrutiny of

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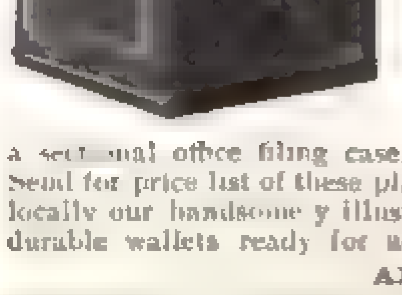

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the bananas. Again the deep growl rumbled up and the bristling of his hair extended downward between his shoulders.

A disturbing impulse passed through Bill; he had never before seen Matey act in just this way; moreover, it was evident that the hound's disquiet was tinged with fear. Bill regarded him closely. Matey's tail had sunk from its usual dignified angle and was as nearly between his legs as it is possible for a self-respecting dog to get it. He was trembling from head to foot.

Bill was puzzled and disturbed. It was the first time that he had ever seen the hound exhibit fear, an emotion which he had not believed that he possessed. He had come to regard Matey as a tower of strength and righteousness, and now, at this first sign of weakness, it seemed to the man as if some vital principle within himself was being undermined. Reaching down, he raised the hound's forepaws in his hands and placed them on his thigh, then gently stroked the long, silky ears.

"What's the matter, ol' boy?" he said encouragingly. "Buck up, Matey—we all hev our narvous spells."

But Matey gently disengaged himself, dropped to the ground and stood bristling and rumbling. A chill of apprehension smote through the man. He turned his head to listen, and as he did so a faint puff of air brought to his ear the chatter of many voices.

Again the sense of impending ill oppressed Bill's consciousness. He listened intently, and, as the babel approached, he distinguished the high, falsetto tones of Mendoza, the Chilean shipping agent.

"So it's him, is it—him and his yaller gang?" said Bill, half aloud. He drew his breath deeply, a load lifted from his chest. Mendoza he knew for a coward, his following for curs. Numbers did not alarm Bill if composed of feeble units. His soul was not to be subdued by violence unless accompanied by psychic domination.

Matey's broken growlings had become a continuous, vibrant rumble. Bill, glancing at him, saw that the hound was in the grip of an overpowering fear. His hair bristled to the tail itself, the long ears were drawn back until the big eyes seemed to bulge, while his body, trembling violently, was pressed against Bill's knee. Again the terror of the dog struck a chill to the too-responsive soul of the man. Puzzled and angry, he thrust Matey from him

"Buck up—buck up, durn ye!" he said in a fierce, frightened voice.

The uproar had reached the edge of the plantation; then beneath the treble patter of the natives there came a deep, hoarse note, which smote upon Bill's senses like a blow and set the nerves upon his spine a-twitching; for in the husky bass there was recalled to him upon the instant the beating received aboard the tender of the Iquique five long months before.

Bill's jaw dropped weakly and his soft, brown eyes bulged wide. He glanced instinctively at Matey, and the sight of the dog's wild terror inspired him with a spasm of panic. The old, furtive look swept into his face and he glanced about as if seeking some avenue of escape.

A rabble burst from the plantation which flanked the cabin, and Bill's heart grew cold as he saw, walking ahead of the others, Mendoza and the burly captain of the Iquique. At the same instant the captain sighted the hound, and as Bill saw the expression of savage exultation which rose to the brutal face, he understood. *This* man was the owner of "the white man's dog." It was from blows and starvation that the hound had fled, and the reward had been inspired, not by love, as Bill had fancied, nor altogether for the sake of the dog's intrinsic value, but through hatred, revenge. This much was clearly printed on the cruel features of the captain.

"Be'old them!—the two curs!" cried Mendoza triumphantly.

"I see 'im!" growled the captain, looking at the dog. His swinish eyes shifted to Bill. "And I see the other bally 'ound, too!" He plunged forward, licking his thick lips.

A sudden weakness sapped their life from Bill's great limbs. His knees tottered, his arms hung limp. He looked hopelessly at Matey, and then his hanging jaw came slowly up and his eyes grew fixed and staring, while the swaying legs slowly stiffened and the big hands closed.

For the dog, his first panic over, had pulled himself together—as Bill had tried to do, and failed. Now, as the man's eyes fell upon the hound, they read in the bulging muscles, bristling hair and bared,

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MAKES A SHOE LOOK CHEAP

DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

Nothing is more annoying than to buy a pair of shoes which fit and look well *at first* only to have the eyelets turn shiny and brassy, and roughen in such a way as to cut the strings. When you buy shoes ALWAYS INSIST ON THEIR HAVING

Diamond Fast Color Eyelets

and you will insure your shoes looking like new shoes LONGER and wearing better.

Look for the little raised ◆ diamond on the eyelets. That's the trade-mark which guarantees fast color and solid color all the way through.

Write for free booklet and samples.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Lead in material, workmanship and finish.
All models and sizes. At all dealers.

WINSLOW'S Skates

Write for free catalogue. State whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates

The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Co.
Worcester, Mass. U. S. A.
84-86 Chambers St. New York
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THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

[illegible] 6 cents for catalogue. King Folding Canvas Boat Co. 672 North St. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Post-Card Collectors — [illegible] post-cards [illegible] of Rochester, the Flower City; 4 for 5c, 9 for 10c, 20 for 25 Address Secretary [redacted] New York.

ONE DOZ.
IN A BOX

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Gem ANTI-RUST Hooks

Solve one of the most difficult problems of the household—

How and Where to Hang Your Clothes

They will not rust, will not stain your garments. Anyone can put them up. No tools or screws needed.

Conveniently packed, one dozen in a box. For sale by hardware and housefurnishing dealers.

Numberless valuable suggestions for doubling your closet room, economizing space in halls, kitchen, bedrooms, etc., in our pamphlet on

SPACE SAVING SCHEMES—Free with each box

Order by name and accept no substitute. If your dealer does not carry them, we will send you a box prepaid upon receipt of price, 15c., and your dealer's name.

The Columbian Hardware Co.
1299 E. 53rd St., Cleveland, Ohio

GEM-ANTI-RUST HOOKS

Let us send you this Time and Trouble saving

TRADE U.S. AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER MARK

for 10 days trial free of all cost

U.S.
AUTOMATIC
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OUR OFFER:

We will ship to you express prepaid, one U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener. You will screw this Machine down in your office, use it for 10 days, if it makes good all of our claims for it and is satisfactory send us your check for $3.50. If it is not what you expected, pack it up and ship it back to us, express collect.

Doesn't this prove our absolute confidence in the Machine?

Our claims for the U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener: It saves $70.00 a year wherever three Pencil users work.

It cuts off just enough and no more. After a Pencil is sharpened you can turn the handle of this Machine all day and it won't cut any more from the Pencil.

It's absolutely simple and has no parts which can get out of order. It doesn't grind, it *cuts*.

It makes a working "point" and not a Wasteful "needle point."

Send for our Booklet "A Saving Pointer." It tells you how to stop a heretofore intangible Office Expense leak.

Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co., Inc.
Dept. C. 524 Broadway, New York City

Bull Dog
MODEL B
SUSPENDERS
50¢

MODEL "B"

Bull Dog Suspenders

MORE EASY AND COMFORTABLE THAN ANY OTHER

Made with more and better rubber, with non-rusting gold-gilt metal parts and new simplicity sliding back (no harness to tangle, or unreliable parts to break), ease of action. These **durable, elastic, comfortable, beautiful trouser supports** that fit every man or boy, surpass all others.

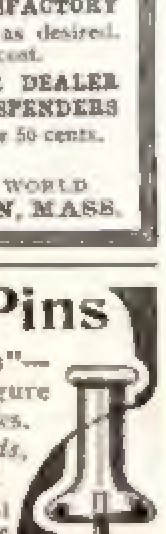
THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS. TRY A PAIR, MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Made in light, heavy or extra heavy weight, as desired. Extra long for big men, if needed, at no extra cost.

IF YOU WANT THE BEST ASK YOUR DEALER FOR MODEL "B" BULL DOG SUSPENDERS

If he cannot supply you we will, post paid, for 50 cents.

HEWES & POTTER
LARGEST SUSPENDER MAKERS IN THE WORLD
DEPT. 6, 87 Lincoln Street, BOSTON, MASS.



Moore Push-Pins

FOR HANGING UP "Little Things"—Small Pictures, etc. Will not disfigure wood or plaster walls like tacks. No hammer needed. *Glass heads, Steel points.* Handy for Travellers.

At Stationery, House-furnishing, Notion and Photo-supply Stores, or mailed prepaid for **10c per Packet of ½ doz.** No. 1 or No. 2 like cuts.

Moore Push-Pin Co., 163 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.

glistening fangs, not fear, but rage and a savage but stubborn defiance. Even as Bill watched, Matey sprang forward in a series of short, stiff-legged bounds, then stood with his strong neck rigid, his bristling tail straight out—and as the captain, awed for the moment at the ferocity of the animal, paused, Matey filled his deep chest and roared out a booming defiance at his master's foes and his!

A fierce glow of exultation set Bill's pulses throbbing. In a flash the mantle of fear fell from him. He had needed only the impulse, the example, the suggestion, and Matey had furnished it, and again, as his clarion war-cry bugled forth, Bill felt a thrilling impulse to voice his own defiance in a roar that should rock the lofty palms. In the ill-set spawn around Mendoza he recognized the abattoir gang, gathered to see the downfall of their hated boss, and the sight of them roused his savage anger and swept away the last vestige of his cringing cowardice.

"Matey—come here, you!" he called. The dog was advancing stiffly, and something in the set of his rigid muscles told Bill that there would be no retreat. His own panic gone, the man's first thought was for his friend, and, fearing lest he might be knifed or shot, Bill picked the hound up bodily in his great arms and carried him struggling to the cabin, where he snapped him to his leash.

The captain came forward doggedly. When almost to the threshold, Bill raised his hand.

"Hold on, Cap'n!" said he. "Don't ye come no nigher!"

The captain stopped and stared; then his brutal face grew purple.

"Gimme that dorg!" he growled.

"I'll see him shot first," drawled Bill.

The captain stared again, as if to assure himself of the identity of the man. He broke into savage blasphemy.

"Ye swivel-eyed beachcomber! Carst 'im orf, d'ye 'ear? or I'll come and tyke 'im an' bash in yer mug!"

"Look-a-here, Cap," said Bill, "what'll ye take fer that there dog, anyhow? I ain't got much money, but ——"

The sentence was left unfinished; with a bellow of rage the sailor rushed upon him and, with amazing quickness for one of his weight, landed a blow on Bill's broad chest which would have burst a tun. Its very weight hurled him, big as he was, backward and off his balance, and, before he could recover his poise, the sailor had rushed in and struck him a blow between the eyes which knocked him sprawling upon the sand.

With a roar of triumph, the captain sprang forward to plant a kick or two which should terminate the contest—a good old seagoing custom not employed in the prize-ring, but having the sanction of years of practice among men who fight, not for sport, but for mastery. But Bill was by education a rough-and-tumble fighter; knowing but little of sparring, he had not held himself rigidly, otherwise the last heavy blow might have knocked him senseless. As it was, he had let himself go unconsciously, and, the moment that he struck, he rebounded like a cat and was on his feet again before the sailor could reach him.

The captain paused, panting and furious. The two men were, perhaps, of equal weight, but Bill was the taller and bigger boned. A mountaineer born and bred, he was as supple and strong as a panther, and it needed only the impulse, the example, combined with violent physical contact, to render him a terrible antagonist. The blows received had done their work; as he circled the captain warily he suggested some great feline about to spring.

The rabble had fallen back, and a silence fell as the two big men circled for the second bout. The captain possessed the stubborn determination of a fighting bulldog, but the peculiar behavior of his antagonist worried him, and he sought to hide this by the savagery of his demeanor, not knowing that this was but food for the flame of Bill's fearful, cumulative rage.

And here, perhaps, lay the secret of Bill's prowess when once aroused. The fury of his antagonist, instead of daunting him, served only as a powerful suggestion calling for its like in his too-obediently responsive nature. Like a boxing bear, he imitated his master until finally, if too sharply smitten, the wild nature deep within him awoke to voluntary action. Under other conditions, Bill's great muscular strength was far in excess of its nervous stimulation.

A Distinguished Paper for Business Correspondence

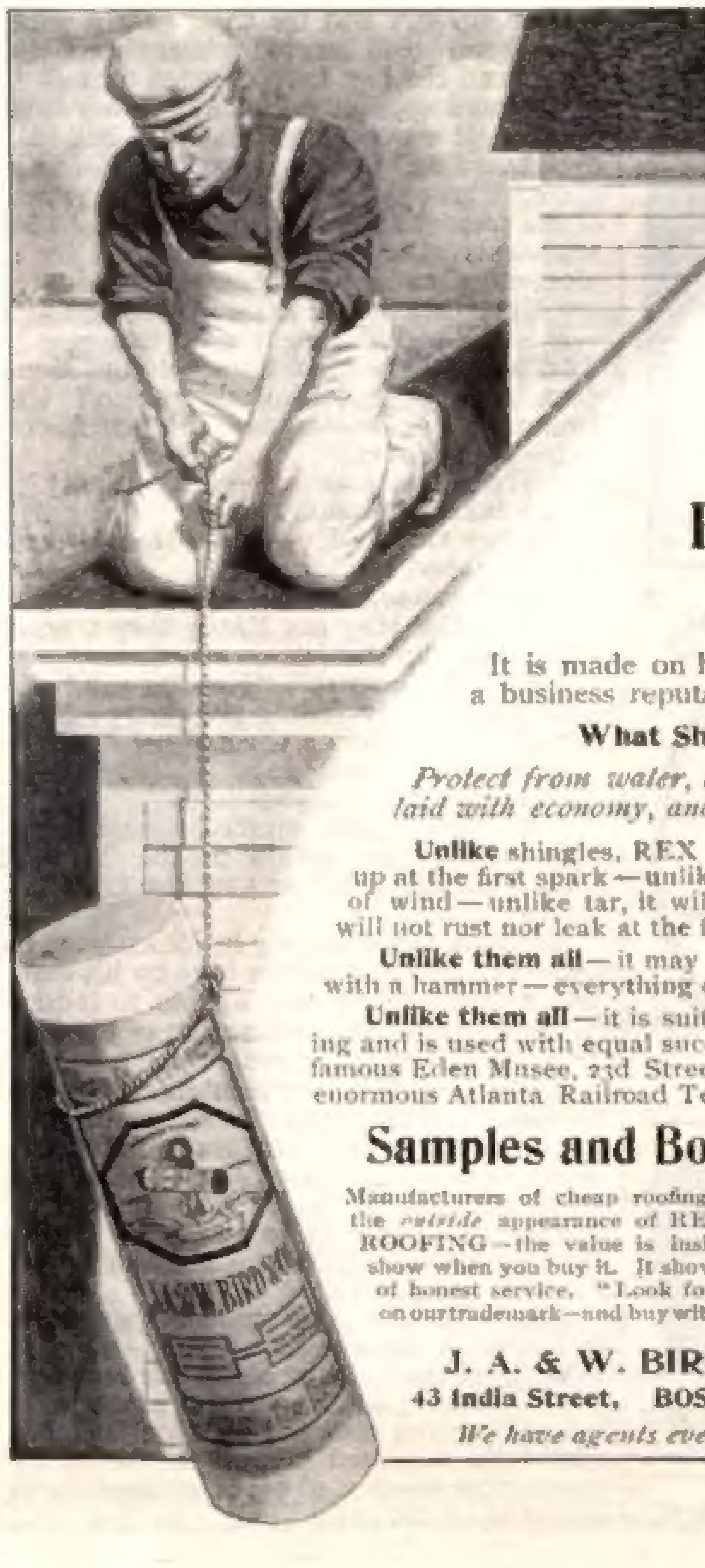
Strathmore Parchment

EVERY man who has had occasion to buy good paper for advertising booklets has the words "Strathmore-Mittineague" stamped on his mind as the symbol of quality. It is only natural that the "Strathmore Quality" papers—made at Mittineague, on the River Agawam, in Massachusetts—should make a deep and lasting impression on any man who loves to see and handle beautiful paper. Now, the selection of a paper for business correspondence is as important as any other advertising work. The paper must rightly represent the business which trusts its reputation to its correspondence. No paper ever made in any mill is so worthy to represent a good business house as "Strathmore Parchment."

WHEN you go to your printer, lithographer or engraver and ask for samples of "Strathmore Quality" papers, he will show you not only "Strathmore Parchment" but many other Strathmore papers of various grades, various colors and various finishes, including the popular fabric finish. Or, we will send you a board-bound book, 6½ x 9½ in., showing 104 kinds of "Strathmore Quality" writing papers. To secure this book, which costs us seventy-five cents, you must write for it upon your business stationery, indicating that you have the selection of correspondence paper for a business house of sufficient importance to use "Strathmore Quality" papers.

MITTINEAGUE PAPER COMPANY
MITTINEAGUE, MASS., U. S. A.

The "Strathmore Quality" Papers



One Man
One Hammer
and the roll.

So runs the brief and simple story of getting a perfect roof with

REX
FLINTKOTE
ROOFING

It is made on honor and backed by a firm with a business reputation covering the past 70 years.

What Should a Good Roof Do?

Protect from water, cold, heat, sparks and fumes—be laid with economy, and wear without expensive repair.

Unlike shingles, REX Flintkote ROOFING will not blaze up at the first spark—unlike slate, it will not yield to the gale of wind—unlike tar, it will not melt and run—unlike tin, it will not rust nor leak at the first chance.

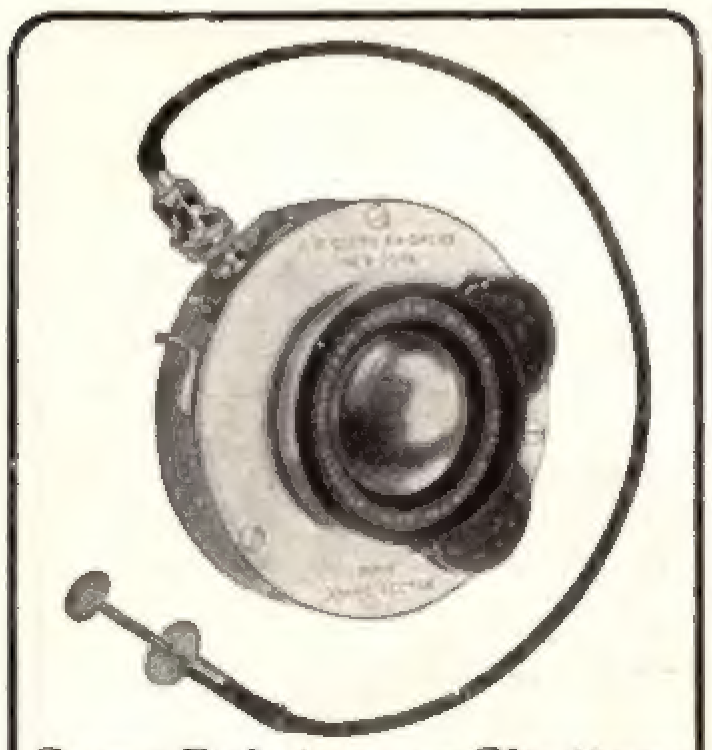
Unlike them all—it may be laid by any ordinary workman—with a hammer—everything else needed is in the roll.

Unlike them all—it is suitable for almost every kind of building and is used with equal success on "John Smith's barn," on the famous Eden Musee, 23d Street, New York City, and the new and enormous Atlanta Railroad Terminal.

Samples and Book Sent on Request

Manufacturers of cheap roofing *closely* imitate the *outside* appearance of REX Flintkote ROOFING—the value is inside—it doesn't show when you buy it. It shows only in years of honest service. "Look for the Boy" on our trademark—and buy without hesitation.

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India Street, BOSTON, MASS.
We have agents everywhere.



Some Pointers on Shutters

Pointer No. 1.

The efficiency of a Between-the-Lenses shutter is in direct proportion to the rapidity with which it opens and closes, and to the time the lens remains fully open.

For the X L Sector, the duration of the time required to open and close the lens, is reduced to a minimum, making the X L Sector shutter the fastest of its kind on the market. This is true of the Sector shutter AT ALL SPEEDS.

The speed is between 1 second, and 1-150 of a second, Bulb, Time and instantaneous exposures being obtainable with either finger or mechanical release.

The X L Sector shutter is therefore the best Kodak and Hand camera shutter to be had AT ANY PRICE.

Try One We fit them for you free of charge. Ask your dealer for particulars or write to

C. P. GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL CO.
52 Union Square, New York City.

ASBESTITE

THE ROOFING THAT LASTS

A perfect cover for flat or steep, new or old roofs. Contains no tar to drip or run. Needs no coating of any kind. Easy to put on. Endures all climates and weathers. 5 year quality guaranteed, $1.00 per square. 10 year quality guaranteed, $1.60 per square. 20 year quality guaranteed, $3.00 per square.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

One square contains 108 sq. ft. and covers 100 sq. ft. Freight paid anywhere in United States or Canada on 6 squares or more. Special prices on quantity lots.

Send for samples.

THE PARK & POLLARD CO., 29 Canal Street, Boston, Mass.

The Hallwood Leader

is a high grade accurate Cash Register, which will do the same work as other makes costing twice as much. It is sold through your own jobber or direct from the factory, with out any fancy commissions or selling expenses tacked on.

$250 Value — $125

The **HALLWOOD LEADER** is so complete that it will suit 8 out of 10 users without changes; this means manufacturing in large lots at a minimum cost.

This machine records on Printed Tape, Cash Sales, Charge Sales, Money Received on Account, Paid Out, No Sale, Clerk's Initial, and Day's Total.

Registers from $45 to $400. Catalog Free.

The Hallwood Cash Register, 1145 State St
Columbus, O.

"Frozen Dainties"

FREE

—A beautiful new book which tells you how to make original frozen desserts — ice cream — ices — sherbets — chilled fruits, etc. — all made with a few turns of the

Triple Motion White Mountain ICE CREAM FREEZER

White Mountain Freezer Co.
Dept. D
Nashua, N. H.

COOKS without FIRE

Saves 85% to 95% of your fuel. Cooks without *Coal, Wood, Gas or Oil.* The

"Exer-Ketch" Fireless Cooker

is a "Boon to Humanity," to the rich as well as the poor. Requires no attention while cooking; cooks while you sleep, work, shop, etc. The problem was solved by our truly wonderful INSULATING MATERIAL. No evaporation, no odor — sanitary. It's impossible to burn, over-cook or under-cook with an "Exer-Ketch" Fireless Cooker. Saves time, labor and the worry. Saves its cost in fuel in 60 days. *Guaranteed.* Price $3.75, Express prepaid. Write for descriptive folder.

"Exer-Ketch" Novelty Co., 300 N. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

The attack, when it came, was swift and terrible. With the scream of a panther, Bill leaped upon his foe. He was met by a crashing blow which glanced from the side of his head and flung him to the sand, but almost as he struck he was up again and had closed with another rush. This time the captain's blow fell short, and the next moment Bill's great hands had found the captain's throat and the huge, bony fingers sank into it until the sailor's breath was coming in whistling gasps. In vain he tried to tear loose the terrible grip. The tense, bulging muscles were like the weather shrouds of a ship. He struck out wildly, dealing short, heavy blows, and presently these had their effect, for Bill loosed his hold and sprang clear again. But the captain's head was reeling and there were black flashes before his eyes. He tottered slightly, gasping for breath, and then the huge, springing figure was upon him again, this time as a human flail which dealt crushing, devitalizing blows on head and face and body, until the captain, groping and striking blindly, reeled, tottered and fell.

It is probable that he might have lost his life beneath the terrible chastisement had there not come a diversion. Seeing the champion overthrown, the rabble began to stir and mutter as if forming for a concerted attack. The movement caught Bill's lurid eye, and in a transfiguration of Olympic wrath he whipped up a stake which was lying near and descended upon them. Fortunately, his cudgel was of no great dimensions or the mortality might have mounted high. As it was, all escaped alive, the burden of the punishment falling on the shipping agent, Mendoza.

. . . .

Jake, returning from the ice plant, came upon his comrade wandering blindly up the trail.

"All-fish-hooks!" he cried, eying Bill askance, for the aftermath of a devastating fury was plainly writ upon the swollen, blood-stained features. Bill's eyes were roving, bloodshot, and with pupils still dilated. The veins upon his forehead were blue and bulging, and his strong, yellow teeth gnawed at his blond mustache.

Some happy instinct warned Jake that this was not the time for bitter words. A second outburst was already kindling in the blood-smeared, Zeuslike face. Jake walked up and laid his hand gently upon Bill's arm. Bill started violently at the touch and the big, bare deltoids tautened.

"What's up, Bill, old man?" asked Jake gently. It was the first time that Bill had ever heard soft speech upon the lips of his mate. Through the fog following the storm of his passions the fair words filtered like sunbeams after a gale. He stared for a moment, then began to breathe sobbingly.

"Hey, Bill?" asked Jake. "What's up?"

Bill dropped his face into his hands.

"They—they—that son-of-a-gun Mendoza and that bucko skipper off the Iquique—they—c-c-come—an' tried to swipe M-M-Matey!"

"What did the skipper want o' Matey?" asked Jake, darkening.

"Matey's his'n. He—wanted to b-b-burn him!" sobbed Bill.

Jake swore softly and long.

"And after they got Matey they turned to an' beat up you?"

Bill's sobs ceased. "Not 'xactly," he drawled. "They didn't git Matey—'n' *I* turned to 'n' beat up them!"

"G'wan!" cried Jake incredulously. "What was the skipper a-doin'?"

"Oh, him!" Bill snuffled disdainfully. "He wa'n't doin' nothin' much. Ye see, Jake, I turned to an' beat up him first!"

. . . .

Mendoza failed utterly in his attempt to make the civil authorities take up his case, just as the captain was unable to induce them to compel the restoration of his dog. This was due to Sr. Juarez.

Bill is to-day the superintendent of the beef and mutton export department. His discipline about the plant is absolute. No doubt he is still a Copy-Cat and still lacks initiative, but, if so, it does not much matter, as all that is needed in his family can be supplied by his wife, the black-eyed Juanita, née Juarez.

Jake also has prospered, being superintendent of the ice plant, a very elaborate affair since the building of the new brewery.

And Matey, his important function of moral criterion assumed by Mrs. Bill, has gracefully relegated himself to the highly responsible position of guide, counselor and friend of all the little Bills.

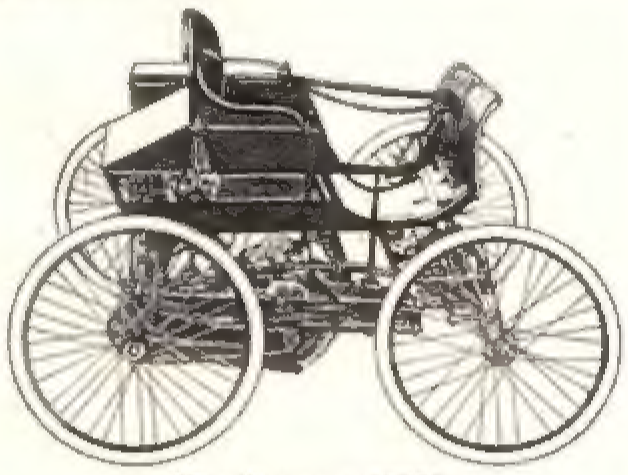
The Story of The Haynes

THIRTEEN years have passed since Elwood Haynes began to work on the theory that a "Horseless carriage" could be propelled satisfactorily by a gas engine.

Elwood Haynes

The result in 1893 was the first American gasoline automobile.

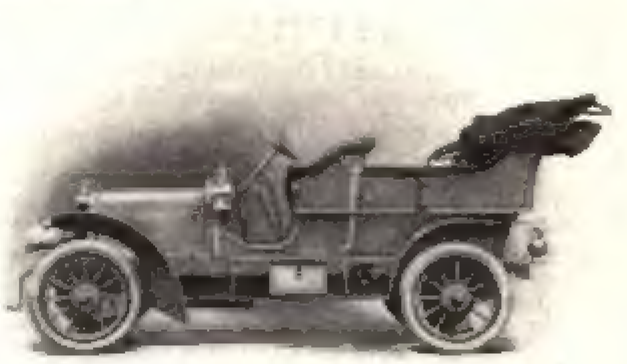
As pictured here, it shows small resemblance to the well-known cars that bear the Haynes name for 1907, but it contains elements of design that are now standard, and to this antiquated vehicle every modern automobile is, in some respect, in debt. With this car (now in the Smithsonian Institute Museum), Elwood Haynes proved his theory — the car would run — and it will run to-day. It has taken time to develop the automobile. Haynes had a long start and the original leadership has never been lost.



The Haynes of 1893

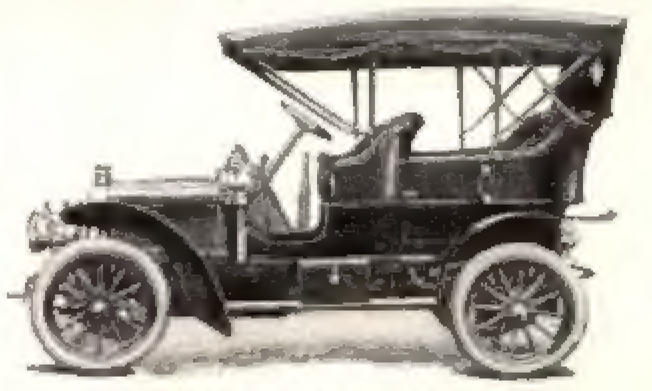
The Haynes factory was the first automobile factory to be built in America. Low tension make-and-break ignition originated in the Haynes models of 1895. The Haynes began the march of improvements in materials by introducing nickel steel. Aluminum alloy for bodies and for engine parts was used first in the Haynes. The Haynes were the first cars to be equipped with large wheels. The side-entrance body was a Haynes introduction. In a multitude of details the Haynes has been universally imitated. There is no doubt but that the Haynes has been more copied *from* than any other car.

To-day in their simplicity, reliability and perfection, the Haynes models are still ahead of their rivals, embodying devices that will be imitated in other cars in later years.



Model T. 30 H. P. Seats 7. $3,500

The Vanderbilt Elimination Race proved Haynes quality when a regular stock model — the only stock model entered — won its place on the American Team against the best special designs America could produce. In the final Cup Race, against special racing cars of twice its horse-power, its wonderful showing is too well known to need repeating.

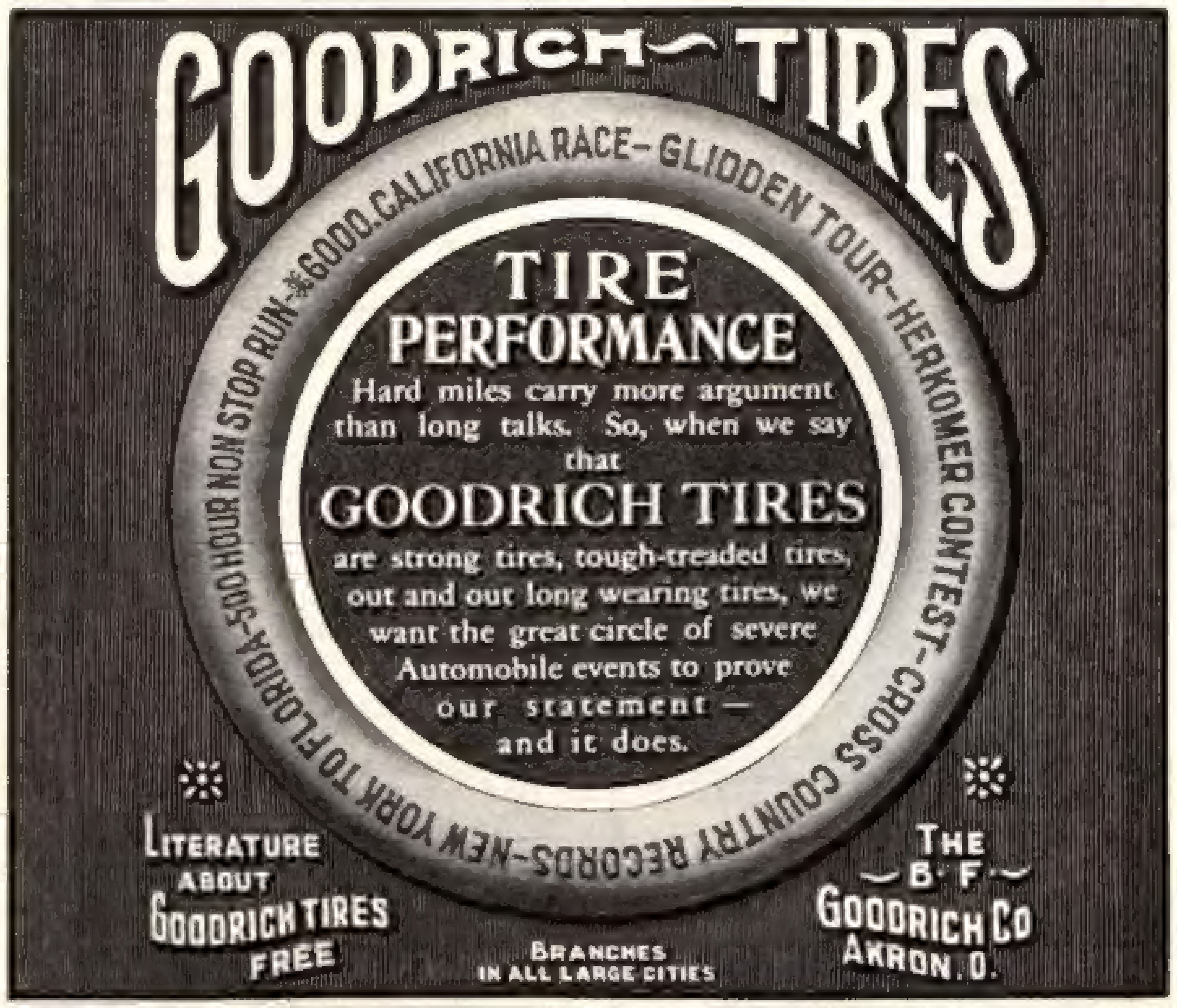


Model S. 30 H. P. $2,500

Haynes Automobile Co., Address Desk V3
Kokomo, Ind.

Oldest Automobile Manufacturers in America. Members A. L. A. M.

NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway. CHICAGO, 1420 Michigan Ave.



GOODRICH TIRES
GOOD. CALIFORNIA RACE – GLIDDEN TOUR – HERKOMER CONTEST – CROSS COUNTRY RECORDS – NEW YORK TO FLORIDA – 500 HOUR NON STOP RUN –

TIRE PERFORMANCE

Hard miles carry more argument than long talks. So, when we say that GOODRICH TIRES are strong tires, tough-treaded tires, out and out long wearing tires, we want the great circle of severe Automobile events to prove our statement — and it does.

LITERATURE ABOUT GOODRICH TIRES FREE

BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO
AKRON, O.

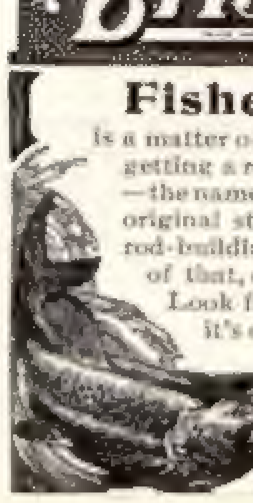
Pears'

"There's no place like home," and no soap like Pears'.

Pears' Soap is found in millions of homes the world over.

Sold everywhere.

"Bristol" STEEL FISHING RODS



Fisherman's Luck

is a matter of skill plus tackle. While you're getting a rod you'd just as well get the best — the name of the best is "BRISTOL" — the original steel rod — with twenty years of rod-building experience back of it and back of that, our THREE YEAR GUARANTEE. Look for our trade-mark "BRISTOL," it's on the reel seat. *Our Catalogue mailed free on request.*

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
96 Horton St.
Bristol, Conn., U. S. A.

Toasting
Roasting
Baking
Broiling
Frying

The NEW PERFECTION

Wick Blue Flame Oil COOK STOVE

You could not have a more convenient and efficient stove in your kitchen than the New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove—the oil stove of new principle and design.

The New Perfection has advantages over all other kinds of stoves regardless of fuel. It proves the economy and efficiency of oil as a fuel and, unlike other oil stoves, is not limited in its usefulness.

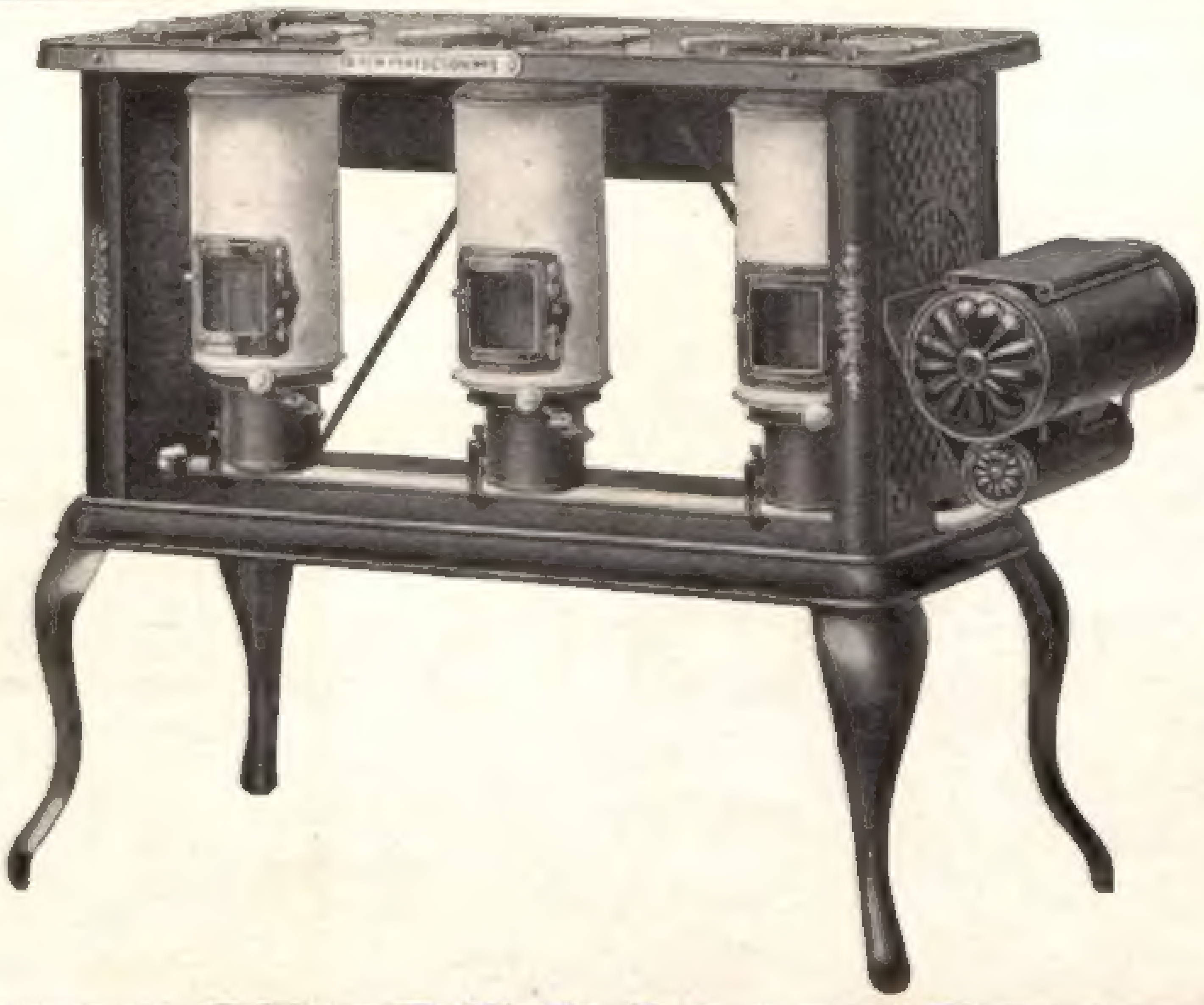
The New Perfection will toast, roast, bake, broil, fry as well as any coal, wood or gas range, and with less expense of fuel and less trouble to the cook.

Best of all, you have any exact degree of heat at your instant control with the turn of the wrist.

Particularly for summer use is the New Perfection the ideal cook stove, because the heat it generates is a clean, blue, concentrated flame, which is confined to the burner by the enameled chimney and not thrown off to make an unbearable temperature in the kitchen.

Made in three sizes, with one, two, and three burners. Every stove fully warranted. See it at your dealer's, or write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)



The *Rayo* Lamp is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass and beautifully nickeled. The

Rayo LAMP

is perfectly constructed, absolutely safe, unexcelled in light-giving power, and is an ornament to any room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
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Gold Medal Flour
It's a Biscuit Flour
It's a Pastry Flour
It's a Bread Flour
It's a Cake Flour

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WASHBURN'S
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FLOUR
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WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

THE VERY HIGHEST QUALITY – BUY IT

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